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THE SAILOR PREACHER

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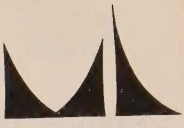

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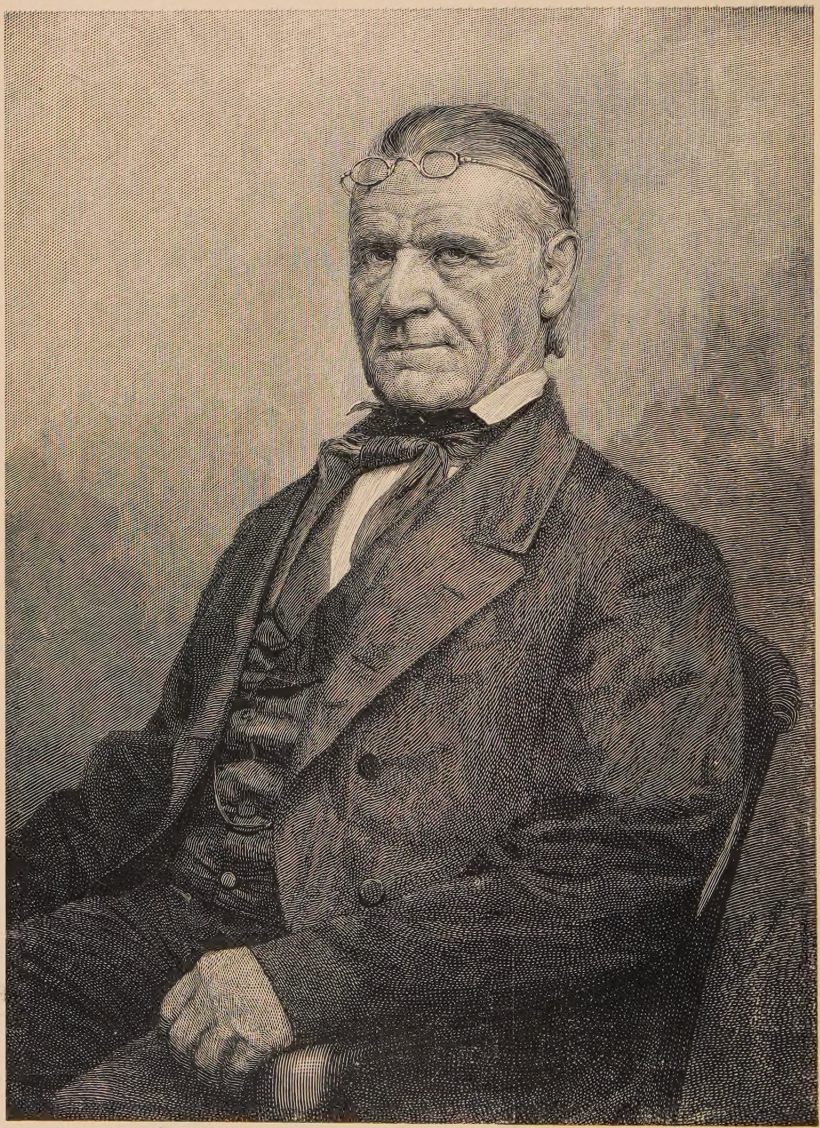

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EDMUND THOMPSON TAYLOR.
"Father Taylor."

LIFE OF FATHER TAYLOR

The Sailor Preacher

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INTRODUCTION.

"For their works follow with them." So reads the Word of The Lord; and it is added, "Blessed are the dead which die in The Lord." Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher, lived a useful life on earth; and the comfortable Mariner's House, a *home* for Sailors,— a "snug harbor,"— is ample evidence of this. The good that Father Taylor did during a life extending almost over fourscore years can never be measured. Of him it can be truly said: —

> "He needs no tears who lived a noble life;
> We will not weep for him who died so well;
> But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
> The story of his strife.
> Such language suits him well;
> Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell."

Edward Thompson Taylor was born in Richmond, Va., December 25, 1793, and died in Boston, Mass., April 5, 1871. Coming to Boston when he was seventeen, from that time he devoted his life to the welfare of those "that go down to the Sea in ships, that do business in great waters." A Sailor himself, he knew, none better, the trials, hardships, and temptations that beset the life of Sea-faring men, and especially that part of it that is spent on shore. Honest

to the core, he had a life engagement in a hand-to-hand fight with anything and everything that tended to degrade a Sailor. Severe, at times almost violent, he was a diamond in the rough, and could be as gentle — and as powerful — as a little child.

Within a year after Father Taylor's death, his friend, Rev. Gilbert Haven, and his son-in-law, Judge Thomas Russell, prepared a Life of the quaint Sailor Preacher. This has been out of print for some time, and "The Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society," a corporation that is carrying out his work, feeling the need of a Life of Father Taylor accessible to the public, now reprints the Life prepared by his two friends, adding such matter as has appeared from time to time in various publications,— notably, sketches by Rev. Cyrus Augustus Bartol and Walt Whitman.

Of course, a man like Father Taylor would in his multitudinous sermons and discourses "repeat himself," especially in his similes; but the words that fell from the lips of such a man would "bear repeating."

In speaking of the fast pace at which certain Americans live, he said,—

"If it were possible, they would be glad to put spurs to lightning and blow a trumpet in the ears of thunder."

When a colored brother once spoke, telling a story which moved all who heard him, so full was it of thanksgiving and gratitude for a Heavenly Father's love and forgiveness that, when he was finished,

Father Taylor broke in with, "I knew that we were going to have a refreshing shower when I saw that Black cloud rise."

Father Taylor used to give his pulpit sometimes to others on a Sunday morning,— never on Sunday afternoon,— and he enjoyed "seeing the young birds try their wings," as he used to say, when a Divinity student would fill the pulpit.

A trying place it was, too, if they had only known, Father Taylor, seated on the sofa behind, was watching. If he was pleased with the effort, he would ejaculate in the old Methodist style, or, if not pleased, he would dissent by low groans, which must have been disturbing, to say the least.

One Sunday morning a young Divinity student from Cambridge was the speaker. The young man did his best. No sound came from Father Taylor. The compliments of the day were exchanged at the close of the service, but the young man wanted a word of approval from Father Taylor. So he said, "Father Taylor, what did you think of my sermon this morning?" Father Taylor laid his hand gently and tenderly on the young man's shoulder, and said: "My dear young Brother, if your text had the small-pox, your sermon never would have caught it. Good-morning."

John Townsend Trowbridge gives the following interesting reminiscence of Father Taylor.* In the

*From "My Own Story," by John Townsend Trowbridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1903.

year 1849 Mr. Trowbridge went on an excursion to Moosehead Lake, Maine. He says: —

"Among my fellow travellers there were two of whom I cherish an affectionate remembrance. These were old Father Taylor, the pulpit orator, and Mrs. Taylor. He was then in the meridian of his powers, one of Boston's celebrities, and a striking personality. I had heard him preach at the Seaman's Bethel, not because I cared much for preachers and sermons,— not having then recovered from the aversion to them with which my early experience had inspired me,— but because nobody in those days could be said to have seen Boston who had not seen and heard Father Taylor. His sermons were never learned or dogmatic, but wonderfully earnest and direct, often illustrated by quaint nautical metaphors (he had followed the sea in his youth), and enforced by a 'terrible gift of familiarity' that brought him heart to heart with his hearers. These were largely composed of men from the wharves and ships, with their families and friends, to whom he did incalculable good, in shaping their paths toward sober and righteous living.

"He was then near sixty years old, but his seamed and tawny visage made him appear much older; rather short of stature, but active, and as full of enthusiasm as a boy. He was certainly a more ardent fisherman than the youngest member of the party; for, as I recall, when our little Moosehead steamboat swung around under the stupendous overhanging rock of Mt. Kineo, and, having once looked

up in awe and astonishment, I turned to witness the effect on Father Taylor, I beheld him, not gazing upward at all, but down at the water, with rod in hand, watching his line, which he had flung over for a bite as soon as the paddles were still. He joined in the camping-out and moose-hunting by night, and was as eager as any of us to get a shot at the noble game, as our deftly paddled canoes glided into the mouth of some stream, and we heard the clash of boughs where the animals crossed or came to drink, but never within range of our guns.

"The fame of the great preacher's advent went abroad in the wilderness, and drew a large concourse of people to hear him when he preached from the deck of the steamer at Greenville, the Sunday after our arrival. 'It seemed,' to quote his own words, 'as if God had shaken the woods and hills to bring his people together.' I remained to note the strange audience that had gathered· from nobody appeared to know where,— pioneer settlers and wood-choppers, hunters and trappers and guides, half-breeds and Indians, stage-drivers, steamboat men and tourists, with many women and children,— then, having heard enough of the sermon to write a notice of it, I stole away to my room in the hotel to indite my Olive Branch letter.

"It was known to the members of our party that I did not stay through the services, and it occasioned some comment, which I regretted, fearing to wound my venerable friend, not in his ministerial vanity, if

he had any, but by inspiring in him a pious concern for my soul. That 'concern' was a subject which, in my boyhood, I had conceived an invincible repugnance to hearing discussed; and I congratulated myself that in all our daily intercourse since we left Boston, Father Taylor had never once inquired whether I had met with a change of heart. He would probably now infer that I had not. That Sunday evening, after I had finished and folded my letters, a rap came upon my door, and I could hardly have told whether I was pleased or disturbed, as, on opening it, I met the genial but serious countenance of the old preacher.

"'Young man,' he said, 'it's a fine evening, and I want a little walk and talk with you. Will you come?'

"'With pleasure!' I responded; and it was with pleasure indeed that I strolled and conversed with him during the summer twilight hour, on the wild and lonely shore of the lake. He inquired about my boyhood and my life in Boston, and talked of our trip, yet never once edged toward the topic I dreaded to have introduced. At last, as we were returning to the hotel, he said,—

"'Young man, there's one thing I want to impress upon you. There's nothing like being prepared.' He paused and confronted me, with the twilight gleam from the clear sky and the reflection from the water lighting his benign countenance, furrowed by long experience of the world's sins and woes. 'We

are enjoying a blessed opportunity, and must make the most of it. We are to take an early start up the lake in the morning, and what I suggest is that we should have our fishing-tackle, bait, everything needed for the day's sport, on board the steamboat before breakfast.'

"How I loved the dear old man at that moment!"

One sermon, delivered by Rev. Father Taylor at the Bethel on the memorable occasion of the funeral of Captain Josiah Sturgis, has been preserved in part.

No one attracted more attention or was held in higher esteem among the noted figures in Boston prior to 1850 than Captain Josiah Sturgis, of the revenue cutter "Hamilton." Related as he was to prominent families of Boston and London, his funeral on June 29, 1850, attended by State and City officials, Military companies, officers of the Army and Navy, members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, large bodies of Free and Accepted Masons and Odd Fellows, presented an imposing appearance, and was an occasion to call forth the best powers of Father Taylor.

After a fervent and earnest prayer and the singing of hymn 425 in the Methodist Collection Hymn-book, Father Taylor delivered the following sermon from the ~~second~~ chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John, ~~second~~ verse,—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

"It is not usual with me to preach a funeral sermon to so large a congregation of mourners. In most cases of a large audience the greater part of the spectators are excited by mere curiosity. Here are those authorized to bear steel, believers in peace, yet defenders of the right, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Masonic Societies, the Odd Fellows, the Defenders of the Just, the Collectors of Customs, the Marine Societies, *all* interested, all *mourners*.

"The deceased has not left us to build his monument, except to erect a few stones: he has built his own monument. If I say, He is here, this will not suffice. We know he is here. He is dead; and who takes pleasure in the deadly echo? None! In the days of Robespierre it was resolved that there was no God, and again resolved that death was eternal sleep; but our Lord says of Lazarus, 'Our Lazarus is not dead, but sleepeth.' There might be some men who constitutionally could not believe in the Reanimating. He thanked God that He could do so. Martha believed that Jesus could only restore from disease, but He showed that He was the Resurrection and the Life: 'He that believeth in me shall have everlasting life.'

"There are two lights in which the Saviour appears as important to us, the Death and the Resurrection. It was said in tradition that birds could not fly over the Dead Sea, but that was proved not to be true; but, if there be a discrepancy in the character of

God, faith will not assent until the discrepancy be made good. It would not be what the Rev. Mr. Such-an-one might say about it, for they have stirred up more than they have settled; but the Bible would not exhibit any such discrepancy. Who, let me ask, was ever sent to the gallows, the state prison, or the house of correction, by imitating the character of Christ, or by loving Him with all his heart and soul, and his neighbor as himself? God did not make the body: He formed it; but He made an immortal soul. When we speak of a man, we do not mean his coat. In the wear and tear of the body the coat may be torn, the body may be wearied and worn out and require a watch below, and sleepeth not a dishonest sleep, but the rest of a deserving spirit.

"The classic countenance, the quiet beauty of the human form, would seem to say, There is no death. But here before you, Brethren, is the answer,— he sleeps under protection: 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' He has knocked, and entered into his reward. Manly on earth, he has received the diploma of his deeds. The jewel of the heart is bright: it is a jewel not to be speculated with. Lazarus' death was premature. The same death scene had to be gone through with a second time, doubly painful,— a second time the hectic flush, the cough, the winding-sheet, the funeral train. The form before us was prepared: we do not wish to call him back!

"In his will he says, 'I leave the world in peace

with all men, and to God I commend my spirit.' Never designedly injuring any one or being injured by design by any one, calmly and composedly he sits down to write the beautiful sentence. In his own beautiful handwriting he leaves this testament to us, signed "Josiah Sturgis," and duly sealed. Turn to Saint John, and we find that he says that 'now, Brethren, we are sons of God'; and, again, 'When He comes He will be with us.' It signified that the Saviour was with us as a Comforter, and takes it for granted that He will come. The man has gone. The long list of widows and other recipients of his charities will miss him when Thanksgiving and Christmas come round. Odd Fellow! Yes, he was an odd fellow: he kept one hand in his pocket and the other feeling for some object of charity. Farewell, Brother. I shall meet you in the Vale where you have gone to Rest."

In a quaint, old-fashioned volume, entitled "Off-Hand Takings or Crayon Sketches of the Noticeable Men of our Age," by George Washington Bungay, 1854, appeared the following truly "off-hand" sketch of Father Taylor: —

"One Sunday morning I went to the Sailors' Chapel in Boston, to see and hear the far-famed mariners' preacher, Father Taylor. He was reading the familiar Hymn which commences with the well-known lines, 'Come, thou fount of every blessing,' when I entered the house of worship. The choir

wedded the words to music, the Divine blessing was invoked, a chapter was read, and then the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Colossians was selected as the basis of the discourse. The striking peculiarities of the eccentric and celebrated Preacher cannot fail to attract the attention of the seamen and landsmen who attend his church. He rises clumsily from the sofa in the pulpit, and puts his fore finger on the text as though he anticipated the danger of losing it or was determined to stick to it. After reading it distinctly and deliberately, he is pretty sure to raise the spectacles from his eyes and let them rest over the organs of causality.

"Father Taylor does not ape the clerical stiffness which so ill becomes those who strive to make up in dignity what they lack in devotion and intellect. When he walks the pulpit floor, like a caged lion, or pounds the desk with his fists, there seems to be, and doubtless is, honesty in his zeal. When he distorts his weather-beaten face, and swings his out-stretched arms about him, and shakes his lean fingers in the faces of his hearers, we see that he has in him the elements of a good actor. He is an odd genius, and I have no hesitation in affirming that he will utter more wise sayings and more sayings that are otherwise, in a single sermon, than any other man in Massachusetts. Not unfrequently he mixes his pathos and humor so evenly, the listener knows not whether to laugh or weep. One minute he appeals to Heaven, in a strain of sub-

limity that excites your admiration and astonishment; and the next moment he appeals to Mr. Foster, or some other member of his congregation, in a style not comporting with the idea most men have of the dignity of the pulpit. Now, with compressed lips, grating teeth, and flashing eyes, he denounces some vice or some heresy, in words steeped in a solution of brimstone; and then, with a smiling countenance, upturned eyes, and outspread hands, he lavishes encomiums on hope, faith, love, virtue, piety. Now he pours out a torrent of adjectives, as though he resolved to exhaust the vocabulary; then follows a stream of nouns, from his unfailing Cochituate of language. His sermons are ornamented with gems of poetry.

"The following extracts from the sermon I heard a week or two since will give the reader a tolerable idea of his matter. His manner is unreportable, for he is the Booth of the Boston pulpit. 'Some men,' said he, 'will lie for a glass of grog, and some women will lie for a cup of tea. If God respects some sinners more than others, there will be a black hole in hell for liars.' 'Who are so low, vile, mean, hateful, as the wholesale dealers and the retail pedlers in lies?' He prefaced a quotation from Proverbs with these words: 'Solomon was a wise old fellow, although he had strange notions about some things.' Speaking of backsliders, he observed, 'They slide by moonshining and deceiving themselves.' He ridiculed, with bitter severity, the Oratorios of the

present day; said that 'profane lips dared to imitate the groans of Christ upon the cross. Infidels, with instruments of music, endeavored to show the sufferings of the Saviour in the garden,— the driving of the nails, the dripping of the blood upon the accursed tree,— and they mimicked the blast of the angel's trumpet.' It was an eloquent and just rebuke to those who trifle with sacred things.

"Father Taylor is a plain-looking man, and his bronzed face is strongly marked. He is now in the sunset of life, and his head is thickly sprinkled with gray hairs. When excited, his voice is harsh, and conveys the impression to the mind that the 'man behind it' hates the devil more than he loves Jesus. He is volcanic, and is often guided more by impulse than by intellect. Although he is in the Autumn of his years, he can perform more service, endure more hardship, and preach better sermons than half the young preachers of the present day."

When the New England Methodist Centenary Convention was being held in Boston in June, 1866, Rev. Dr. Joseph Cummings, president of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., read an essay on "The Indorsement of our Educational Institutions."

Father Taylor, of the New England Conference, was called for, and responded: "I am glad you have hit the mark once! I do not know how you could have seen my countenance. I do not know

how you could have seen that something excellent was coming! But, Mr. President, after all the sport infidels have made about *experience*, it is a good thing, after all. I have had great pleasure in hearing these learned men, because they are stating their experience. They are the mighty lights of the day. God bless them! and, where there is room for them, may they be multiplied more and more. I happened, fortunately, to have 'experience' once. I came to this place a little boy. I came from a Spanish man-of-war; never saw Yankee land; was a Southerner, a Virginian by birth; and the Sea has been my cradle, and the Ocean has rocked it. With the care of my brethren (for I happened to be an unfortunate one) I did not get the 'experience' that a great many do; for some men are covered with difficulties and sores, and things are wrong, and everything going to destruction. That is not my 'experience.' I never had much trouble in my life. No one injured me, Arabs or Egyptians; for the four quarters of the globe have been my place. I came to Boston,— Yankee land,— and I was too busy in my life and had too much to do (together with some little want of opportunities) to pay any attention to that common thing which has got now to be so cheap,— education; so much time spent at schools, so many precious days and nights rubbed away. But, when I got here, I found a good friend, and he thought, in his sagacity, that the little fiddle did want some tuning to put it in order, and got me the privilege of going to an Academy to get

an academic education. Well, that was a new thing, and I went to studying. I believe that when the messenger come for me I was working at four languages! I set at it in earnest. I devoted twenty hours out of twenty-four. I slept but two, and in the other two had to attend to all the other concerns of life to keep the blood moving. And I graduated. The Principal had sometimes to take me all alone to hear my lessons, and he always spoke well of me! I spent three long tedious months getting my education, having a little book which had some languages in it, and which I got to liking! And at the close of the three months there seemed to be some little difficulty in the gallery [placing significantly his finger on his forehead], and it became necessary that I should wander out a little and get some air. I spent my time among the tombstones in the graveyards. At the close of the three months I was called from the institution to go to Marblehead, as old Father Pickering sent for me to come and go to that station. There was some difficulty in the church. But I was to have liberty to go to the Academy again at Newmarket. The authorities called for me, and I laid aside my books and looked wishfully at the boys and girls of my class, and went away, and was to see them directly after Conference. But, when Conference came, there was a difficulty. My gospel-father said, 'Well, we must send Edward, for he will either kill or cure!' and I went mournfully from my books. The Conference sent me away down to Cape Cod and

the islands of the Sea, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. They promised me time to go back to the school. . . . Two years ago I went back to the place, expecting to find my books, the boys and girls. When I got there, the Academy was gone, and they had built another, and that was gone; and there was another one built, and there was some talk of that one's going. It was just forty years from the time I went to the time I returned to that Academy. It is natural for these things to remain in the mind. Of course, I had nothing else in my mind but to meet my own classmates, and I arrived there in just forty years to see the old place again. And the news got out, and some of my old schoolmates and playmates got the news, and they came to meet me. They came together; but, bless me! what a disappointment! They came gray-headed, if they had any hair at all. They came, some of them, toothless and wrinkled. I hadn't the least idea of them. And they said, 'How do you do?' and I said: 'Who are you? I didn't come to see *you*. I came to meet the boys and girls! For mercy's sake *I* don't look as old as this!'

"I cannot go to my people and travel as I could once. Then I cared not for storms or fatigue. I knew little about it; not a day, year in and year out, but I was able to go; nothing shook me. But now to be miserable, not able to manage my own brain! But never mind, I got the 'experience' and must cleave unto it.

"Now, Mr. President, I have got to the end of

the history of my remarkable travels up the Hill of Science. Farewell! Peace be with you. And, if we cannot meet eventually here, there is a place up yonder. I have a home and a family and a babe there now. We'll meet in that goodly country. God bless our colleges; and, if I was only worth millions, I'd run my hands in my pockets up to the elbows! I want you to go through five millions, hit or miss! God bless you and your schools and your mighty men. Peace be with you. I will meet you on the other side."

An acquaintance and admirer of Father Taylor, Rev. Howard Cary Dunham, says: —

"At the New England Conference, after the death of the venerable George Pickering, Father Taylor was appointed to preach the funeral discourse, which he did from the words of Isaiah, chapter xxxii., verse 17: 'And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.' The speaker was in no sense 'unequal' to the occasion. He enlarged in a very able and impressive manner on the terms of the text, drawing a clear distinction between inward and outward righteousness, and showing that, the more of the inward, the more of the outward, of course. He spoke of the settled peace which would ensue; then, coming to the subject of his discourse, spoke eloquently on the life, work, and character of the deceased. He said Pickering was so intent on preach-

ing the gospel that Death was compelled to hunt a long time to find him, and at last found him at God's altar; for nowhere else could he be found. Pickering fainted and fell to the floor while preaching his last sermon, was conveyed to his home in Waltham, and in a few days died with a shout of glory on his lips. In the most graphic manner Father Taylor pictured the ascension of the old Christian warrior, and then summoned cohort after cohort to meet and welcome him,— Wesley, Coke, Asbury, and Lee, and a multitude of his old compeers and converts in the work of the ministry,— until heaven resounded with shouts of victory and praise. Not soon will that occasion be forgotten!"

Mr. Dunham then reminisced as follows: —

"Father Taylor said concerning the Bethel that had just been completed, 'I located my Bethel on North Square because I learned to set my net where the fish run.'

"'I have travelled in many lands and sailed over many seas,' he says. 'I have lived among the Arabs, and never went armed in my life and was never assaulted. I am a man of peace.'

"On a crisp Winter's morning he would greet a friend by saying: 'A great reformation has begun. Everybody is telling the truth. Every person says *it's cold*.'

"When some one suggested that it would be impossible to stop rum-selling, he would reply: 'Impossible to stop rum-selling? Nothing is impossible to Bunker Hill.'

"Concerning a sermon which he once heard, he said: 'That sermon was open to criticism. It would take as many such to convert a soul as snowballs to heat an oven.'

"Concerning a discussion of Free Religionists, he remarked, 'A big Gull, full of wind, coarse feathers, bad meat.'

"'Methodist ministers,' he said, 'are like camels bearing the most costly spices on their backs while they themselves feed on the thistles of the desert.'

"'I like the generous man,' he would say, 'whose heart is as big as a full moon, and opens like a sunflower.'

"The following incident illustrates his popularity among all classes. He had a profound admiration for great men. On a certain occasion Daniel Webster was to speak in Faneuil Hall on public affairs. The old Cradle of Liberty was densely packed with an expectant throng. The speaker failed to put in an appearance at the appointed time. The people became restless and impatient, after a while tumultuous. At this juncture some one espied Father Taylor in the gallery, and called for a speech from him. The call took like wild-fire, and the people demanded a speech from him in the most emphatic manner. Taylor hesitated a moment, and then, springing to his feet, he shouted in thunder tones: 'My speech is no speech. Daniel Webster has been my President the last forty years, gentlemen. Be patient a little longer, and you shall hear the Lion of Massachusetts roar.'

."Preaching once on over-nice distinctions in theology, he said: 'There are persons who think they have all the Truth, when they are themselves a skeleton of poverty. They have only the stem-end of a cucumber, too bitter for sensible persons to eat, and by them thrown away.'

"In the same discourse he said: 'Some people think they are saints. If they could see themselves as the just in glory see them, they wouldn't dare to look a decent devil in the face.'

"Soon after he commenced his sermon on a very hot day, two or three of the landsmen got up and went out. He paused, folded his arms, and said, 'If any others wish to go out, let them go now while I wait a moment.' No one went, and he resumed his sermon. About ten minutes after, a Sailor rose up with his jacket on his arm (the most of the Sailors were sitting in their shirt-sleeves), and said, 'Please, sir, I must go now. I wanted to stay as long as I could. My ship is all ready for Sea, and I must be on board at the hour.' Father Taylor, with the elbow of his right arm resting in the palm of his left hand, with his finger on his lip, said, as the Sailor turned to leave the house: 'That's right, my son, you have done just right. You are the man for me. You are a minute man. Go, and the God of the Sea go with you.' And he continued his preaching with redoubled power. And, at the close, such a prayer was made for that Sailor and that ship, and all Sailors and all ships, that it seemed as if it

would convert the abundance of the Sea to God — and it will yet.

"On the Eastham Camp-ground, at an altar service one day, a Sea-captain from the South Shore knelt under deep conviction for his sins. His sister who was present remarked that she had been praying for the conversion of that dear brother thirty years. The struggle was long, many of the people left. The convicted man was unwilling to leave the place without being blest. It was proposed to have another season of prayer, with Father Taylor to lead. He began by saying, 'Gracious God, thy servant's knees have made a covenant with the ground, and the ground hath made a covenant with thy servant's knees, and they cannot be parted until his sins are parted from him.' This man was converted, and in after years became a living fire for good on shipboard.

"On the same camp-ground on another occasion, under the pathetic appeal of the preacher, the sympathies of the people were deeply touched. The vast audience was melted to tears, and wept like children. Father Taylor, sitting on the stand, himself in a melting mood, exclaimed: 'Cry on, brothers and sisters. I would not own my eyes if they would not cry. Cry on, cry on! A shower is good in a dry time.'

"Father Taylor was an able and earnest advocate of Temperance, lecturing extensively in the pulpits of the land. He would paint in the most piteous colors, says the hearer, the utter degradation and misery of

the drunkard, and then breaking with emotion, and the tears as big as bullets rolling down his cheeks, he would exclaim in the most tender tones, He is my Brother. For the drunkard-maker, however, he had no pity, and was unsparing in his denunciation, pronouncing a thousand woes on these land-sharks, as he called them, and their nefarious business. They are, he would say, the laziest people in the world, they petrify with indolence. They are more indolent than the Arabs, who, lying upon their backs in open air, are too lazy to shut their eyes when it rains.

"While he was preaching in the Bethel one Sunday and waxing warm in his discourse, he saw several persons leaving the audience. Instantly he interjected: 'I have observed down around the wharves, when the tide rises, the chips float off. There they go now,' he says, 'rag, tag, and bobtail.' In one of his evening meetings he observed a lady behaving indecorously. He bore for a while her conduct, and then, fastening his stern eyes upon her and pointing, said, 'If that lady on the third row, sitting on the end of the seat, with a yellow bonnet, don't stop whispering, I'll point her out.' He was a severe and yet kindly critic. Once, after listening to a sermon of great length, he remarked to a friend in passing out of the church: 'The brother is open to criticism. He has too much the gift of continuance. I believe in the everlasting Gospel, but I don't believe in its being preached everlastingly.'

GENIUS: FATHER TAYLOR.*

In the year 1833, being a student in the Divinity School in Cambridge, and learning that a Bethel for Seamen was to be dedicated in Boston, withal catching a rumor in the air of some peculiar gift in the preacher, I walked in to North Square. As soon as I entered the new brick building, so famous as a Sailors' harbor to all the world, and the master of ceremonies appeared, I felt he was such a one as I had never seen before in the shape of minister or man. It was no decorous individual sitting silent and solemn in the pulpit corner till the people were all assembled, and it was time for the services to begin, but a figure of restless and uncontainable life, which no box of a pulpit seemed able to hold. The chafing in such close quarters, the glance that reached every point and seemed to fall on everybody, the swift step from side to side of the desk, the radiant look, the voice strong and mellow as thunder or a breaking wave, the gesture (whose lively expression could not have been bettered by Kemble or Booth) with which, saying, "My pulpit has no doors," he beckoned up such as could not find seats below, and the white heat of enthusiasm which seemed no excite-

*From "Radical Problems," by Rev. Cyrus Augustus Bartol, 1872.

ment, but a normal state, proved that no pompous ecclesiastic, droning parson, or strait-laced bigot, was to discourse that day and be primate and bishop of that establishment. Last Summer I was again in the same place. The human form, so long aflame with zeal at its busy task, lay quiet enough at last. The contrast between life and death was never so great. My friend had fallen into the sleep to which the sweetest slumber known before is uneasiness.

This new hand indeed at the bellows, forging human welfare, ought not to vanish without some memorial. In all praise is a certain disrespect; yet such a duty lies in the desire to speak, the presumption may have pardon. No American citizen, lawyer, scholar, or statesman, made an impression so unique or left reputation more solid. Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Calhoun, by no advantage of stormy debate or political prominence, printed their names deeper on their time than this Methodist, whose method, transcending limits of sect, was all his own. How did a poor clergyman, never leaving his own little spot, haunting with comfort and rebuke of love the vilest part of the city,— beside his "boys," as were those on every quarter-deck or before the mast,— draw all men unto him? Let us try to learn, lest without record of biography or autobiography the name of Taylor be scarce more than a tradition.

He belonged to no class. He was not, for any system of theology or philosophy, either leader or led. He will be identified with no dogma or reform

other or less than of the way of regarding and treating those whom he served. He is the Sailors' representative. Those other great ones were landsmen. He stands for the Sea. He is the great delegate from the waves to the congress of intellect. In thousands of ships, by almost millions of Mariners, to whom by the baptism of the Holy Ghost he was father who christened their babes, his fame was borne to every port. The Sailor says he has been where the United States had not been heard of, but never where Father Taylor had not. How did a man — no discoverer in the kingdom of ideas, no martyr of principle, nor marshal of opinion — so touch the common mind? The answer is that word about whose application we are always in quarrel or doubt,— *Genius*. It is a large word. It signifies a universal quality. It is an office and warrant to speak to or act on people of every sort, to span every social gulf, and bring all who differ or are opposed into one mind. Such was his gift. As the people say, he was a gifted man, perhaps the only one of his generation among us to whom the term *genius* absolutely belongs. May I show this by some enumeration of marks?

First, Genius *possesses* a man. Others have been as he, with perceptions as clear and judgment more harmonious, holding the glass steadier to spiritual things, weighing values of thought more coolly, analyzing subjects more keenly as in a mental spectroscope, detecting correspondences more exactly with

the wide-open eye of imagination, and with more masterly combining of old elements into new maxims or ideas. But who has been with the Truth so taken and carried away? His vision was passion. It made a train of his faculties. His insight was enactment. It was said of one, "In company he leaves the scholar behind: in his study he is a different man." Taylor never left nor lost himself, nor seemed made up of parts and pieces. He moved all together, if he moved at all. His casual talk was better than any preparation; his impromptu, his finest performance. A gown would have "wrapped his talent in a napkin." He put on no dress nor garland. He was as inspired at the street corner as addressing a throng. There was grandeur in his trivial converse, and humor in his grave discourse. He provoked laughter in the congregation, and wet your eyes with his private greeting, put you in church with his grace at table, made an April day of smiles and tears at his evening vestry, or overcame you with solemnity in your house, so that you were inclined to say it thundered or an angel spake to him. One said he was like a cannon, better on the Common than in a parlor. But in your sitting-room he could be a flute. He was a man-of-war or tender and soft as a maid. In accidental encounters he melted hard-faced persons with his pathos or surprised the despondent into good cheer with consolations effectual because before undreamed. In all this was no calculation. As the Spiritualists say, he was "under control." He was an

Italian improvisator in America, an extemporaneous speaker condensed beyond example, with combustion and no dilution. In many a wit we see the diamond shining: he was the diamond burning. "Do not get worn out," a friend said to him. "I tear out," was his reply. He served some stranger power, having its way with him, and which he could not resist. The spirit of this prophet was not subject to the prophet.

After possession, the second mark of Genius is *facility*. There was in Taylor infinite ease. His display of power cost him no more effort than for the Sea to roll or the wind to blow. It would have been hard to resist his influx and inspiration, never aught violent or rough. To storm or scream is the false note,— counterfeit that passes current with many. When a speaker raises his voice and aggravates to fury his manner, we say, It is all true, and I agree with you; but do not cave in my head! Some orators and readers collar us like a Sheriff or worry us like a terrier dog. They are ruffians with our minds. But this man's persuasive magnetism drew us without interference of our will or his own. He had at his mercy alike our pocket and our heart. Yet this gracious respect had in it no weak gushing, nor the smallest leak. If he ever boiled, he never slopped over; like George Washington, whose temper was a caldron, if not an awkwardly lifted pail. He carried no looking-glass of self-admiration or mutual admiration. His extravagance was elevation. His

glowing commendation of the men and women, his fellow-laborers, was like the lustre with which the Sun flatters the mountain-tops. His approach was no defiance or assault; but he always accepted a challenge with courage that was courtesy in the duel from which he never ran. He was nothing if not spontaneous. His originality was never insolence, like that of Mr. Brownson, who told his audience their resentment of his doctrine proved its truth.

The third mark of Genius is *communication.* In Taylor this was perfect. "Her very foot speaks," says Shakespeare. But in most persons not a tithe of the frame bears witness. His marvellous suppleness of fibre and organ made his whole body a tongue. When the ballet-girls came out in the theatre and commenced their astounding pirouettes, he, sitting on the front row, turned round to the spectators with a look that diverted the house from the spectacle and outdid all the mimicries of the stage. He was as ingrained an actor as Garrick or Kean. He did not believe in preaching from notes; and, making a speech at a meeting of his brethren, he took off a clergyman confined to his manuscript, looking from his page to his hearers, gazing one way and gesticulating another, to the convulsive laughter of the victims he scored. I remember his impersonating a dervish in his spinning raptures, so that to see that Oriental character one had no need to travel. There was in his word a primitive force none could withstand. "Move a little: accommodation is a part

of religion," he said to some who took up too much room in a crowded seat; and, as though his request were a favor, and in such quaint phrase they had received a present, they moved. Every *subject* was to him such an *object*, he marvelled at our philosophic self-fingering. "Height of the sky!" said William Blake: "nonsense! see I touch it with my stick." Taylor's thought touched Heaven. At eight years old he went through all the motions of the minister's service, not stopping with sermon and prayer. He must also have funerals. But how get the bodies? By shying stones at chickens, and having obsequies over their remains. When the supply failed, or, perhaps, for the cruelty his heart misgave him, the little resurrectionist dug up the bodies for a second performance. Mourners, too, were necessary; and that office he required the negro children on the place to fill. If words would not move the lazy things, he whipped them into the traces of his machine of grief. His acting was no illusion or trick, but perfect nature, and so perfect art. He could not, like Delsarte, have picked out the muscle to express heaven or hell. How he did it he knew not. Great orators have studied their motions in a glass. But, if he ever saw his own face for a moment, he must have straightway forgotten what manner of man he was. Never was a less self-conscious countenance,—more ignorant of its own looks. The Cape Ann farmer said Rufus Choate could cant his countenance so as to fetch tears out of you in two minutes. But there was no canting in Taylor.

Of true Genius *sympathy* is a mark. In him it was raised to the highest power. He not only saw into people, but out of them, or saw as they did from their centre; and for his eyeglasses put on their eyes. His word grew out of the occasion: his feeling was generated on the spot. His thought fell like an aerolite, and did not crystallize like a gem. Dr. Channing had *views: he* had *visions*. He preached as the birds sang. He could not help it or help himself. Where he stood was a drama, not a desk. He was the character in "Midsummer-Night's Dream": it mattered not what part he took. Riches dropped from him unawares, like pearls from Prince Esterhazy's dress. His concern was wide as his race. Genius is love. Was Byron misanthrope? So far no poet. Taylor was no cold peak. His mountain stood on fire. His was a Southern heart married to a Northern brain. He went back to Virginia, and asked to see Johnny, the little boy he had played with at school fifty years before, and they brought in a white-haired old man; and Taylor came home and represented lad and graybeard with his marvellous transformations, needing no stage-dress. He entered into every nature; with the Dutch painter could have become a sheep, and seemed only a larger one among the pigeons that swarmed round him in his back yard to be fed. As he walked in the Public Garden, a sparrow flew startled from its bush. He stretched his hand after it, saying, "I will not squeeze you." For a moment I thought the bird might come.

In his illustration of Genius, *liberality* was a mark. A Methodist, Methodism was not his gaol or goal. Like the Indian on the prairie, he said he *walked large*. He knocked at every door, Orthodox, Episcopal, Romish, Radical; and, as in the Arabian Nights' tale, every door opened. He had the freedom of the city. Thirty years ago he attended a meeting of the Transcendental Club. There were in the company, as he entered, doubtful looks! He was asked to speak, and began in his chair; but soon saying, "I must get up," he rose, rubbed the rumples out of his trousers with a laugh, and pictured our climbing like spiders with such vivacity that when, as he concluded, another ventured to speak, our leader said, "When the spirit has orbed itself in a man, there is nothing more to offer." Who shall come after the King? Pentecost was repeated, and we were full of new wine. He was not humorous, but humor. He compared polemics to two bands of turtles he had seen march on a ship's deck, stretching out their necks to each other, till from those that got their heads uppermost the other party beat a retreat. The turtles would have been content with their representative. To some Liberals, denouncing the notion of hell-fire, he lifted thumb and finger to his nostrils, and said, "We all have a sentimentality of that sulphur." No close communication for him! He appraised others beyond their merits. His liberality was worth something, making him ready to do battle with intolerance. In his large toleration he was a

Radical, in his own order born before the time. "Are you cheating the Unitarians, or are the Unitarians cheating you?" asked Dr. Beecher. "Doctor, a third party has come in that wants to have all the cheating to itself," answered the edge-tool the veteran attempted to handle. He, that had been in the Spanish cruiser from New Orleans, and the American privateer "Curlew" from Boston, was a born soldier, and knew how to carry arms.

Boldness is a mark of Genius. He hates Spiritualism, and claimed to be an exorciser. "The spirits never can do any thing after I come," he said: "they all run away." His deck was always cleared for action. When the clergy of the Methodist circuit were disparaged by a Unitarian as worth no more than the small salary they were paid, how his battery blazed! "I will set them foot to foot against any of you, with a Bible in one hand and a wilderness of human souls before them!" He bade a boastful British officer remember we had whipped England. "What credit to whip your Mother?" growled the commodore. "Not much," answered Taylor; "and I promise you we will never whip the 'old lady' again unless she gives us very particular occasion." His repartees were droll enough for harlequin with their grotesque style, but always had earnest meaning. A young man having upset the Bible, and stooping for it in his desk, "Never mind," says Taylor, "I can put it up next Sunday." How he strode up and down, patting The Book he loved as if it were

alive! "How long shall we compass this Jericho?" he cried at a revival meeting in the vestry of the West Church. I suggested our conversion was not finished, and we needed still food of humility more than the mince-pie of praise. He left us hurt and hot. The next time I met him, he embraced and kissed me in the street. He was a placable enthusiast, charitable devotee, fanatic but for his love. Entering a Boston church, one said, "This seems so entirely dedicated to God as to leave no room for man." There was always room for Man where Taylor was. How audacious to explode conventionalities! Arguing with him about perfection, I asked if anybody had been as good as Jesus. "Millions," he replied, — an answer which, against my testimony, Unitarians and Methodists discredit and try to explain away. Of a great Rationalist he said: "There is a screw loose somewhere; but I have laid my ear close to his heart, and have never been able to detect any jar in the machinery. He must go to Heaven; for Satan would not know what to do with him if he got him. Give the devil his rations, it will change the climate, and the emigration will be that way." Of Transcendentalism he said, "It is like a gull,— long wings, lean body, poor feathers, and miserable meat." "Too far off: the King's business requires haste," he would tell the dull speaker at his conference. His speech was seldom bitter or biting, however sometimes wounding, it being to him sacrilege to keep it back. His censure was a frigate's broadside or a lion's

roar; his praise was a medal, a badge, or the freedom of the city in a gold box, the terms were so solid and precious in which it was put. He named the sailor-talkers: one, "pure Hebrew"; another, "North of Europe"; a third, "salvation set to music." But for the iron in his body and the gauntlet on his hand, he would have been a spiritual glue, a mere sympathy, a dissipated mind.

Beauty is a mark of Genius. Of the poor old ministers he said: "They should be fed on preserved diamonds. They are camels in the desert, bearing precious treasures and browsing on bitter herbs." The charm of his manners who, this side the Orient, could match? At a distance, seeing you afar off, he would touch his heart, his forehead, and his lips with a salute that seemed too much for aught below angels or less than the universe. His love was as the Sea; but never billow lapped the beach more softly than his affection touched its object. His untaught courtesy, the delicacy of demonstrativeness, was conspicuous in his treatment of the other sex. The show was a drop to the gulf behind. He felt the Truth, that no man is indebted to any other so much as to some woman. His purity was not ice, but flame. His bearing was royal, and made every woman a Queen. No calamity could extinguish his cheer in the church or by the way. At the funeral of the woman whom he said he should claim and could not spare in Heaven, he leaned his shining face out of the carriage, and astonished the conventional gloom by greeting

people on the way. "You do not know that old Irishwoman," one of the family said, trying to put on him some decent restraint. "Why shouldn't she have her share?" was his retort. He and Miss Sedgwick once met suddenly in the middle of the room. "Did you mean to kiss me?" she cried, starting back. "I only know," he answered, "I got mine."

Veracity is a mark of Genius; and that is a false notion which makes it consist in any exaggeration, which, Dr. Johnson said, all eloquence is. There is in it no distortion or high color. It is true to Nature, low and neutral when she is; and Taylor was a piece of Nature hewn out of her rock. He was autochton as well as and before he was seraph. It was said of Daniel Webster he gravitated to the Truth, and could not argue a bad case comparatively well, as we had melancholy proof. Was it Southern blood or sensitiveness to the agitator's faults that hindered his rank on the roll of any reform, save of the common opinion and treatment of his dear Sailors? One trait of Genius we might say he lacked,—*foresight*. He was no prophet of freedom, of unacknowledged rights, or the fine arts. It was wonderful how a man, in zeal and expression so extreme, kept the middle path. *Prohibition* he opposed; said people arriving tired and late ought to be allowed some refreshment; and, being asked his views of the unexecuted Prohibitory Law, keenly replied, "I did not know there was in Massachusetts any such Law!" For examiners and lawyers he was a terrible man to

have in the witness-box. Yet warmer friend of Temperance nobody could be. He said he would have "all the alcohol buried in a cave, and a planet rolled to the door." What a Peter the Hermit he would have been, enlisted in any cause! But he thought reformers overstated, and were dangerous and unjust. He was too sympathetic for the work of those who have to disown society, to put on John the Baptist's leathern girdle, and war against base organic ways. To be a crusader, he must have been made of sterner stuff. Well that he did not leave his own stint. The commonweal is a factory, in which each operative must be held mainly to his special task. The good genius, that made him in general at once so brilliant and just, and wrought mightily through him like the demon of Socrates, was not always present. Sometimes he failed and floundered; and the friends or strangers that had come to be transported hung their heads. The engine was detached, and the train halted, though he was often dextrous to recover himself and escape. "I have lost my nominative case," he said once, "but I am on the way to glory." A Ship entangled in its manœuvres is worse off than a skiff. All the movements of his mind were radical, and could suffer no mortgage. "What are you going to preach about next Sunday?" he was asked. "I do not know: I shall not forestall God!" His quickness could not be anticipated or outsped. "I never let a carriage go before me," he said. His foot was the type of his thought.

Beside the canonical Scriptures I know not what he read but the old English Divines; and perhaps no man of note ever *wrote* so little, in the modern world. "Why do you go round so, muttering to yourself?" he was asked. "Because I like to talk to a sensible man." But he had the broadest sight and the deepest heart. He was charged with inconsistency for sympathizing with both sides in a quarrel. But he saw truth and right on both sides. "Disinterested!" he said. "I like not the word: I am interested." If religion consists in fearing God, he was not a religious man. "Do you see the black speck?" he said, lifting a child to baptize. On no bed-plate of a creed did his machinery move. His tenets were shrouds, only better to help him spread his sails. Any resentment in him of a new opinion was not ignorance, but forecast of the mischief into which he supposed it would lead. He was a loyal Christian, nor from his moorings could be torn. Yet he fed with his face and wanted to feed on all others' faces. His artist nature froze and the shadow of an infinite grief fell on him when he was misunderstood; and he could be overheard sobbing and groaning in his room. It is the lot of Genius! God taxes us on the amount of our property; and to be driven to appeal to him is the condition of excellence. Yet he said he had never seen an unhappy day. Boston was his crown. How dear to him the Port Society! "Laugh till I get back," was one of his farewells. He said of a gloomy theologian, "He seems to have

killed somebody, and wants me to help bury the body." The reconciling is the highest mind. It was the glory of Jesus. Taylor was an atonement for us. He said the Good Samaritan did not "maul the wounded traveller with texts." "O Lord, we are a widow," was his prayer for a bereaved wife. He threw a little fish he had caught back into the Sea, saying, "There, go tell your grandmother you have seen a ghost!" The chaise he once owned was always so full of ragged children his own family could not get seats. But all his sentiment was the soaring of common sense. It was the weight not of a sparrow, but an eagle. In the noble Methodist no jot of Methodist cant. The little girl who explained her kneeling at his coffin by saying, "He was my friend," and the orange woman who walked up the aisle of the crowded church with her basket on her arm, were his witnesses.

Newness is a mark of Genius. Taylor was full of surprises and novelties. He astonished a minister, who had refused to enter his pulpit because a Unitarian had been in it, by falling on his knees on the pulpit stairs and crying out, "O Lord, deliver us in Boston from two things, bad rum and bigotry: thou knowest which is worst, for I don't!" When Lincoln succeeded Buchanan, he gave Father Abraham an outfit of benediction and gracious prophecy. "But, O Lord, as for this stuff that is going out, we won't say much about that!" Reading a proclamation after an election, and pronouncing the words,

"God save the Commonwealth!" he added, "He did that last Tuesday!" He also prayed that the "creatures about the President would not bore a hole through the sheathing of his integrity." After some trivial talk was over at a Conference he informed the speakers he was glad to see the "light stuff floating off." "Won't you make a prayer before you go?" said a woman to him in her house. "What do you want?" he asked: "I can't *make* a prayer." He said of metaphysicians, "They are like lightening-bugs in a cedar swamp in Carolina: snap, snap, and there seems a little light; then all dark as ever." Mr. Webster ridiculed the Higher Law, comparing it to the Blue Ridge and other things above all practical concern. Taylor said, "Higher Law! a meteoric stone: stand from under!" It killed Mr. Webster. His opposition to it was the unpardonable sin. He knew better. Taylor said to some stolid worshippers: "I would as lief have so many canes and umbrellas in the pews! I see some fat people, corpulent. That is swine's flesh." How the obesity shrank from his eyes peering round! As a visitor concluded his patronizing survey of the Mariner's House, Taylor said, "Now we will hear any other up-town sinner who wants to confess." He explained the verdict of the Governor on the "good wine, kept until now," by saying it was the best of water in the jars, of which "that old soaker knew not the taste." He said to a minister, some of whose young folk a new pulpit celebrity had taken away, "I understand

he has had his shovel under your garden flowers." Leaving home, this was his picture of Providence, "He that gives the whale a cartload of herrings every morning for breakfast will take care of my babes." Called upon by an impatient throng waiting for Webster to speak, he hushed them by saying, "I never saw such a crowd of good-nature!" The wonder of his pathos was that when you cried, and he was crying more, tears rolling down to bathe his face, he kept on swift and even as the ten-feet diameter wheels in an express train. He described Channing dying, with the setting sun making its way into the chamber through the clambering vines; and melted his hearers with the charge, "Walk in the Light, walk in the Light!" His wife gave him fifty dollars to pay a bill. He brought the bill with no receipt. "What have you done with the money?" she asked. "Why, I met a superannuated brother; and how could I ask him to change fifty dollars?" Describing some sot, he exclaimed, "I will pursue that man, and never give him up!" His little child thought it was his face made the flower open, and said, "It is sunshine, Father, isn't it?" He loved like God.

But his Genius had *authority*, too, for its mark. He denounced a troublesome shiftless character as an "expensive machine." His brain was camera and battery, too. "Can a Calvinist be a Christian?" he asked Dr. Bushnell. "Certainly!" was the reply. "Don't be too quick! Suppose God should say to the elect in Heaven, Now I will turn this

stick, and give the other end a chance: would they be content?" One, who had given information secretly about his conduct in the sick-room, asked him to "say grace" at the table. He found her out, and, stirring his coffee, and not shutting his eyes, but looking straight at her, said, "Lord, deliver us from deceit, conceit, and tattling!" The boy that ran away from home when nine years old was, as Mr. Webster said of himself, rather hard to coax and harder to drive. The reformers, he thought, tried to drive him; and his back was up. He could not be second, being first. He was called Commodore, and felt he was in command. He curried not the favor he got. When fashionable folk took the Sailors' seats in the Bethel, he told them *they* must stand, and not Jack. He was superbly polite and deferential, but in no company subordinate or abashed. No culture could exceed the polish his substance took; but he was at the head. This guest was equal to any host. He was a chief in his black cravat; and, when he had been combed, how handsome he sat while the wisest hung on his lips, from which every word was an artist's piece in color! "The Sea majestic!" he said; and his face was "the wrinkled Sea," with all its grandeur, and the incalculable laughter of which Æschylus writes. For him there must be "more Sea"! He had the dignity of one on the quarter-deck. "If my employers are not content, they shall see the back seams of my stockings." He would have been like Adoniram Judson, of whom the

Captain he took passage with told me that, when the ship was attacked by pirates, he loaded and fired faster than any man he ever saw. Taylor was not mealy-mouthed. A Unitarian preacher having descanted on the ever-lingering misery of sinful memory after repentance, he compared him to a beetle-bug rolling over the sand his ball of dirt. Something supreme and final was always in the sentence he pronounced. He was lowly and lordly, too. The belt of no man or woman was adorned with his scalp. "He will have his hide on the fence to-morrow," said a coarse man of the way a certain master would proceed with his opponent. Easy to be entreated as Taylor was, he was ready for whoever wanted to contend, and meant there should be no drawn battle. Seeing a man in the pulpit whom he did not like, he turned rapidly to leave the house. His Genius was no wandering impulse: he was borne on as a billow, but with a mighty design. There is an inspiration to the will from the perception of Truth which gives the right to decide and direct. The doctrine of Infallibility is true, though not of the pope as such. Sixtus said the Truth had been committed to him, though he sometimes thought he had lost the key! It is committed to every man who knows that Truth is Truth, knows it when he sees it. Human fallibility is a mean phrase. Uncertainty is atheism and despair. My beholding warrants my affirming. Intuition justifies assumption; and Taylor, because he transmitted, swayed.

A sure mark of Genius is its clothing of *grace*. Nature, says Goethe, is pledged to the protection of Genius; and she protects not only life, but its action and speech from all deformity and bad taste. Taylor's most unforeseeable flights kept the line of order; and accomplished philosophers were awkward and angular before the flexible motions of his body and mind. In his oddest figures we had to own a charm. When he said of a famous soprano singer, "She screams like a pea-hen," or of the two or three that came to the meeting, out of a great body, "These are the absorbents," he showed himself a detective of correspondences Swedenborg might admire.

Another note of Genius is *presence of mind*, or the whole man at the occasion, in what he says and does; though we call its inattention and deafness to our irrelevant trifles of talk and procedure *absence* of mind. It knows where it is! "I feel," said Ole Bull, after an improvisation on the violin, "as if I had been in other worlds." "The Light that never was on land or Sea" is sometimes in the human face. Female vanity hides little jets of gas-light under the hair to make a halo round the head. But Taylor was like Moses: he wist not that his face shone. Presence of mind in him was sometimes absence of body as well as self-oblivion. He forgot his wedding-day, and was out on Telegraph Hill, in Hull, with a spy-glass, talking of his dear Deborah, when she was waiting for him to keep his appointment as a bride-groom in Marblehead. Nature was strong in his

character. This convert had no change of heart. Though listening to Mr. Hedding's sermon, he said, "I cried for quarters soon."

One more trait of Genius is *continuity*. He did not, like oratorical experts, hoard his good things to say over again, so that, following him round, we had the same old fund of commonplaces and store of jokes, but went on, his word a marvel to everybody and not less to himself, fresh as the morning or a newblown rose, because his was not Everett's art or Phillips's genius for elocution, but his own of eloquence. He was fearless of death, but stoutly said he would not give up till he was dead. Being told he was going to the angels, "Folks better than angels!" he said. He was grieved because the last time a friend visited him he could not wait upon her to the door. Shortly before his death he went several times to the glass, and addressed himself as another man needing salvation, saying, "I guess you are not ready: you, old man and infidel, have not made up your mind," then looked at himself with silent scorn, as if comparing his reduced estate with former glory. His last audible prayer was: "Lord, what am I here for? What am I doing here? I'm no use to anybody. The love my friends have for me will soon be gone. Now, Lord, some morning suddenly snatch me to Thyself!" The Lord heard: the Lord did! He went as a Sailor would, just at the turn of the tide. It was ebb-tide here: it was flood-tide somewhere. The death below was a mighty

birth above. Such a soul, beyond miracle or prophecy, is proof of immortality. A brother once said to him, "Give me a subject." "It would be too hot for you to hold," he answered. Marvellous such a flame burnt so long! The fire has not gone out, but the fuel. Must there not be more fuel for such a fire? I ask leave to see it burn again! He was restless the last nights; and his nurse, a man that slept by him, tried to keep him in bed, as if with an unconscious hand. "Do you know," Taylor said to him, "how smoothly you are sinning? You are trying to cheat the Devil; but he will find you out!" Happy continuation now is not that unrest?

Shall we not say he was one of the universal men? He resists all sectarian claim or classification. He drew every furrow with a subsoil plough. He was not a local celebrity, but an honor to mankind. Unknown to literature, he will be a tradition in the common mind. Across the line of party he stood a colossus guarding the harbor for humanity. He was a Radical, not born late, out of due time, as Paul said, but before the time. Yet he was no heretic, but a uniter, reaching the *man* in all men. He spoke not to one set or sort of persons, but was understood with equal delight by every class. Fine lady and scholar — Miss Bremer and Jenny Lind and Charles Dickens — mixed, in the Bethel, with the tars that had anchors in India ink on the back of their hands, or clumsy rings in their ears, or vertebræ of sharks to hold the kerchiefs around

their necks. Two hundred millions of miles measure the diameter of the earth's orbit for the yard-stick of astronomy. The circuit of his revolution was a parallax for the race.

Faith is a mark of Genius. Systems of doubt or pessimism have been built by able logicians, but never by intuitive men. For every truth of the spirit is a lie in the understanding; and the head, informed but by the senses, is an infidel and atheist. The finer intellect of Love and imagination discerns Truth and being. This intelligence in Taylor was so perfect, his thought was in such contact with the ideal thing, that he never talked of *faith*. That seems to interpose a process between the faculty and its object. He *knew*, and had a lofty scorn for anybody's refusal of the term knowledge to Spiritual matters. He owned the One God in some Trinitarian way, as the Athanasian Trinity hints the infinite mystery better than that bald Hebrew and Unitarian monotheism in which God is an individual, although a three-fold Deity be not so good as a manifold.

Once more, a mark of Genius is *joy*. It denies the reality of wickedness or woe, and affirms the prevalence of the Good. It chants the rhythm of the River of God. The test of the soundness of any scheme is, Can it be sung? Is the essence of harmony and poetry in it? We are told there is a wedding of misery and music in some famous compositions, as Bach's St. Matthew Passion-music, Dante's

"Inferno," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." But the wretched tenets never inspired the tune. The wondrous score of the Prince of harmonists means from his choral soul more and other than the Calvinism attached to it. The old dogmas hang as a weight on the wings of the English bard, and make his poem, which Dr. Channing called "perhaps the noblest monument of human genius," in parts heavy reading. It is the justice, not the curse, that gives such lurid glory to the Italian's lines. Yet both these mighty works are of the past,— Songs, as Davis says, of degrees, diminishing,— hardly of the present, not at all of the future, and sure to feel the tooth of Time as the conceptions they grew out of are outgrown by the advancing human mind. "Faust," for eschewing their fatality, may outlast them, till itself yield to some deeper discovery of the gladness of creation's root. Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," and Pollok's "Course of Time," are just expressions of the gloomy theology in its discord of untruth, the harmonies of Orthodoxy being to those of the coming faith as Chinese gongs to Beethoven's symphonies. Taylor was the happy nature. He was a day of jubilee. The Sun of Righteousness was always rising on him, and the vapors could not stay. The burden of sin, he declared, could be dropped in a moment. He admitted no essential evil; and, though he said "*devil*," he despised and routed that adversary as Luther did. With his irresistible cheer he practised the apostolic gift of abso-

lution to sad and despairing men, as well as Peter or John. He was not tolerant on the surface and a bigot at the core, like some Radicals, as sour when they are ripe as when they are green. No dogmatism sailed under the flag of his liberality, and no indifferentism stretched his charity so wide. He was no eclectic with a patch-work of opinions picked from every quarter; and no syncretist, in whose mind contradictory notions throve together. He professed not that large swallow for all sorts of belief, which is called catholicity, and means crudity. Nor had he any scrupulosity to thrust on others, by which to square their conduct to his judgment, and sacrifice God and man on the shrine of a morbid conscience. He never flew in your face with ill-advised interference, nor crowded you with that self-pronouncing and intruding individuality which by dint of present honesty and absent sympathy becomes the worst tyranny. His weight was not oppression. He was no cynic, taking exceptions; and, if he could roar, he did not know how to bark. He was in no covert, conceiving suspicions, pregnant with plots, or hatching any hate. If he was ever for a moment angry, he never nursed his spite. His presence was a lifting of the curtains and letting in the Sun. He was a medium, and God not a scientific conclusion he waited for, or a metaphysical abstraction constructed of arguments, like a child's doll of rags, but a Living Spring, not to be cut from the stream, appearing best not in the earth or the sky, but that image of Himself in which He made man.

Whence came this prodigy of power? What blood of England or Italy flowed in his veins? Neither he nor his seem to have known. He is our King Melchisedec, without father or mother, everything hid but his divine descent. We must claim for an American one whose patriotism would have made him equally ready with Franklin to argue in a foreign court, or with Farragut to lash himself to the mast in the harbor of New Orleans. He hated secession as Satan, and, while at home with foreigners of every nation, was proud of his native land as the crown of the globe. He was a case of Nature's bounty in her most royal mood, and, himself a true sovereign, the head of every board at which he sat. Doubtless in him was something presiding that could not take the inferior part. When his little daughter, being chid for ill-reading, took it to heart, he said: "Don't be a fool. Why don't you go on?" "Because, father, I am a fool." "Yes," he rejoined, "that is a capital thing to find out!" quenching in drollery his severity, with that interplay of faculties always at his command. Is not this *genius*, to blend all powers in one? We knew not what he would do next, only it would be some happy turn; for he was not of that order of mind that sees the dark side and flies to the sore spot, the critic that spoils conversation and shuts out those whom he is intent on convicting from enriching himself. It was Taylor's generosity to be open and receptive,— to give and take as a child.

How account for this phenomenon of Genius? It is easier to assign its characteristics than its conditions. We shall trace its origin when we can give the genesis of God. There is nothing a metaphysician will not attempt; but no manufactory has yet been set up to deliver such articles as I have described, run smoothly as the barren machine of a theory will. "Who shall tell his generation?" Even the Christ Christendom worships is no pure historic person, but in part a creation of the human mind. Glory of Greek myth through John's Gospel flows in to fill out the synoptic figure of the other Evangelists into sublimity; and Paul is so entranced with the ideal Saviour of inward revelation, he does not want to see the actual one of flesh and blood; while we never hear of Thomas as inspired to do aught with his proof of fingers in the print of the nails, and hand thrust into the side! Plato translates into poetry the Socratic prose. But Jesus was the poet of God. What He showed and acted He melodiously spoke. It was a near and intimate fact. In something like the same solution was Nature in this loyal disciple's mind. He used no telescope of philosophic thought. Nothing was far from him. Such manifestations as came from the untaught mariner's minister escape analysis. The breathing they articulate who can measure or understand?

REV. MR. TAYLOR.*

Orator nascitur.

It is hard to describe such a Character. I had given it up in despair, not because the waters are not clear, but because they are too deep. Yet, I have been a frequent hearer of Mr. Taylor, and if without advantage it is the fault of the soil, not of the seed.

Mr. Taylor is a prodigy, but he is a work of Nature only. Art can claim no credit in him. The senses supply him with the most rapid and definite perceptions, and his affections embrace all mankind; his imagination is easily moved by the beautiful or sublime, and his heart is even more accessible to what is good and true; his sense of natural Law is above all treatises of sages, and his Spirit is devout to martyrdom.

Fortune, however, has favored him less than Nature. But he has had one vast advantage, which none receive at school. His mind grew up, not among words, but things: no vague half-ideas entered it through the medium of arbitrary signs. His

* This is a reprint from the February issue of the *New England Magazine* for the year 1835. There is nothing to indicate the author. At the close of 1834 this magazine, that had been under the editorship of Joseph Tinker Buckingham, was transferred by him to Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe and John Osborne Sargent. *After* the issue for February, 1835, these editors transferred the magazine to Park Benjamin.

H. P. C.

idea of the Ocean came not from the shaded portion of a map, nor did he acquire his conception of a mountain or a river from characters or carved lines upon paper; but the mountain as God created it, rivers and Seas, in all their sublimity and beauty, are pictured fresh in the gallery of his imagination. This is to him a source of moral as well as intellectual activity, and excites continual love and gratitude to the Creator.

This peculiar education explains one class of his eloquent passages. If, in the way of illustration, he introduces some aspect of nature, a finished picture begins to rise to his imagination, and he sweeps down the river, lost in the beauty of the banks; for this Homeric spirit sometimes leads him, as it did Homer, from the subject illustrated.

Then an object in the landscape that is before his imagination may remind him of some other mental fact or moral truth, and this rushes into his discourse; and, if we are not closely attentive, we may fail to perceive the chain, though it has been unbroken in his own mind. When, therefore, he seems incoherent, it is only because we have been inattentive. His thoughts are not broken into fragments, though they are not strung artificially, like pearls. His mind is strong enough to obey the highest laws of thought; but it is unconscious of the minor rules invented to regulate limited discourses. His is a better form of intellect for acquiring Truth than for communicating it, though he has qualifications for

instructing higher than his power of imagination and illustration. In many cases his discourses will bear the test of all the rules of Art; but on these occasions he must have a great subject, with a few minutes to feel and arrange it. He surveys such a subject, from zenith to nadir, with a proportionate attention to the various parts, which are disposed in a striking light and shade, and with an aerial perspective that leaves on the mind a wonderful feeling of satisfaction. Any attendant at Mr. Taylor's church has heard many sermons which, if written out, would amount to all the writings of some celebrated names. This indicates a Genius of a very high order, for it is all his own. He derives nothing from books, nothing from the thoughts of others. All comes forth finished and well proportioned, as it rises for the first time in his own mind. How many men could write a first draught more perfect than Mr. Taylor's improvisations? His productions have not the revision and polish of afterthought; nor are they dug out of the quarry of a perfect language, like the Greek, or even of a simple one, which is so favorable to the uneducated improvisatori of other nations. The English language, with heterogeneous elements, is complicated by the terms of many arts and sciences, and by still greater adulterations made by affectation, pedantry, ranks, and coteries. No mortal man, whose library of education did not include grammar and dictionary, can of himself classify and arrange in his mind this discordant mass. It would then be a mir-

acle for Mr. Taylor to use language with the perfection of Milton or Shakespeare. But the language, as presented to Mr. Taylor's mind, is words only in their naked values as expressive of things sensible and spiritual, with the stamp of any standard author to direct him in his choice; and great is his power over it. His rare and powerful combinations of new words, his very mistakes, which are generally founded on a principle of philosophy, his evidence of a musical ear, reveal the very operations of a mind creating language out of a chaos of words. In an earlier era in the history of our language, instead of smiling at his mistakes in grammar and logic, we should admire his creation of a standard dialect, his clear perception of things, his intuition of the analogies of sound and sense, his combination of the forms and colors of creation with spiritual subjects (or, as Brown would say, his natural associations of *relative suggestion*), and his ear for music, guiding him to distinctness, expressiveness, picturesqueness, and force.

But he has a deeper fountain of Eloquence than clearness of Perception or splendor of Imagination in his natural sentiments. He has loved, rejoiced, and sorrowed in the various relations of social life, in his own person and hardly less in the persons of others. He has not contemplated men through other men's perceptions and imaginations, spread out in a book; but he has studied them as they actually love, hate, sin, sorrow, and repent. The pageant of human life passes directly before his eyes, and

the actors are near to his heart. He studies metaphysics in Sympathy, which is as good a schoolmaster as experience; for he feels for others quite as much as for himself.

An excellent part of his discourses is that in which he paints the workings of a mind under the influence of the passions, and the variety and accuracy of these pictures show his universal sympathy. If these delineations are of the simple and humble kind, it shows that he feels most for that which is in contact with him. But he has occasional pictures of high spiritual exercises, which show the noble capacity and fine expression of his own soul; and I have seen him following with the most intelligent sympathy the thoughts of one of the most advanced minds of our age.

If he pictures human beings in the coarseness of their actual state, he never leaves them there. He discloses the nobleness of his own soul by seeming to feel it so easy, for the mind he describes, to attain good, and by showing the whole process by which it rises to it from moral degradation. On the unwearied and strong wing of his own generous spirit, he seems to lift up a discouraged and despairing soul into the empyrean of its final destiny until it catches the inspiration of his own native atmosphere. He then shows the revived mind and heart the road by which it mounted, and shows, too, that it is not magic, but a moral process, which all can pursue themselves. This is the secret of his usefulness, if not of his power as a preacher.

Birth and marriage and death touch every chord of his soul. No one that has seen him baptize and kiss a child or heard him pray with the afflicted may fear that he will ever be destitute of human sympathy, while in human circumstances, during the life of Mr. Taylor. I never saw or felt such an effect produced by one man as when he rose to perform the funeral service over the body of a Sailor whose wife and children were sitting under the pulpit. He seemed to command at once an identification of his whole audience with the words: "Let us *all* pray. Father, *we* are a widow. Wilt Thou comfort us?"

Not only the confined social sentiments are strong within him, but he has, in great strength, justice, general benevolence, and all the feelings that bind men to men in every conceivable relation. These general sentiments balance each other in a remarkable degree, though every man may have at times the force and expression of a passion.

Mr. Taylor is a reasoner, if to feel the proportion of things to each other, to have a quick perception of the contradictory working or incompatible principles of action in practice, is the result of reasoning powers. He especially excels in that *sensing* of a subject which seems to be the combined and proportional action of every faculty.

But to reason abstractedly, perhaps, he is not able. It is not his habit to think out patiently what specific propositions are involved in general ones; and he looks at words too much as pictures, to be an accurate logi-

cian. Then we must not forget that his religious creed came into his mind with all the authority of revelation, that it was never balanced on his reasoning powers. The Methodist association, with its sympathetic habits of intercourse, its professed moral inquisition into the conduct of its members, its informal style of preaching, its indulgence of emotion, has a thousand charms for his warm-hearted, sincere-principled, strong-willed, and impulsive character. His faithfulness of heart and constancy of mind, moreover, bind him more strongly to a community of which he is the pride, and which he loves all the better because he thinks it has no worldly fame or glory.

No man has more charity and liberality. He believes that the same ideas can take different forms in the mind: he does not define error as impiety or indifference to religion. But this is a matter of the heart, not of the head. The truth is that the character of his soul makes up for an intellect not developed on some imperfections; yet the result of his character of heart and intellect, in their reciprocal influence, has seldom been surpassed.

His manners are courteous and cordial, with a due self-respect. He is playful and full of wit, and has a remarkable adaptation of himself to circumstances and society. It was related to me by a lady, who saw him in her parlor, for the first time after knowing of his power over the sons of the Sea, that she was forcibly and repeatedly struck with his *grace*. The

first time that I myself saw him I was struck with the softness and sweetness of his voice, which was *tuned* just to the pitch of the nervous ear of the *present* invalid. His conversation was, to a remarkable degree, characterized by Beauty. It was upon perfection of character, which he defined to be that state in which the inspiration of goodness did the work of self-government. Perhaps, indeed, he does not sufficiently estimate that moral *discipline* which is so necessary for perfection.

His Piety is great, but with some earthly admixture. It is, however, noble in its character; for he loves God chiefly because He is *Good*. But he regards Him rather too much as his own personal friend, and the personal friend of a certain class of individuals; for here his sectarian association casts a vapor on the mirror of his mind. Yet he is above the common standard even in this, but not so much above it as he is in other traits of character. At his love feasts, in his psalm singing and prayer meetings, he comes down through sympathy far below that sphere to which his spirit tends.

It is this which sometimes shocks us in his prayers. He does not estimate the spirit of the Lord's Prayer in the depth and comprehensiveness of instruction,—the formula of the Saviour Himself. If there is ever a time when self-government deserts Mr. Taylor, it is when he lifts up his voice to pray. He utters indeed such strains of poetry, music, love, sympathy, heavenly-mindedness, as must needs come up when

a spirit that is overflowing with these things spreads itself out without a veil in the unbounded confidence of filial affection; but they are crossed by every floating dream, every image, however grotesque, every idea that may be brought by the laws of association. They are always interesting as psychological studies, but they would not satisfy a strict definition of Prayer.

Many persons who have attended his church have heard him ask a blessing in his prayer for the Commonwealth, the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, the City of Boston, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council.

The note of a shipmaster departing on a voyage sometimes occasions similar invocations on the officers, crew, passengers, owners, and consignees. In doing this, he is impelled by the current of his thoughts. The whole voyage rises before him, and he follows the impulse.

Though I have attempted to analyze this gifted mind, it is to be remembered that his regular audience is composed of persons who make no such attempts. They are Seamen, orderly in their demeanor and properly dressed. Their browned and weather-beaten faces are ever turned to their Pastor, and many a change comes over their features at his appeals. He omits no opportunity to inculcate a practical lesson. If an idle boy or an intoxicated man occasions a momentary disturbance, he diverges instantly to an exhortation to bring up children well

or bears his resistless testimony against intemperance.

Though there may sometimes be a mistake as to what word he intended to use, there is never any as to his meaning: he transfuses completely both his thoughts and his sentiments into the minds and hearts of his hearers. His language is ever strong and picturesque. In speaking of Conscience, he said, "If we do not sin, why then are these hounds of self-condemnation eternally yelping after us?" Many of his most felicitous illustrations are drawn from nautical affairs. He represents his hearers as being "under a press of sail for eternity. There is a bond against you that will soon run out, but your creditor is easy if you will let him be so. Here is the ledger [holding up his Bible]. Come to the counting-room, and settle." The Bible, which he has ever before him, and which he often holds up, he never touches but with an apparent feeling of reverence.

I have been the most delighted when his thoughts were engaged upon children. He is then animated and felicitous. He seems to breathe an atmosphere of love and innocence. He apostrophized them as "the little innocents, before a lie had stained their lips, or their hearts cogitated abominations. They wait for instruction, good or bad, like the flowers just opening to receive whatever breeze shall blow over them. If properly cultured, every day expands a leaf of Heaven. In them Heaven and earth meet,—

the communication is ever open, if you close it not. Few adults are worthy; but from these lambs is God's harvest, here He gathers His songsters. The little cherubs! when I see them, I seem to hear the bells of Heaven." "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and hinder them not." "But you hinder them by your example, and by not encouraging them. *There* is their course [pointing to Heaven], do not HINDER them. If you do not, they are angels the moment the fluttering soul is released from its little cage. But remember that the little man, the little thinker, the little inquirer, thinks it cannot be an important matter, which Mother and Father both neglect."

There have never been more impressive warnings uttered against intemperance than by Mr. Taylor; and he frequently recurs to these all-important admonitions. On one occasion he called upon all "to oppose the destroyer, to crush it by united force, to bury it nearer hell, and roll against the door a rock as big as a planet."

It is common to read in epitaphs that the deceased has left in society a void which nothing can fill. Long may it be before this may be said of Mr. Taylor. It can be true only of him and the few who resemble him. There are no means of estimating the good performed by such a man. There is no moral census to show the number that he has reclaimed or prevented from falling.

He dreads nothing but moral evil. This is to him the complex of everything that is formidable. Sick-

ness and death are but casualties; but to live is, with him, to perform the duties of life. These allow him little rest: he is wearing himself out for others. And, when his seat is vacant, where shall we find another so eloquent, pure, just, vigilant, and faithful? It will add to our sorrow to reflect that such a mind, when it has quitted the body, should have left no monument by which after-ages can estimate its capacity and goodness.

FATHER TAYLOR AND ORATORY.*

I have never heard but one essentially perfect orator — one who satisfied those depths of the emotional nature that in most cases go through life quite untouched, unfed — who held every hearer by spells which no conventionalist, high or low — nor any pride or composure nor resistance of intellect — could stand against for ten minutes.

And, by the way, is it not strange, of this first-class genius in the rarest and most profound of humanity's arts, that it will be necessary (so nearly forgotten and rubbed out is his name by the rushing whirl of the last twenty-five years) to first inform current readers that he was an orthodox Minister, of no particular celebrity, who during a long life preached especially to Yankee Sailors in an old fourth-class church down by the wharves in Boston — had practically been a sea-faring man through his earlier years — and died April 6, 1871, "just as the tide turned, going out with the ebb as an old salt should"? His name is now comparatively unknown outside of Boston, and even there (though Dickens, Mrs. Jameson, Dr. Bartol, and Bishop Haven have commemorated him) is mostly but a reminiscence.

During my visits to the "Hub," in 1859 and '60

*Reprinted, by permission, from the *Century* for February, 1887.

I several times saw and heard Father Taylor. In the Spring or Autumn, quiet Sunday forenoons, I liked to go down early to the quaint ship-cabin-looking church where the old man ministered — to enter and leisurely scan the building, the low ceiling, everything strongly timbered (polished and rubbed apparently), the dark rich colors, the gallery, all in half-light, and smell the aroma of old wood, to watch the auditors, sailors, mates, "matlows," officers, singly or in groups, as they came in, their physiognomies, forms, dress, gait, as they walked along the aisles, their postures, seating themselves in the rude, roomy, undoored, uncushioned pews, and the evident effect upon them of the place, occasion, and atmosphere.

The pulpit, rising ten or twelve feet high, against the rear wall, was backed by a significant mural painting, in oil — showing out its bold lines and strong hues through the subdued light of the building — of a stormy Sea, the waves high-rolling, and amid them an old-style Ship, all bent over, driving through the gale, and in great peril — a vivid and effectual piece of limning, not meant for the criticism of artists (though I think it had merit even from that standpoint), but for its effect upon the congregation, and what it would convey to them.

Father Taylor was a moderate-sized man, indeed, almost small (reminded me of old Booth, the great actor, and my favorite of those and preceding days), well advanced in years, but alert, with mild blue or gray eyes, and good presence and voice. Soon as he

opened his mouth I ceased to pay any attention to church or audience or pictures or lights and shades; a far more potent charm entirely swayed me. In the course of the sermon (there was no sign of any MS., or reading from notes), some of the parts would be in the highest degree majestic and picturesque. Colloquial in a severe sense, it often leaned to Biblical and Oriental forms. Especially were all allusions to Ships and the Ocean and Sailors' lives of unrivalled power and life-likeness. Sometimes there were passages of fine language and composition, even from the purist's point of view. A few arguments, and of the best, but always brief and simple. In the main, I should say of any of these discourses, that the old Demosthenean rule and requirement of "action, action, action," first in its inward and then its outward sense, was the quality that had leading fulfilment.

I remember I felt the deepest impression from the old man's prayers, which invariably affected me to tears. Never, on any similar or other occasions, have I heard such impassioned pleading — such human-harassing reproach (like Hamlet to his Mother, in the closet) — such probing to the very depths of that latent conscience and remorse which probably lie somewhere in the background of every life, every soul. For when Father Taylor preached or prayed, the rhetoric and art, the mere words (which usually play such a big part), seemed altogether to disappear, and the *live feeling* advanced upon you and seized you with a power before unknown. Everybody felt this marvel-

lous and awful influence. One young Sailor, a Rhode Islander (who came every Sunday, and I got acquainted with, and talked to once or twice as we went away), told me, "that must be the Holy Ghost we read of in The Testament."

I should be at a loss to make any comparisons with other preachers or public speakers. When a child I had heard Elias Hicks, and Father Taylor (though so different in personal appearance, for Elias was of tall and most shapely form, with black eyes that blazed at times like meteors) always reminded me of him. Both had the same inner, apparently inexhaustible, fund of volcanic passion — the same tenderness, blended with a curious remorseless firmness, as of some surgeon operating on a beloved patient. Hearing such men sends to the winds all the books, and formulas, and polished speaking, and rules of oratory.

Talking of oratory, why is it that the unsophisticated practices often strike deeper than the trained ones? Why do our experiences perhaps of some local country exhorter — or often in the West or South at political meetings — bring the most rapid results? In my time I have heard Webster, Clay, Edward Everett, Phillips, and such *célèbres;* yet for effect and permanence I recall the minor but life-eloquence of men like John P. Hale, Cassius Clay, and one or two of the old abolition "fanatics" ahead of all those stereotyped fames. Is not — I sometimes question — the first, last, and most important

quality of all, in training for a "finished speaker," generally unsought, unrecked of, both by teacher and pupil? Though may be it cannot be taught anyhow. At any rate, we need to understand clearly the distinction between oratory and elocution. Under the latter art, including some of high order, there is indeed no scarcity in the United States,— preachers, lawyers, lecturers, etc. With all there seem to be few real orators — almost none.

I repeat, and would dwell upon it (more as suggestion than mere fact) — among all the brilliant lights of bar or stage I have heard in my time — for years in New York and other cities I haunted the courts to witness notable trials, and have heard all the famous actors and actresses that have been in America the past fifty years — though I recall marvellous effects from one or other of them, I never had anything in the way of vocal utterance to shake me through and through, and become fixed, with its accompaniments, in my memory, like those prayers and sermons — like Father Taylor's personal electricity and the whole scene there — the prone Ship in the gale, and dashing wave and foam for background — in the little old sea-church in Boston, those Summer Sundays just before the Secession war broke out.

Walt Whitman.

FATHER TAYLOR,

THE SAILOR PREACHER.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES

OF

REV. EDWARD T. TAYLOR,

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

PASTOR OF THE SEAMAN'S BETHEL, BOSTON.

BY

REV. GILBERT HAVEN,
EDITOR OF "ZION'S HERALD,"
AND
HON. THOMAS RUSSELL,
COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.

1871

TO

THE LOVERS OF FATHER TAYLOR,

ON SEA AND LAND,

This Gathering from the Treasures of his Words and Works

IS

FRATERNALLY INSCRIBED.

A NOTE EXPLANATORY.

FATHER TAYLOR died April the 6th, 1871. This note, the first in the book, but the last written, is being penned Dec. 15, 1871, eight months and nine days from that event. To collect, arrange, unite, and pass through the press, in so short a time, a collection of his sayings and doings, without help from a scrap of his own writing, or of any matter written to him, would be a work of nc small labor, if no other duties had pressed their attention. But to inject this work into a crowded profession has necessitated unusual industry. Its many imperfections, therefore, will, I trust, be pardoned, under these circumstances.

To increase this burden, my friend Judge Russell, who had kindly offered to help me in the undertaking, was taken violently ill a few weeks after the death of Father Taylor, and left for Europe the middle of May, and again for Fayal the middle of October, so that his contributions were not as large as had been anticipated and desired. They were, however, of much value, and have been embodied in the text of several chapters. To Mrs. Dora Brigham, the eldest daughter of Father Taylor, especial thanks are due for her constant and liberal aid both in contributions and in suggestions. Considerable portions of the chapters on her mother are from her pen.

I also acknowledge with great pleasure the generous co-operation of many other of his friends and admirers. Presbyterian, Methodist, Unitarian, Baptist, Universalist, and Congregational-

ist, — from each of these bodies have come contributions to this volume. Most of the donors have been mentioned by name in the course of the volume. All of them, named and unnamed, are gratefully remembered for their valuable help.

How extensive that help was, may be gathered from a single fact, that one chapter alone had sixteen different handwritings in its copy. The contributors were allowed to tell their stories in their own way; this course adding variety and piquancy to the narrative.

May this broken collection of remarkable words preserve an imperfect but not valueless picture of one of the most noticeable men of any age, whose praise the loftiest felt themselves honored in proclaiming!

G. H.

Malden, Dec. 15, 1871.

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I.

THE BEGINNING.

THE rise of one from before the mast to a position of honor is an event not unknown in the naval world. Sailors, not a few, have gone from the lowest to the highest stations by virtue of their genius and their opportunity: but these examples are confined to one line of promotion; they have simply grown on their own soil, been developed out of their own conditions. Far rarer have been the examples of those who have abandoned the sea, and yet wrought their fame from it; who have done that deed declared impossible, — seen the sea from the shore, and the shore from the sea, at the same time. The sailor-songs of Dibdin, though written by one who was always an actor, never a sailor, yet brought sea and land together in ringing rhymes, that delighted sailors, and strengthened, like ocean breezes, the enervated landsmen. For the first time, the *ennuyés* of the club and the drawing-room tasted a saltness in the air of literature; for the first time, they learned to feel as a sailor the nearness of Providence and the childlike-

ness of trust. As they heard that word of confidence,

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,"

or that tender tribute to Tom Bowling, —

> "Whose body is under hatches,
> But his soul is gone aloft,"

they were brought to the rolling deep as those born unto it, and felt that their home was in this homeless haunt of Nature.

Many have written of the sea; but, like Lucretius, they have gazed on it from the safe protection of the shore. Robinson Crusoe is far more a tale of land-life than sea-life. In a few stanzas only of his multitude, Byron rocks on the rolling deep. Marryatt, Smollett, and Cooper describe life on shipboard: but all of them wrote as landsmen for landsmen; two of them only having really tasted the brine, and they as gentlemen and officers, not as common sailors. The stories of voyages such as Cook's, Magellan's, Parry's, adventures in the Arctic and Pacific by buccaneers and discoverers, have always held a large place in the literature of youth, but these have never developed in pirate or pioneer a reputation on the shore and among men.

John Newton is one of the few men of the irreligious and almost piratical sort, who commenced life a common sailor, but acquired eminence afterwards in another profession. He was one of the worst

and most active of those engaged in the slave-trade. Brought to Christ, he escaped at once from his sins and the sea. But, though a popular and faithful minister of the Lord Jesus, he was not directly connected with the sea, either in his labors or his style. He preached ashore and to landsmen with no breath of his ocean-life blowing through his words. He dwelt so far inland in his thoughts and relations, that the earlier life never sent its salt winds across his speech. He seemed only to remember his sins on the great deep, which were themselves a great deep. Even those he sought to hide from his memory. All the varied and vigorous life of the ocean was forgotten; perhaps was never lived. So vile had been his trade, he could only remember its iniquities: he may not have known the inspirations of the storm or calm, of arctic and torrid climes. Intent on his criminal work, the features of the sea were unnoticed. As the vile panders to human sins in dens of vice and lawlessness never note the glory of midnight upon which studious eyes are reverently turned, never regard the movements of society about them, but, like Mammon, have their eyes fixed on the pavement of their own passions: so he, in that early career, only saw the victims of his covetousness, as, chained and scourged, they were packed away in the choking hold of his tossing craft, and debarked, what were left of them, on the West Indian shores, and changed to gold in his corrupted palm. Surely he would not wish to recall, if he could, the calm heavens, frowning wrath, even

from their cloudless depths, on his accursed work and soul.

It is therefore a novelty for a life of fame to be wrought out by a common sailor, from the sea and the profession he had left, on the land, and among all classes of men. If, then, we were merely seeking for a subject that had the piquancy needful to awaken a dulled palate, this career had the requisite elements. It stands alone in literature and life. Seamen turned preachers have been common; seamen who served the sailors as preachers on the shore are frequent: but a seaman who shone in the forehead of the finest society for almost half a century as its brightest wit and orator, of most genial and generous soul, and still kept up the closest intimacy with the sailors and the sea, preaching to the one and of the other, is a rarity among geniuses that deserves especial and perpetual memory.

But not for this remarkable quality do we prepare this memorial. The mere contemplation of a novel character and career, with no higher end, is as valueless for good as the gazing on a gem of strange lustre and color. There is a deeper reason for this biography.

The subject of it was a striking exhibition of the power of the renewing grace of God. With all his peculiarities and exceptional features, the central truth stands out like Teneriffe above the ridgy seas that toss about it. He was a converted man. He had been born again. He was changed by the Holy Ghost from a child of wrath to an heir of heaven.

He stands forth in an age that disputes this divine declaration of the Scriptures, both as to its need and its possibility, a living witness of both truths, — the sad and the glad, the depravity and the regeneration. He entered into a community that had largely lost the testimony of redemption, had forgotten whether there be any Holy Ghost, had covered the Cross with a cloud of speculation, and discarded the Blood of sacrifice and salvation as an unholy thing, and outshone its brilliancy with a superior brightness, made its wit dull, its eloquence tame, its fervor cold, its polish rude, with his untutored culture of manners, and shinings of genius; and all this without awakening condemnation of his doctrines, or hostility to his experience. It is not too much to say that Father Taylor was, for a generation, almost the only representative of evangelical faith who had the *entrée* to those of the cultivated classes of his adopted city who had abandoned this fundamental faith of their fathers and of the Church. It would seem as if to these wise men of the East had arisen the strange star, and led them, all unwillingly, to the cradle of their Lord and Redeemer. They rejoiced in the star; they followed its wanderings; they came by its guidance to the place where their Lord lay.

Other great divines, in some respects greater, arose and shone in the same city at the same period; but none of them was allowed to illuminate these souls. Dr. Beecher uttered his burning entreaties and weighty arguments to their deaf ear. Dr. Wayland poured forth his full heart and brain in a stream

that rarely flooded their social summits. Dr. Griffin made thousands listen to his strong cries and tears, but was an outcast among the old Puritan families that had built and still ruled the Puritan city. Methodist preachers, such as Fisk, Hedding, Stevens, and others, far above their brother in letters, and hardly below him in pulpit attractions, rarely saw a chief citizen in their pews, never saw themselves in his parlors. But to him it was given at once to draw all social influence to his humble conventicle, and to go from his obscure associates into their select society.

Here, too, he shone in the lustre of a simple faith. All his gifts and graces were but the setting for the living faith in the Lord Jesus. He knew whom he had believed. He delighted to testify to the fulness and joyfulness of that redemption. It gleamed and shone in every flash of his loving, lightning eye, in every beaming word of wit and wisdom; it was soul of his soul; in it he lived, and moved, and had his being. Wherever he went, with whomsoever he associated, this new life burst forth like spring flowers, in gladness and beauty, spontaneous and abundant.

He was not of a cynical nature. He did not carry a snarling temper. He was full of mirth. The hallelujah psalm was his daily creed. He overflowed in joyfulness of soul. It was a new revelation to many whom he met, this joy in the Holy Ghost. They had never seen it after this fashion. In their idea, orthodoxy was sour, dis-

putatious, devoted to the dark points in the system of God, dwelling in the caves of the Holy Land of the gospel. He was on the green plains and sunny hills; delighting in the figs and grapes and pomegranates; resting under palms; full of exhilaration and exultation; not boisterous and obtrusive, not exceptional and occasional, but interfused as an atmosphere, that "rolls through all things." A smile that was irradiant with grace, a jest that was seasoned with salt, a joy that was unspeakable, and full of glory, — such was the novel and sudden change from the Puritan darkness of decrees and limitations into the full-orbed shining of the gospel sun.

He was no simperer. With all his overflowing charity, there was a great firmness in the faith. With his large and liberal circle of friends, — the broadest enjoyed by any man in Boston for a third of a century, — there was no yielding of any essential point in his own doctrinal views. Rarely did there seem an exception; and then it was only seeming.

When conversing with a distinguished divine on Christian perfection, he was asked by him if there had been any as perfect as Christ.

He answered, "Millions." This looked as if he had answered in a way that annihilated his own view of the Saviour. But, as the conversation was on Christian perfection, the answer simply referred to the love of Christ, which he might fairly say had been fully reproduced, after their measure, in millions of his devoted disciples, who could say as the repentant, and more

than before affectionate Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee."

He defended the truth of regenerating grace through Christ faithfully, everywhere. Never a word that questioned the great salvation fell from his lips. Never a questioner was allowed to go unrebuked. He carried this heart of his heart on his sleeve, not for daws to peck at, but for all those who saw him to see. It was his perpetual breastplate, his Urim and Thummim, his lights and truths. It broke forth at every table, in every circle, on every platform, where the Word was questioned, or where his experience was admissible. He was loyal to his Master in all hours and homes.

But a yet greater cause for this record is his labors among his own people. Ornaments are trifling and perishable. To outshine wit with brighter wit, to cut with the flashing sword of a novel, brilliant thought the knot of subtle disputations, to set the golden candlestick of the sanctuary with its beaten oil and pure flame on unaccustomed altars, to charm all classes by sacred gladness to Him who made the feast His favorite place for genial rebuke and aptest utterance, — this is all well, and worthy; but to go from the quarterdeck to the forecastle, to never forget nor despise the hole of the pit whence he was digged, to seek strenuously for fifty years to lift these brothers of the deep out of the lower depths of their sins and sufferings, to meet them always as his best beloved brethren, to compel all lordly landsmen in his presence to give them precedence to

labor for their salvation, and to rejoice over it, — this gave him, not pre-eminence alone with men, but with God. This showed the breadth and solidity of his nature. It was not wild and whimsical. However high it shot up in needles, it was ever based on the deep and wide foundations of faith and humanity. It kept him steadfast and strong for half a century. Like the sun, he blazed; but, like the sun, he was more a firm-set, solid globe than a shooting atmosphere of light.

The last reason for preparing these memorials is not his society, nor his service: it is his originality. Multitudes have been equally honored and faithful, who die, and make no sign. Genius alone seems to have the prerogative of the present and the future: it rules the generation in which it lives, and all the generations that follow. The rays it sends forth never cease their shining. Incidents in such lives, remarks they uttered, are devoured greedily ages after they are dust. This man without letters, without birth, without original position, carried his adopted city on the end of his lance for a generation, simply from the freshness of his genius.

To gather up a few — alas, how few! — of these rays, is the object of this memorial. If we only had the bright thoughts that Socrates dropped so often in his strolls about Athens, the pickings of Plato would be forgotten. So if we could only give the *bon-mots* that flashed from Taylor's lips at the preachers' meetings, at camp-meetings, in his pulpit, and prayer

meetings, around social tables, in the street, in a chance meeting, these gathered pebbles would appear as worthless dust. No man ever lived who more constantly talked in tropes; whose figures were as original as an Oriental's, and as brisk as a Frenchman's; who was equal master of repartee and simile; who was affluent as South Afric fields in uncounted, ungathered diamonds. Not a sermon that had not sentences in it, which

> "Had suffered a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

Not a colloquy, hardly a greeting, that did not turn up a gem. Such profusion, like that of most unlettered men, made the sayings not always hammered to a perfect hardness, or polished to their possible shapeliness and lustre. They lacked uniform excellence of finish. Yet they were often richer than all possible finish of the lapidary's. Many sprang forth of purest ray serene, cut and complete from their birth.

The few we have been able to obtain will give a faint conception, to those who knew him not, of the originality and choiceness of his endowments: they may help the many that knew him, to retain in their loving memories the full-length portrait of their friend and father; and they may help to perpetuate beyond the brief moment of his earthly stay the knowledge and the characteristics of one of the most celebrated of the preachers of America,

who, wherever he went, and upon whomsoever he shone, shed forth the sacred light of consecrated genius, the illuminations upon his own soul of the countenance of his Saviour and his God.

II.

TO THE GREAT CHANGE.

The New Birth often the Real Birth. — The Ruling Passion Strong in Youth — His Escape. — Boston Sixty Years Since. — Hears Dr. Griffin. — Drifts into Bromfield Street. — Elijah Hedding the Preacher. — Thomas W. Tucker leads him to the Altar. — His Conversion and Great Joy. — His Testimony to Bishop Hedding at his Funeral.

THE beginning of Father Taylor's life was when he was converted. If ever a second birth was a first birth, it was in this instance. It is oftener thus than many suppose. A few men of genius struggle into light without the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost. But most remain "mute and inglorious" unless touched with this life divine. The Church has been the field that above all others has yielded abundant fruit to the thought of the world. Christ has been the chief husbandman of genius. Where would Bunyan have been but for the Holy Spirit? That wit so keen, that fancy so delicate, that imagination so rare, would have been lost in the orgies of bear-baiting, beer-drinking, and profanity. Augustine's genius was drowned in dreams and dissipation, until it was lifted out of its horrible pit by the grace of Christ.

South, Jeremy Taylor, Ward Beecher, Gough, Rowland Hill, Spurgeon, Hugh Miller, Robert Hall —

these lights of the church and the world were without light but for the illuminations of the Holy Ghost. Milton had been songless, and Cowper and Herbert, Fuller had been witless, and Sir Thomas Browne and Bishop Hall and Erasmus, save for renewing grace. Luther's flame was kindled at the altar. The genius that wrought the cathedrals, statues, and pictures of mediæval times was wrought upon by the spirit of faith, and but for that re-creation would have been dead while it lived.

This law was strikingly illustrated in Father Taylor. He was undoubtedly a wit on ship-board. He could not have roamed the seas for ten years and over, associated with sailors and landsmen in many ports, without revealing some signs of the talent which afterwards drew so many to his feet. But all that period is a blank. No hint of such a life stirs the chaos of those youthful years. His first remembered deeds and words associated with his life as a sailor are after his conversion and in connection with it. Nothing especially dissolute is recorded of those earlier days. He is described as a handsome fellow, as trim and taut as any of his tribe; much beloved by his shipmates, and deserving their love. But they give no memories of his talent. It was much to say of him, that he passed those perilous years from boyhood to manhood in the most perilous of callings without especial stain on his character.

Still the genius lay folded in its napkin. He was only a common sailor, untaught in letters, untrained in manners, unelevated in rank, without hope or

thought of advancement, like multitudes who accept the fate they are born to, and —

> "Live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought sheathing it as a sword."

He was born in Richmond, Va., Dec. 25, 1793. He had little knowledge of his parents. He remembered a love for preaching in that early boyhood, and especially for a sort that afterwards attracted him, and in which he was always successful. He used to preach funeral-sermons over dead chickens and kittens. He would gather the negro boys and girls about him, and discourse in most pathetic and forcible language on the life and death of the departed. If he could not bring them to tears by his oratory, he failed not to avail himself of the whip, and lashed them to appropriate grief over his chickens and his sermon. This way of making mourners and sympathetic listeners was afterwards maintained and continued in the whip his tongue so often applied to those who did not suitably respond to his persuasive efforts.

This love of preaching and of responsive auditories was no proof of his spiritual fitness for his subsequent life-work. It showed a passion for pulpit-oratory, but no call to it. That call slumbered for many years.

He was brought up on a place near the city, by a lady to whom he had been given in charge. One day when he was about seven years old, he was picking up chips for his foster-mother, when a sea-captain passed by, and asked him if he did not wish to be a sailor. He jumped at the offer, never finished pick-

ing up his chips, nor returned into the house to bid his friends "good-by," but gave himself to the stranger without fear or thought.

Thus began a life which continued for ten years, through every variety of that stormy experience. He seldom spoke of this period of his life, and hardly a memory of it remains. It was a blank.

When a bronzed youth of seventeen, he entered the port of Boston. Whether he had previously visited this city or not, we cannot learn. Perhaps he had become familiar with its features; perhaps he was strolling through it for the first time, when he was captured by his heavenly Master, and rescued from the Evil One, who drags so many of his calling down to destruction.

Boston was then a lively little sea-port, of only about thirty thousand inhabitants. Its business centre was Dock Square, the crowded market-place, whose little size, irregular, triangular shape, and dingy drop-down buildings, made it closely resemble the market-places of old European towns.

Hanover Street, and Cornhill, now Washington Street, were its chief thoroughfares. Tremont Street was lined with residences hidden in gardens, as those of oldest Cambridge are to-day, but are fast ceasing to be. Old South was well up town; Summer Street was a haunt of retired gentlemen and retiring lovers, who did their soft whisperings and languishing promenades under its green shadows. The rest of the town was a semi-wilderness. The Common was a cow-pasture: a few houses fronted it on the north and

east; and the negro-quarters were thrust away behind these Beacon-hill lords, in dirt and infamy.

The streets, with one or two exceptions, were paveless lanes and alleys, choked with traffic and dust. The whole city was a narrow belt stretching along the shore, and going back only a few rods from the yet unwalled sea. Two long wharves were thrust out over the mud left bare by the ebbing tide; a new and stately brick block covered one of these, while crafts of all seas and flags hugged their sides, and made them livelier even than they are to-day.

Adjoining one of these wharves lay an unknown vessel, with its unknown captain, cargo, and port of departure, that had among its unknown sailors one that has since become so well known. The brown, tough, wiry lad, then already —

"Known to every star and every wind that blows,"

but utterly unknown of men, and seemingly unknown almost of his parents and his God, left his craft in his sailor-costume, and strolled through the streets of the small but active commercial metropolis of his country, on a pleasant evening in the autumn of 1811. On what thoughts he was intent we have no knowledge; probably on the usual thoughtless errands of sabbath-wandering youth. He passed by Park-street Church, where Dr. Griffin was then preaching, and whose sermon he afterwards described, and turned down the lane just north of it on the right

of the street. The Methodist chapel was located in that alley. Both of these churches had been built but a few years. The Methodists were offered the site of the Park-street Church, then unoccupied, a position far more eligible than the one they purchased; but they felt too poor to erect a structure suitable to such a location, or, as they put it, they could not put up a church with three sides of finished brick; and so retreated to the humbler quarters near at hand.

Perhaps he drifted into Park Street on this very occasion, as he used to relate this incident.

"I was walking along Tremont Street, and the bell of Park-street Church was tolling. I put in; and, going to the door, I saw the port was full. I up helm, unfurled topsail, and made for the gallery; entered safely, doffed cap or pennant, and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. There I hove to, and came to anchor. The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text, which was, 'But he lied unto him.'"

"As he went on, and stated item after item, — how the devil lied to men, and how his imps led them into sin, — I said a hearty 'Amen;' for I knew all about it. I had seen and felt the whole of it.

"Pretty soon he unfurled the mainsail, raised the topsail, run up the pennants to free breeze; and I tell you, the old ship Gospel never sailed more prosperously. The salt spray flew in every direction; but more especially did it run down my cheeks. I was melted. Every one in the house wept. Satan had

to strike sail; his guns were dismounted or spiked; his various light crafts, by which he led sinners captive, were all beached; and the Captain of the Lord's host rode forth conquering and to conquer. I was young then. I said, 'Why can't I preach so? I'll try it.'"

This event probably happened after his conversion; for he was not in a mood before to appreciate a sermon.

It might have been a providential leading, when this poor youth turned away from the elegant church, then the handsomest in the city, — and not far from that rank to-day, — probably because its elegance too sharply contrasted with his appearance, and entered the lowlier conventicle. He had possibly never been brought to Christ if this door had not been opened.

Even this chapel was too ornate for him, — at least its entrance. He climbed in at a window. Whether the crowd was so great that he could find no other mode of entrance, or whether his outcast state and feelings led him to "hang round" the window through which the subsequent power of the Spirit of God drew him, we have never heard. Possibly both: for the church in those days was crowded; and the poor, shy sailor, without a home or friends, felt himself an alien, and took his place where this feeling prompted. An outcast was properly outside the sacred walls.

Who brought him to Christ? It took a man to save such a man. The preacher that night was Rev. Elijah Hedding. He was stationed for the first time

in the chief church of his denomination in the chief city of the East. He was afterwards twice stationed there. He was a powerful preacher, of the solid and earnest type, full of matter, full of fire. A large man, with large head, sober ways, borne down by the greatness of his mission, he was already marked out by the church of this section as its favorite leader. He was then thirty-one years old, in the juicy vigor of his manhood. He was born in Duchess County, New York; born again in Vermont when sixteen years old; became immediately a great circuit-rider and a greater revivalist, and at this early age had been brought to Boston for a few months only, probably to tide the new enterprise over its first embarrassments. His style of preaching was strong, clear, simple, earnest, devout: common-sense on fire was its truest characteristic.

It is noticeable that two such famous preachers as Dr. Griffin and Bishop Hedding should have been brought together the only time in their history, around the conversion of Father Taylor, though that conjunction was merely nominal. He passed by the one, and drew near the other, as if only such fishers of men could catch such a man. He always spoke admiringly of Dr. Griffin, though Bishop Hedding was the idol of his heart. It may have been that only such a man of power could affect such a man of power. The homœopathic axiom might be modified to this case, and the *Similia similia curant*, "Like cures like," be the appropriate motto for this event in his history. Appropriate if one found it necessary to regard ex-

clusively the human instruments God employs in the work of conversion. The Holy Ghost in this service shows how indifferent He is sometimes to all channels of His divine impulses. It was shown in this instance also. For the preaching of Mr. Hedding was only one of the causes of his conversion. After the discourse the usual invitation was given for mourners to come forward. The sailor had been drawn through the window by the preacher, but had got no farther. The young people then, as now, responded to the entreaties of the preacher by their own direct effort, and, as soon as the invitation was given, started from their seats to solicit personally the unconverted to come forward for prayers.

Among those who went out on this mission was a young man of nineteen, named Thomas W. Tucker. As he walked down the aisle, his eye lighted on the affected youth. He spoke to him, and asked him to go forward. It was the first time that any one had seemed to care for his soul; perhaps the first time that he had been kindly addressed by any person outside of his own vocation. He yielded to the entreaty, went forward, and began to beg for mercy.

Father Taylor was always very demonstrative. The lad Taylor was none the less so. While earnest prayers were offered in his behalf by the preacher and the brethren, he also began to wrestle with God himself. With strong supplications he implored forgiving grace; and, as his friend and deliverer says in a note lately written in his eightieth year,* "before the

* He has died since this book was begun

meeting was closed he was brought into the liberty of God's children." He immediately began —

> "To tell to all around
> What a dear Saviour he had found."

He was a shouting Methodist. Most Methodists in those days were of this class. "Our meetings," says Father Tucker, "were not remarkable for their stillness, even in Boston;" and Edward T. Taylor was no stiller than the rest. He had found the pearl of great price: why should he not rejoice over it? He was at last at home: why should he not make merry and be glad? He had never before been in a father's house. He had reached his heavenly Father's first. How could he help shouting for joy? The poor, homeless, parentless wanderer had found riches, home, parents. The house was warmed with the smile of God. The armor of Christ encompassed him; the grasp of affectionate brothers and sisters astonished him. He had found his Father's family. They were poor in this world's goods, but heirs of the kingdom. They could sing lustily, —

> "What poor, despised company
> Of travellers are these?"

And then break forth with rejoicings, —

> "Oh! these are of a royal line,
> All servants of the King;
> Heirs of immortal crowns, divine,
> And, lo! for joy they sing."

Their comings-together were seasons of great com-

fort and gladness in the Holy Ghost. They loved one another as He, their divine Head, had given commandment. Their ministers were clothed with salvation, and the saints shouted aloud for joy.

Into this happy family, on that autumn evening in 1811, did this long-lost son find himself admitted. He broke out in his own language. Love opened the long-dumb lips, and he prayed and spoke that night. What he said is not remembered; but it is never before reported by any hearer that he spoke at all. Undoubtedly he spoke after his subsequent fashion, in quaintness and freshness, though with a much greater mixture of bad grammar, wild words, and other defects, than he afterwards exhibited. Yet the sweet spirit, the humorous touch, the burning entreaty, the felicitous expression, were all there. The first taste of a new fountain is precisely like its following streams. His own description of this conversion is characteristic of the man, and deserves mention, as that utterance of his, connected with this new birth, which, if not his first recorded word, was undoubtedly very like what he said on that memorable night in his history, and is at least his testimony to the fact that then he began first to be. He said, "I was dragged through the lubber-hole" (the window), "brought down by a broadside from the seventy-four, Elijah Hedding, and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker."

He never failed to dwell on this event with gladness. He rarely saw the companion into whose arms he fell, that he did not mention his instrumentality in

his salvation, and kiss him affectionately in token of his gratitude. He always referred to the bishop in terms of profoundest love and pride, and undoubtedly sought him out first among the heavenly hosts as that one under God who had been the means of redeeming him unto God through the blood of the Lamb, and of making him a king and priest forever.

At the memorial service on his death, held by the New-England Conference of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, at its session in Chicopee, Mass., April 19, 1852, Father Taylor referred to these events, and to his relations to his honored friend. A correspondent of "The Springfield Republican," of that date, thus describes his address: —

"Last evening, a meeting was held in the Methodist Church, with funeral services, in commemoration of the late venerable Bishop Elijah Hedding; prayer by Rev. A. D. Merrill. Bishop Morris, though excessively exhausted by the labors of the conference, opened with a brief but touching eulogy in behalf of the departed patriarch. The first time he saw him was at Baltimore, at the general conference in 1824, where Mr. Hedding was first made bishop. He had been familiar with him for many years, in social and professional relations, and ever found him the same calm, noble, unswerving friend and servant of Christ. When Mr. Hedding first began the travelling connection, he felt himself deficient in the elementary branches of the English language, and purchased a small grammar for study. But the prejudice against education was so strong among the Methodists at

that time, that he dared not be seen studying the grammar; and so, while travelling, he would study by stealth, when any person approached being compelled to hide his book. He at last attained to high scholarship, and versatility in various branches of literature. Bishop Morris gave a most lucid, yet simple, view of the man, and closed by describing his triumphant exit. The last words Bishop Hedding was heard to utter, while pushing off from mortal shores, were, "Glory to God, glory, glory, glory!" We observed some of the most intelligent and closely-cultivated clergymen deeply and unusually moved by Bishop Morris's calm, dignified, yet truly eloquent allusions to Hedding.

"He was followed by Rev. Mr. Kilburn, who gave a very concise and comprehensive notice of the deceased. The service was concluded by Father Taylor. He opened his remarks in a manner entirely different from what was expected. The peroration was a masterpiece of the grand, the original, the touching, and sublime. In Bishop Hedding, he had lost a father, — the only father he ever knew, since at an early day he was left an orphan, and now was unable to find the grave of either father or mother. He came into Boston a little sailor-boy, about forty years ago, and sought a place of worship. He wandered into Dr. Griffin's church, and heard him a while; then, while passing down the street, he heard the sound of a voice, coming from a church crowded with enchained auditors. He entered the porch, and stood hearing. The preacher went on; and, at last, the sailor-boy became so interested, that he walked clear

up the aisle, so that he could see the preacher nearer. He stood till he found himself all riddled through and through by the man of God, and then he fell to the floor, weeping. That preacher was Hedding, and from that hour he had been his father.

"But now his father had gone. Mr. Taylor here grew unusually pathetic, in dwelling upon the glorious exit of Hedding, and on the spirit-home to which he had gone. It was good enough for a bishop to die, shouting "Glory, glory!" and in the smoke ascend to heaven. He invoked the presence of the departed patriarch, and prayed that the ministry of his spirit might be near. He believed that all the retinue of heaven would not prevent that sainted spirit from often coming down to mingle with those beloved brethren whom he had left laboring below. It was a thought full of rapture and joy. Here the whole audience seemed deeply moved in sympathy, as though actually realizing the animating presence of celestial spirits, hovering around on missions of divine good. It was a scene of surpassing delight; and, none entertaining faith in a rational Christian philosophy, would have failed being elevated with the gladsome theme of immortality. Each soul seemed to leap with joy at the presentation of immortal life; and the spiritual, affectional elements of the heart expanded with the solemn and serene hope of soon joining the innumerable throng of heavenly witnesses, hovering over this stormy pathway of the world, whispering of a world where the ransomed of the Lord shall clasp hands with palms of victory, and lift the everlasting song.'

3

III.

TO THE PULPIT.

His Spiritual Honeymoon. — His First-remembered Jest. — He engages in a Privateer; is Captured. — A Boston Friend a Friend indeed. — He becomes Chaplain to his Fellow-Prisoners. — His First Sermon and its Sharp Point. — His Visitant and her Reward. — His Trial-Sermon and its Text. — Becomes a Peddler. — Turns Farmer also in Saugus, and begins to preach, — first at a Widow's House, then at the "Rock School-house." — His Sayings and Doings at Saugus and the Region round about.

THE young sailor was not allowed to long enjoy the society of his new-found brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. He had to leave his "seventy-four," the cannonader of a preacher, and his beloved comrades. The stress of Nature is on us all. Unaware of the value of the gift that was in him, only aware that he was happy in the Lord, and that a new song had been put into his mouth, he turns again to his vocation. But he had a honeymoon on shore, it appears, from some minutes of memories. A good lady tells the story of his attending class-meeting at her house. Probably it was in coming thither on a stormy night, a good ways from his boarding-house, that his first-remembered jest was uttered: when she asked him how he got there on such a night, he answered, "On my mother's colt."

He was beloved by all at the start; and his bright sayings found lodgement in many remembering ears and hearts. His fervor, simplicity, and humor drew attention instantly; and, had his culture been up to the humble standard required by his church at that time, he would have soon been thrust out into the ministry. But he was scarcely able to read; and one who could not read his hymns or text was thought hardly sufficiently educated for his very liberal church in that very liberal era of her development. It was better that he should grow slowly. So off he went to sea again: this time joining patriotism and his profession together, by embarking in a privateer, "The Black Hawk." He harmed the British merchant-service as the American was harmed by British privateers nearly half a century afterwards. Whether he succeeded in doing much damage or not is not recorded. The damage he suffered is better recorded. He was captured by a British man-of-war, and carried to Mellville Island, thence to Dartmoor Prison, and confined as a prisoner of war. His confinement was relieved by an act of friendship, the fruit of his Boston experience, and that showed how valuable in its earthly, no less than in its heavenly relations, was the kinship he had made in Bromfield Lane. The story and its pleasant sequel were thus told in the columns of "The Methodist": —

"During the last war between England and the United States, there lived in an obscure suburb of the city of Boston a poor but devoted English woman, who, having lost her husband soon after her emigra-

tion, depended for her subsistence on the earnings of her needle. Her neighbors were of the lowest class. ignorant and vicious. She felt in her poverty and toils, that God might have cast her lot in these un favorable circumstances for some good purpose, and began zealously to plan for the religious improvement of her neighborhood. Among other means, she opened her small front-room several times a week for a prayer-meeting, and procured the aid of several Methodists in conducting it. Much of the good seed thus scattered with a faith that hoped against hope, and in a soil that seemed nothing but arid sand, produced good fruit. Among the attendants at the evening-meeting was a young mariner, with an intellectual eye, a prepossessing countenance, and the generous susceptibilities of a sailor's heart. Amid the corruptions of his associates, he had been noted for his temperance and excellent disposition. His fine traits interested much the good English woman and her religious associates; and they could not see why God would not make some use of him among his comrades. She hoped that Providence would in some way provide for his future instruction; but, in the midst of her anticipations, he was suddenly summoned away to sea. He had been out but a short time when the vessel was seized by a British privateer, and carried into Halifax, where the crew suffered a long and wretched imprisonment.

"A year had passed away, during which the good woman had heard nothing of the young mariner. Her hopes of him were abandoned as extravagant, in

view of his unsettled mode of life, and its peculiar impediments to his improvement. Still, she remembered and prayed for him with the solicitude of a mother. About this time she received a letter from her kindred, who had settled in Halifax, on business which required her to visit that town. While there, her habitual disposition to be useful led her, with a few friends, to visit the prison with tracts. In one apartment were the American prisoners. As she approached the grated door, a voice shouted her name, calling her mother; and a youth beckoned and leaped for joy at the grate: it was the lost sailor-boy. They wept and conversed like mother and son; and when she left she gave him a Bible, his future guide and comfort. During her stay at Halifax, she constantly visited the prison; supplying the youth with tracts, religious books, and clothing, and endeavoring, by her conversation, to secure the religious impressions made on his mind by the prayer-meetings in Boston. After some months, she removed to a distant part of the Provinces, and for years she heard nothing more of the youth. . . .

"During my second year in Boston, an aged English local preacher moved to the city from the British Provinces, and became connected with my charge. His wife, though advanced in years, had that colloquial vivacity, motherly affectionateness, and air of tidiness which we often find in the better-trained women of the common people of England. I felt a cordial comfortableness about their humble hearth which was not to be found in more stately dwellings,

and often resorted to it for an hour of sociability and conversation. I thus became acquainted with her history, her former residence in the city, the evening prayer-meeting, her removal to the Provinces, her second marriage. . . .

"The old local preacher was mingling in a public throng one day with a friend, when they met 'Father Taylor.' A few words of introduction led to a free conversation, in which the former residence of his wife in the city was mentioned. An allusion was made to her prayer-meeting: her former name was asked by 'Father Taylor.' He seemed seized by an impulse; inquired their residence; hastened away, and in a short time arrived in a carriage, with all his family, at the home of the aged pair. There a scene ensued which I must leave to the imagination of the reader. 'Father Taylor' was the sailor-boy of the prayer-meeting and the prison; the old lady was the widow who had first cared for his soul. They had met once more.

"Her husband has since gone to heaven; and she resides in humble but comfortable obscurity, unknown to the world, but having exerted upon it, through the sailor-preacher, an influence for good which the final day alone can fully reveal."

The piety he thus exhibited and educated bore its first fruits among his shipmates. The captives were compelled to listen to a chaplain whose read-prayers were an abomination in their Puritan ears, and whose sermons, full of British sentiments, grated harshly on

their American feelings. They had noted young Taylor's piety and fervor; and they urged him, as Jonah's shipmates did their stray prophet, to rise and call upon his God.

"You can pray for yourself," they said: "we have often noticed these devotions: why not pray for us, and so rid us of this disagreeable chaplain."

He timidly engaged in the work to which the voice within and the voices without alike invited him. He had such "liberty" in the act, that all felt as if unchained under the inspiring Presence. They asked the commandant to relieve the chaplain of his prayer-duty with them, as they could supply themselves from a chaplain of their own. The favor was granted them; and they were allowed to call upon their God after the fashion of their own country, and by the lips of their own fellow-prisoner.

Emboldened by their success in exchanging a hostile for a loyal chaplain in one part of the service, they made a yet further effort. They said to the boy that prayed so well, "You must preach also." He protested against such presumption. "Preach, impossible!" he could not read: how could he preach? But they were as sick of the sermons to which they were forced to listen as they had been of the prayers. They had got rid of one; they would of the other. They declared that he could talk on his feet as well as on his knees; that all they wanted was compliance with the requisition of the commandant; and this he could accomplish to their satisfaction. Pressed by these comrades, but moved also within of the Holy

Ghost, he diffidently began his life-work. He began it characteristically.

Sitting down with one of his shipmates, he asked him to read passages from the Bible. As he read, Taylor listened, with ear attent for a word that would suggest a sermon. He was a prisoner, and felt it; a patriot, and felt it; a Christian, and felt it. The fellow prisoner and patriot, possibly fellow-Christian also, opened and read from the Ecclesiastes. He struck on this passage, "A poor and a wise child better is than an old and foolish king."

"Stop!" cried Taylor; "read that again."

It was read again.

"That will do!" he exclaims. "Give me the chapter and verse."

Chapter and verse were given, and the young man sat brooding his sermon. The hour came and the audience, — not the regular hour, for that would have brought the regular preacher, — but an extemporaneous occasion, a sort of trial-meeting, as well as trial-sermon. The youth began, blundering and tangled, but with the root of the matter in him; which root speedily burst forth into rich blossoms and fruit. As he rushed on the river of his speech, and described the old and foolish king, with burning words of sarcasm and illustration, they all trembled for themselves and their youthful preacher: for his Boston-Richmond blood was up. The king their fathers had fought for eight weary years, from whom they had wrested their independence, was then, though an idiot, "old and foolish," waging war against the sons

of their fathers, and holding him and his associates fast in his cruel chains. He blazed in similes, describing such a character. He fired broadside after broadside of wit and madness into the sinking craft. Seeing the peril in which his epithets were placing him, he cried out, —

"You think I mean King George: I don't, I mean the Devil."

This hit was worse than all that preceded it, and set him down at once for being as adroit as he was bold, as capable of firing Parthian arrows as advancing shots. The officers could have found no fault with such a retreat, and the prisoners exulted in its tact and point. He was instantly voted their chaplain; and a note was sent to the commandant petitioning for the privilege of having their own praying and preaching done by their fellow-captive. It was granted.

Thus he began his life-work among his own brothers of the sea, in the hold of a prison-vessel, himself a prisoner.

We do not recall a like instance. Joseph exercised his prophetic gifts in prison; but he had been before recognized by his jealous brothers as appointed to this service. Silas and Paul made the walls of their dungeon echo to their shoutings; but they had both been revival preachers long before this experience befell them. Bunyan, Daniel, Montgomery, many Puritan, Wesleyan, and other ministers of Christ, have preached the gospel in their cells; but Edward T. Taylor was noticeable among them all for being

thrust out into the ministry by fellow-captives, himself a captive.

It may have seemed to him, up to that time, that his outcast youth had become more desolate with the very joy into which he had been lifted at that Bromfield-street altar. He had found his Father's house, only to be thrust into greater homelessness. His soul had been lifted up to heaven, only to be the more cast down. He had gone out from those happy class-meetings, those shouting prayer-meetings, those warm grasps, and sacred, sunny smiles, those earnest, godly sermons, all that heavenly companionship, and had found himself among enemies and in captivity. Confined in a dirty hold, fed on miserable food, his uneasy spirit dashed against the walls of his prison-house. He pined for liberty.

But "this longing, this forever sighing," drove him to his knees and his Christ. He built up inwardly in faith and purpose. He grew in grace and in character.

Above all, he was led by this chastisement to the work of his life; out of his prison he came forth a preacher. He might have never attained that honor but for these painful events. It took this powerful pressure to solidify such incongruous elements, to crystallize such an inchoate genius. No more clearly did Saintine, as prisoner, learn the true faith by studying the tiny flower under his cell-window, than did the young sailor learn his life-work under this misfortune. He

> "Touched God's right hand in the darkness,
> And was lifted up and strengthened."

He emerged from his captivity, not ready for his calling, but in preparation for it. His doom was sealed; and, however long he might linger by the way, his destiny was marked out. He must be a preacher of the gospel of Christ.

Edward T. Taylor, though thrust out into the ministry by his Master, was not sent forth unprepared. He had the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. He had the sword of the Spirit, the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith. In this he quenched all the fiery darts of the wicked. He was even more endowed than this; for he had a wit of the brightest and readiest, an imagination all compact, a voice and manner fascinating to the multitude. These needed not learning to make them mighty. They needed faith and zeal and love for God and for souls; and these they had, and with these he went forth an educated minister.

His first official essay is variously told. The most authentic statement is from an old lady, still a member of Bromfield-street Church, who says she heard him preach his trial-sermon before the quarterly conference for a license to preach. The body that issues this permit is composed of the official members of the church, the class-leaders and stewards (from twelve to twenty men), with the minister and presiding elder. The candidate for the ministry was sometimes required to preach before the body. In a little chapel, or "vestry," which ran across the front of the house over the entrance, perched up in a narrow box, to a small weekly audience, the sailor preacher made

his first formal effort; very informal it was, though characteristic of the man. His text was announced, "I pray thee, let me live!" His usual wit stood him in its stead in this moment of fear. He has been charged with being yet more brusque and fearless, and with startling his auditors by declaring as the motto of his sermon, "By the life of Pharaoh, ye are spies!" He might have warmed himself up to this pitch before he concluded, or possibly tossed it forth in conversation before or after his sermon; but he would hardly dare to test their votes so severely as its selection for a text would have done.

The listener we have mentioned, and the only one alive that we are aware of who heard that sermon, says, "He flung himself around his little pulpit-stand with immense contortion, and frequently used the rough phrase, 'rag-tag and bobtail.'" Rev. Joseph A. Merrill was then pastor of the church, and through his efforts and those of Rev. George Pickering this opportunity was obtained, and the end they desired secured. The quarterly conference saw that his fervor and talent offset his defects; and he found them willing to respond affirmatively to his prayer, and "let him live."

Either before this or soon after, he changed the sea-life for shore-life, — the forecastle for the peddler's cart. William Rutter, the proprietor of a junk-store in Ann Street, was his employer. He thus began his land-life where his sea-life naturally closed, and near where his latest life was passed. In this cart he wandered about the country, an itinerant of the land as he had been of the sea, and training him-

self unconsciously in both spheres for the other itinerancy which the Church was to give him. He preached as he went, combining both vocations, as Bunyan did before him; except that Bunyan took his journeys on foot, and Taylor was at the start master of a horse and cart, though not his own.

The beginning of his ministerial career was in Saugus. This was then a scattered town with two small villages. The one that adjoined the coast and the town of Lynn was occupied chiefly by shoemakers. In this village, a rocky bluff crowned a narrow street that wound up a moderate hill. The rocky point looked out over salt marshes and across the bay of Lynn to Nahant, a few miles away. On its front edge perched a small red schoolhouse, of the old-fashioned sort, not yet evanished from country New England. This "Rock Schoolhouse," as it was called, became the first theatre of his works and fame.

A native of the town, Capt. Fales Newhall, son-in-law of Solomon Brown, and father of Rev. Dr. F. H. Newhall, thus tells this story: —

"He entered Saugus, about the year 1814, as a peddler of tin and iron ware, and buyer of rags. In the north part of the town, there lived a very pious old widow, Mrs. Sweetser, whose husband had left her a small farm. The young peddler put up at her house several times. After she became acquainted with him, she offered him a home if he would till the land, and take care of the farm. Taylor accepted the offer, abandoned his peddling, and became a farmer.

The old lady taught him to read. In the early part of 1815, as near as can be ascertained, he began to hold meetings first in Mrs. Sweetser's house. He had held meetings but a very short time before any place where he officiated would be crowded. Many experienced religion. The first time he appeared at a meeting in East Saugus was in the 'Old Rock Schoolhouse.' The Rev. B. F. Lambord, the presiding elder of the Boston District, preached. As soon as Mr. Lambord finished his sermon, a stranger who sat in the middle of one of the long, old-fashioned seats, jumped up, and sprang over two of the writing-benches, landed behind the little desk alongside of the preacher, took off his coat, and began to exhort at the top of his voice, pacing back and forth, frequently bringing his fist down upon the old pine desk. This was E. T. Taylor. At the close of the meeting Solomon Brown took him home with him, and there he put up for the night. From that time Father Taylor and Father Brown were fast friends. Father Taylor told me once that he 'had slept in every room in the house, and he loved every board and every nail in it. It was like the house of Obed-edom.'

"In those days, when he was to hold a meeting in the evening, he would get some one the afternoon before to read the Bible to him. He would sit listening very attentively; suddenly he would cry out, 'Stop there! put your finger there. Read that verse over again, — again, — again. That will do.' And that verse would be his text for the evening.

"At one time, when Taylor was holding a meeting in the 'Old Rock,' a man came in with a horse-whip in his hand, and threatened to whip Taylor if he did not stop his noise. Father Brown and John Shaw stepped between him and the horse-whip, and told him to go on; and he went on. The man knew better than to use his whip where Brown and Shaw were. A rich lady, at the same time, came to the door, and began talking to the women present, telling them they had better be at home mending their husbands' clothes. She turned to Father Brown, and said, 'We respect you, Mr. Brown.' — 'Oh, yes!' said Father Brown: 'here comes the flattering devil now.

"Father Taylor frequently visited an old lady in the village by the name of Ballard; and there studied "Doddridge's Notes on the Bible," two or three hours at a time, often calling on her or her daughter to tell him how to pronounce some of the words, and the meaning of them. This daughter (now nearly eighty years old) is my informant.

"He was once holding a meeting in Father Brown's house. After he got through with the first singing, he left the room, went through the front entry into the kitchen, looked into the old-fashioned chimney-corner, and there sat Elijah Hedding, who was then stationed at Lynn Common, and Elijah Downing, a prominent member of the Lynn-Common Church. Taylor looked them both in the face, shook his head without speaking, returned to his place in the other room, and went on with his meeting.

Elijah Downing, it is said, did not approve of the sailor preacher; and he might have felt afraid that he was influencing his old friend, Elijah Hedding, unfavorably. Hence his frown.

"When preaching once in this schoolhouse, he said, 'After talking about Franklin, who played with the lightnings of heaven as a boy plays with a top, and of Washington, who conquered the red-coats of Britain, shall we be afraid to talk about Jesus, who drove the black battalions to hell?' This was roared out like the roaring of a lion. The text on that occasion was, 'Buy the truth, and sell it not.' That sermon did great good, and was remembered a long time. Years afterwards, when we met in the street, the text would be repeated, 'Buy the truth, and sell it not,' and the sermon talked about by us who heard it.

"When an opponent to his earnest appeals on future punishment sought to entrap him, by saying, 'If you should go to hell, and find the doors and windows all locked, and the keys thrown away, what would you do?'—'I should expect to see you there to find them for me,' was the quick response."

Like other young men, he was tempted to a little flirtation; and, teasing two young ladies after the youthful fashion, he was rebuked by the lady of the house, who said to him after one of his unguarded sayings, 'I am sorry you made such a remark.'—'Better be sorry for your sins,' was his quick and curt reply.

On another occasion, some one speaking of what

a live meeting they had, he replied, 'Yes; live oak.'"

The little shoemaker's shop of Solomon Brown stood, and yet stands, on the road from Lynn to Malden, not far from the East-Saugus Church. The house adjoins it whose every nail he loved, and where he found his first-known friends. Mr. Brown was a sturdy specimen of the Methodist Puritan of his day, a discerner of spirits, a trainer of spirits. He saw the mettle of the young steed, and knew that despite his oddities there was much in him. He fostered his talent, guiding it wisely. He was a good adviser as well as good friend; and under his training the unkempt genius began to "buckle itself within the belt of rule."

Here, too, he first met another of the men who had no small influence over his whole life, Rev. Dr Frederic Upham, and who was the only one of his earliest friends that spoke at his funeral. He was preacher when he first met him, was nearly ten years younger, but was his senior in advantages. His story is thus told: —

"I became acquainted with Rev. E. T. Taylor in 1815. He was then living in North Saugus, working on a farm he hired, and holding meetings on the sabbath, in a private house situated on his place. I remember hearing him tell a boy he employed, to go into the field, and lead up my horse. He went and returned, saying, he could not find him. Taylor replied with great authority, saying, 'Go over to the *starboard side* of the pasture, and look for the horse.' The poor boy started quickly, but we presume found

it difficult to ascertain which was the 'starboard side of the pasture.'

"1816, a Methodist brother in North Saugus, by the name of Felch, employed me of my father (as I was then a minor), to go over to Saugus, and instruct him and his sons in shoemaking. E. T. Taylor boarded in the same family with me, and I was his room-mate. In a few weeks, he asked me if I was willing for him to come into the shop and receive instruction in shoemaking. I informed him he might, if my employer had no objections. There being no objections made, he obtained a shoemaker's bench and a few tools, and came into the shop. I perceived, on looking at his bench, that it was left-handed. He remarked that did not make any difference; and it did not to him. In a few weeks he gave up the business. He never advanced far enough to bristle the shoemaker's thread.

"He was then holding meetings every sabbath, and worked hard in preparing for preaching. He prayed much; and labored hard to learn to read his text, and to give out the page on which his hymns were found and the two lines of the hymns. He attracted great attention in Saugus, Lynn, Lynnfield, and North Malden. In all those places his labors were attended with a great blessing to many.

"He was accustomed to spend all day Saturday in his room, studying, not his sermon, but the words of his text, and the two first lines of each verse of his hymns, — as they were then 'lined' by the minister. It was no small job to acquire this ability. He was very powerful in prayer in these earliest days. He

had learned the fourteenth chapter of John, almost the only chapter he knew; and this he always read in family prayers. But the prayer itself was always new, and remarkable for its figures as well as for its faith."

In some historic memoranda on the Methodist-Episcopal Church in Saugus, written by Hon. B. F. Newhall, and published in the "Lynn Reporter," there are several incidents narrated of Father Taylor. After describing the meetings at "the Rock," and the persecutions, clerical and popular, which the worshippers suffered, and noticing the first efforts and fame of Taylor in the farm-house of "Ma'am Sweetser," he adds, —

"As might have been expected, the 'Rock Schoolhouse' was the popular theatre for the display of Mr. Taylor's growing talent as a preacher. Almost every Sunday night, for a long time, those rocky cliffs resounded with his eloquence. But all his native talent did not shield him from persecution. Scarcely an attempt was made at public speaking that did not give rise to more or less tumult. Some of those scenes, though abounding with invective and abuse, were nevertheless ludicrous as well as tumultuous.

"The reader will imagine himself jammed into one of those narrow seats, of a summer evening, just as the strippling Taylor enters and takes his position behind the desk, at the same time stripping off his coat, and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, and uttering this emphatic exclamation: 'I am not going round Robin Hood's barn, this evening, but shall at once touch the

pith and marrow of the subject.' Having taken his position, Solomon, the enthusiastic devotee of Methodism, takes his seat upon a pine bench behind him. Prayer being offered, and a hymn sung, the youthful preacher proceeds to administer one of his scathing rebukes to the sinners of the nineteenth century, backed up by some appropriate application of Scripture, when all at once A. B. belches forth at the top of his voice, 'That is a lie!' clinching the expression with an oath. Instantly C. D. chimes in with a loud voice, 'That is not to be found in my Bible.' E. F. inquires, 'How long will you tolerate this impertinent, ignorant fellow?' Amid all this din and confusion, the clear, shrill voice of Solomon is heard: 'Fight on, Brother Taylor, fight on; the Lord is on your side, and you have nothing to fear.'

"Order being partially restored, the preacher resumes, but makes only brief progress, when A. B. again breaks forth, 'That is insufferable, and should not be borne: I move tar and feathers.' — 'Yes, yes,' chimes in C.D., 'and a rail-ride out of town.'—'And why, gentlemen, delay? I move it be done at once,' says E. F., in a loud voice. Again the clear tones of Solomon break forth: 'Fight on, Brother Taylor, fight on; victory is sure.'

"On one occasion, a fellow of the 'baser sort' entered the house just before the services began, a very little mellowed by the *ardent*, and, advancing to the front of the desk, leaned his elbows thereon, and, addressing Mr. Brown, who was seated behind it, said, 'Now, Sol, I've come to hear you. I've heard a good

deal about your preaching, and so I thought I'd come myself. Now, Sol, don't be bashful; get up, and give 'em some. Come, come, be quick, and don't keep me waiting.'

"After several minutes of similar harangue, Solomon arose from his seat, and stepping up to the desk, and giving it a blow with his fist sufficient to shiver a common pine board, exclaimed at the top of his voice, 'You are of your father, the Devil; and his works you do.' Following this, the prevailing vices of the day received one of the most scorching rebukes that was ever administered, with a close-fitting application. After listening a few minutes, the auditor turned upon his heel with a broad grin, saying, as he departed, 'Well done, Sol: you've done it up well; and I'll call again in a week or two, and hear you further."

The following incident shows that he felt his lack of culture, and knew how to turn it to advantage. When his friend, Mr. Brown, was reading the Bible to him, that he might find a text on Christ, he came on the words, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" — "That's it!" he cried, and was instantly ready for the fray, preaching all the more powerfully, from the consciousness that in some sense he had, in this defect, sympathy with his Master.

He was very imperious then, and never got over it. He held his pulpit as a quarter-deck. In a prayer-meeting, of which he had charge, after he and several others had prayed, there was a pause. "Pray on, brethren; pray on, sisters," he said. All remained

quiet, — no response. After repeating the request two or three times, and eliciting no response, he shouted out as stern and sharp as an officer on a ship of war, "Sally Raddin, pray!" And Sally Raddin instantly obeyed and prayed.

Rev. William Rice of Springfield, formerly stationed in Saugus, narrates these incidents of his career there: —

"While preaching on one occasion, in the beginning of his ministry, in the 'Old Rock Schoolhouse' in Saugus, he happened to discover, as he glanced his eye through the window, that the horse of a physician who was present was trampling upon the reins which had slipped down under his feet. 'Doctor,' said the minister, stopping in the midst of his sermon, 'your horse has got his halyards about his legs.'

"The last time I saw Father Brown (the old patriarch of the Saugus Church) and Father Taylor together was on the day of the dedication of the new Saugus Church. The meeting was a joyful one to both; and their joy was manifest in action and in words as they embraced each other, and talked over the days long gone by. Said Taylor, 'We cut things right down square in those days. We did not mince matters. If we couldn't lift up the sinner in any other way, we just lifted the door a little, and let him smell hell."

At the funeral of his old friend, Father Taylor got up, looked around on the people with his arms folded for a few seconds, and then, stretching out his arm, with his finger pointing at the body, he said, "Mark the perfect man." Arms folded again; "Behold the up-

right." Arms unfolded, and finger stretched out again; "The end of *that* man is peace! peace!" Leaning over the pulpit, he added, "Children, nothing to cry about here: the king is gone to be crowned. He was a king here, but was not crowned. When I was a green boy, he took me under his wing, in the 'Old Rock.'" And on he marched, in a strain of weeping joy, following his ascended friend.

Thus he gradually worked out of his earlier secular callings into the sacred one that was to absorb his life. Converted in 1811, we find him in 1815 pursuing various avocations, — peddling, farming, and essaying shoemaking; preaching meantime on Sundays and in protracted meetings, over a circuit of his own organization; witty and pungent, studious and prayerful; seemingly unaware of the greatness of the talent that was given to him. He was a youthful rustic Whitefield, thrilling like rustic audiences with his winged words and fiery inspiration. More than Patrick Henry was he a "forest-born Demosthenes;" for he had no such family rank or culture as belonged to that historic name. He confined himself to his little sphere, and only rejoiced when souls under his appeals were converted to God.

He had grown in these few years, steadily and strongly in character, confidence, and success. Step by step, from the Dartmoor Prison to the Rock Schoolhouse, he had modestly but continually advanced, till, at last, the eye of the people was fastened on him, and the hearts of the people clung to him. Born in Bromfield Street, the chief church of the conference,

receiving his license to preach from that dignified body, he goes down among the farmers, shoemakers, and fishermen to make proof of his apostleship. As Wesley took Oxford to the miners of Newcastle and Cornwall; so Taylor, with a touch of aristocracy he never lost, carried his superior spiritual birthplace into the rural settlements. He also chose his associates as well. No men are wiser in both worldly and unwordly wisdom than shoemakers of the old school. They combine the shrewdness of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. They are sympathetic and solid, warm-hearted and critical. They are best of workers as well as listeners: nothing escapes their criticism, nothing comes before their love.

It was well for him they should have charge of his earliest training. They corrected his antics; they applauded his talents. "The rag-tag and bob-tail," that troubled the Bromfield-street nobility, were picked out of his sermons by these loving critics, who commended more than they censured. He grew in graciousness as in grace, during his year or two of labor here, and laid the foundation of a solid and growing fame among this appreciative and affectionate people. To this day his name is held in reverence in all this vicinage; and the new church near this old Rock, as seen from the Eastern-railroad cars, attests at once to his youthful humility and efficiency, and bears down to the myriads of to-day and to-morrow the name of the peddler, shoemaker, and preacher that helped in obscurity to lay its enduring foundations.

Thus Lucy Larcom, in her ride from Beverly to Boston, describes this church close by the "Rock," on which he founded his fame: —

"You can ride in an hour or two, if you will,
From Halibut Point to Beacon Hill,
With the sea beside you all the way,
Through the pleasant places that skirt the bay;
By Gloucester Harbor and Beverly Beach,
Salem, witch-haunted, Nahant's long reach,
Blue-bordered Swampscot, and Chelsea's wide
Marshes, laid bare to the drenching tide,
With a glimpse of Saugus spire in the west,
And Malden hills wrapped in dreamy rest."

IV.

TO THE CIRCUIT.

Three Years' Delay. — The Obstacle to his Itinerancy in Himself, in the Work. — He pursues his other Callings. — A Word dropped in Lynn. — He is up in Vermont, and preaches with great Power. — Is at Rev. George Pickering's Door. — Is assisted by Amos Binney. — Goes to Newmarket Seminary. — Taylor and Ruter. — Stays Six Weeks, and takes the Valedictory. — Goes to Marblehead. — Begins his Life-work, and falls in Love.

THOUGH the sailor-boy had evidently received his commission from the people as well as from the Church, it was still several years before he entered the regular itinerant work. The reasons that compelled this delay can be easily apprehended. Two barriers stood in his way, — one in himself, the other in the profession to which he was called. He had great impediments in himself. His burning light was in no fit candlestick. He could not readily read, if he could powerfully expound, the Word of God. The hymn-book, that treasure-house of Christian worship, was largely to him a sealed book. He had no preparation for the work his soul was impelled to by all its mighty forces.

Added to these difficulties in himself, which he was constantly toiling to subdue, were obstacles in the

work itself. The itinerancy in those days was no pleasure-ground. Rich appointments were not yet born. Handsome churches, choice parsonages, wealthy parishioners,— none of these temptations were set before the youthful aspirant for the Methodist pulpit. The circuits were large in extent, small in membership, and poor in financial ability. His circuit, four years after this, had not a church in all its score of miles square. The schoolhouses, barns, kitchens, and woods were all they could call their own; and the schoolhouses they could not always claim. They were as poor as they were few. With his own hands must their preacher, like Paul, labor for his own support. The prospects of the poor sailor, peddler, and farmer were not financially improved by entering the travelling ministry. He could get a better livelihood by staying where he was, preaching evenings and Sabbaths as he had opportunity, and stirring up the gift that was in him in this limited way.

This gift may have had greater limitations than might appear from its local popularity and subsequent fame; for it does not appear that it was widely called into exercise. Though the large town of Lynn was only a mile or two away, and though Methodism had already here a flourishing position, young Taylor has no marked connection with its history. He may have been too rough a diamond for their discerning eye to detect. He worked in an opposite and less-developed direction, and made his rural fame, unspoiled both by the city, not far away, that was to be the crown of his labors, and the flourishing town close at hand, that

might have harmed the diamond had it sought to shape it.

Perhaps a story told of him as happening at Lynn may account for his infrequent appearance in that then almost exclusively Methodist town. If he made such mistakes often he would affect their delicate ears unfavorably. It was related by Rev. Solomon Sias, almost the first publisher of "Zion's Herald." He said, "Taylor undertook to preach out at Lynn, taking for his text a portion of Scripture which speaks of leprosy. Father Taylor dashed into the subject, but without evidently knowing what the leprosy was, and without trying to explain it much; but presently got the disease *located in the heart*, where he had full swing, calling it the leper in *the heart*, and went through the discourse in good shape and glowing language; the Lord," as Mr. Sias said, "giving his seal of approbation to the effort, by convicting two souls." This was making the leper leap to good purpose, and showed his grace if not his learning.

He could administer a rebuke sharply and brightly at the beginning, as well as at the end of his career; of which this incident is proof. One hot day, while he was preaching, and waxing warm with his subject, his earnestness excited the mirth of some present. Taylor noticed it in a moment, and uttered these words of reproof: "Laugh if you will, if you dare, but remember that the time is coming when you will be glad of a single drop of the sweat now running down my back to cool your parched tongues."

He kept up his peddling and preaching-itinerancy

for four or five years. We find him once way up in Vermont. The venerable Rev. B. R. Hoyt, the oldest Methodist minister in New England, thus describes him, even before his Saugus sun had arisen: —

"My first introduction to him occurred in the public highway, in the town of Vershire, Vt., in 1814. One Saturday, just before dark, as I was riding along to meet my engagement to preach in that town the next day, I met two young men in a wagon. One of them saluted me with the following question: 'Aren't you one of the servants of the Most High God?' I replied, 'I try to preach the gospel.' He then introduced himself and companion, whose name was Wine, I think, and stated that they were two 'Methodist boys, up here in the country, trying to sell a few knick-knacks from the store in Boston.' I pointed out to them the house of a friend where I thought they could get kept till Monday, and invited them to attend church the next day.

"They were at church on Sunday; and, after I had closed my sermon, I invited Brother Taylor to speak. He complied, as he did with my invitation to speak after the second sermon. His addresses were characterized by great power of thought and expression, but clothed in homely and illiterate language. The people had no difficulty then, as they had none in after years, in understanding him. He made the fire fly. He and his companion sang and shouted; the people shouted; and one person, overcome by the excitement, fell to the floor."

He found other friends, not the least, or the least

beloved, of whom was Rev. George Pickering, one of the wisest and wittiest of his age. He saw the power that lay in the lad, and hastened to develop it.

"When E. T. Taylor first came to our house" said Mrs. Pickering, "he was buying up old junk. He had on a tarpaulin hat and a sailor dress. He would then deliver the most wonderful and unique exhortations ever heard, and, if he failed to know a word, would manufacture one admirably suited to the necessity."

George Pickering introduced him to yet another discerner of spirits. This time, not the poor wise shoemaker, or the poorer if not wiser preacher, but the rich and enterprising man of affairs, was the detective. Amos Binney has the proud distinction, among New-England Methodist laymen, that Dr. Fisk has among its clergymen. He was the first man of wealth and position that actively identified himself with this poor and persecuted people. He was the beginning of a long and large succession of men of means who have contributed freely to the development of her interests. He erected, almost alone, the church at East Cambridge, which, for half of a generation, in costliness and beauty bore the palm among those of his own order. This was built at a place which his force of character had made the court end of an aristocratic town, and changed from a muddy point to a populous and valuable centre. He helped the struggling school at Newmarket, the first successful venture of his church in education, if that can be called a success which required a transfer to another locality before it could be firmly established. His name is retained in the

memories of the Wilbraham school in a handsome hall for recitations and laboratory. His son's monument at Mount Auburn, the most beautiful in that ground, bears testimony to his inherited taste and faith, though the form of that faith's expression was not after the fashion of the father's.

Mr. Binney heard young Taylor, and saw that he had great capacities, but that they sorely needed training. He therefore took him from the cart and the plough, and, in the spring of 1817, sent him to Newmarket Seminary. This was the only Methodist school in America; its principal, Rev. Martin Ruter, was almost the only Methodist preacher of any scholastic culture. Of the master, pupil, and school, Rev. Dr. Charles Adams thus speaks: —

"I still remember the first tinklings of its bell, sending its notes across the river, and sprinkling them afar over that beautiful land of farms called Stratham. It must have been a scene when that rough, untutored sailor came into the presence of the mild and placid Ruter, the principal of the academy. Perhaps Methodism never gathered into its ministry a greater contrast of men than those same two. Both eloquent: the eloquence of the principal serene and even as the murmurings of some sweet rivulet in its meanderings through gardens of beauty, or as when soft summer breezes play over sunny seas; the eloquence of the pupil, though sometimes gentle and winning as the music of lovers' lutes, yet more often rushing, tumultuous, and stormy, — the furious sweep of rapids, or the roar and lashing of the ocean when storms are on

the deep. He did not content himself with pondering over his lessons, but found his way into schoolhouses and dwellings, here and there, and rallied crowds within the influence of his unique and stormy eloquence. Whole neighborhoods would resound with his strong bugle-notes, as if a whirlwind were driving across the landscape."

The fiery lad did not long enjoy the privileges of his school. He was too old to endure the mortification of entering the juvenile classes, and too ignorant to enter those more advanced. He attempted the latter. With characteristic courage and zeal he applied himself to the higher branches of English study. He essayed chemistry, astronomy, philosophy, when he should have been content with grammar. He spent his days and nights toiling at his books. He was unwearied and unresting. But he found the task burdensome. His vehement nature fretted at the difficulties. His church kept calling upon him for Sunday and week-evening services. His student passion was offset by his pulpit passion. The presiding elders saw how heavily the work pressed, and cried loudly for help. He saw where both duty and glory awaited him, abandoned his school after six weeks of study, and entered on his life-work.

Yet in that short time he made his mark. He was a smart debater, and very severe on his opponents, both of which traits he never entirely overcome. He also delivered the valedictory; and those yet live who describe his look and step as he marched to this victory. Had he staid, or had he been content to grow

by littles in knowledge, he might have become far greater than he was. He would certainly have been more uniform, but perhaps, after all, no more wonderful. The sayings of the greatest men are not many; the period of their reign is not long. This untrained nature flew as high as the highest, and remained aloft as long, while his very lack gave him to many and to his best hearers, the more abundant fascination.

A few years before his death, he visited Newmarket, and searched among the wrinkled faces for the schoolmates of his earlier years. School, building, students, were changed or gone. The boarding-house remained, but the academy had degenerated to a dwelling-house. Here and there a venerable dame declared herself to be the girl of that elder date upon whom he had smiled propitiously, and lavished the wealth of his ornate compliments and biting fun. He protested, in like grimace of age, against these declarations, declared they could not be the comely girls that had so enchanted him, and, in recognition of both youth and age, accepted the fate against which he was protesting.

His elder sent him to Marblehead, a place of rough sailors, and with a feeble, distracted church, which his fitness as a sailor, orator, and manager might reduce to order and give success.

Here, too, he met his fate; he began his double-life, private and public, at the same time and place. Before we go with him on that public career, let us look on the third of his rare endowments. To his genius and his faith, the Giver of every good and perfect gift added one that guided and stimulated both his

genius and grace; that crowned his youth and age with serenity and strength; that made him the happiest as he was already the most popular of his associates. Unlike many men of genius, Father Taylor found a helpmeet for him. He began his life in 1819, with a wide circuit and a wise wife.

He had formed her acquaintance in Saugus. The factories, stores, and schools, by which modern young ladies of character and not of competence earn their own livelihood, were in those days confined to the very narrow limit of doing housework for their neighbors, or binding shoes in the little shoe-towns that here and there were springing up over the poor Commonwealth. "Hannah binding shoes" was not a spectacle confined to Beverly alone, but was visible all along the coast, through Lynn, Saugus, and Malden, as well as south of Boston; not the hapless Hannah, looking for a lover that returned not, but the happy ones whose lovers were near them, or who had been translated from the hoping to the fruition, and were singing, and binding shoes, and rocking cradles, all at once.

The industrious maidens then went to the towns where the business opportunity drew them, as they now go to the cities where factories and stores abound. Two were thus led from Marblehead to Saugus, stately, comely, pious, — the one converted a year before the sailor-preacher, the other a year after. Deborah and Mehitable were then New-England and Scriptural names, or "Debby" and "Hitty," as they were then softened to, — "Debbie" and "Hittie," as

they would now become. These met the famous boy at his favorite home, good Solomon Brown's, and were fascinated alike by his eloquence, faith, and features; for the lad was "fair to see." That intimacy in due time, in the heart of the elder, ripened into love; and when he was sent to her own town to save a sinking church, he met his fair friends of Saugus in their home, and found his fate.

HIS WIFE.

He Finds a Jewel. — Her Appearance, Character, Capacity. — Her Household Faculty. — A Helpmeet for her Husband's Improvidence. — Her Early Drawings to Christ. — Difficulties in the Way, from the Calvinistic Teachings of the Day. — Hears Epaphras Kibby, George Pickering, and Enoch Mudge. — When Fourteen Years old is converted at a Prayer-meeting. — Is rebuked for her Joyful Confidence. — Her Sister is converted. — They pray for their Brother. — E. T. Taylor is sent to Marblehead. — Her Brother is converted. — Her Growing Experience in Grace. — Her View of the Dignity and Duty of a Preacher's Wife. — Marriage.

AS a novel would be void of its focal point if its heroine were omitted, so this "story of a life from year to year" would be without symmetry or soul if its heroine were omitted. In his advanced age Father Taylor, being at Nahant, looked across the bay to where Marblehead thrusts "its ponderous and marble jaws" into the vasty deep, and said to a friend beside him, "There I found a jewel." And so he did. If ever wife was a crown to her husband, his was to him, — a crown-jewel of rarest water, finish, and setting. She was a woman of uncommon beauty, and no less uncommon character.

One who knew her best next to him who knew her altogether, thus portrays her appearance and character: —

"Deborah D. Millett was born in Marblehead, March 13, 1797. Her parents were not wealthy; and this enabled the daughter, through the discipline and necessity of self-action and self-reliance, to bring to fulness her native nobility of character.

"Her life was never a common one. From her earliest childhood the desire to do and be was the motive-power. To be a Christian was her purpose almost from her babyhood; not merely to profess to be one. She took in all the weight and glory of the responsibility of daughtership to the heavenly Father whom she loved, and heirship to the heavenly home in which she believed.

"In her own record of her early life, she says, 'I sought first the kingdom of heaven, and then claimed the promise that all else should be added.'

"She was a little above medium height, slight in figure, with large, soft black eyes, through which her soul looked out, a mouth of strength, purpose, and sweetness. Her attractive features were crowned with luxuriant dark hair, which fell in natural curls, or would have done so had it been allowed, and which 'waved' about her face, in spite of careful smoothing and tucking away under the little Quaker-Methodist bonnet which was worn in the early days of Methodism.

"Her quiet dignity of manner could not be surpassed. A stranger might call her haughty. She was not so in heart: but the something which guarded her, or rather the herself, which was a visible atmosphere, demanded and commanded respect and

reverence from all who met her; and, as acquaintance ripened into love, love softened the extreme dignity into deeper admiration, and fuller appreciation of her marvellous womanhood.

"Her talents were of high order. An executive business ability would have placed her in the front ranks of mercantile life, could it have had full play. All her married life she managed her husband's business matters, — receiving and expending his salary, taking charge of every thing, even relieving him of the responsibility of buying his own clothing. He used to enter the room where she would be, and playfully holding out his empty hand would say, 'Wife, a little pocket-lining, if you please.' To her inquiry, 'Where is the five or ten dollars I gave you last week,' his answer would be, 'I met poor Brother So-and-so, and he told me his wife was sick,' or 'I saw a poor sailor-boy, and he was hungry;' always some good reason for money gone. It would have been no money a very few days after quarterly-payment time, but for the wife whom God gave him.

"One morning he said, 'Wife, I have invited some brethren to dine with me to-day;' and thereupon Mrs. Taylor did what she very seldom ventured to do, trusted her husband to remember a household care, and, giving him some money, asked him to go directly to Faneuil-Hall Market, to make a necessary purchase for the day's dinner, and the needs of the expected brethren, urging him to return immediately and to remember he 'had the last ten dollars.' He promised,

and started off: she waited, and waited, until it grew so near the dinner-hour her woman's wit had to supply something that did *not* come from Faneuil-Hall Market. The guests arrived; and, at the last moment before serving the dinner, he made his appearance, and to his wife's inquiries as to where the dinner was which he was sent to get, with a look of perfect wonder and fresh recollection, he answered, 'Oh, I forgot all about it! I met Brother ——, just out here in Ann Street, almost at the foot of the square; and he told me he was burned out last night, with his wife and little children, and they lost every thing; and I was glad I had ten dollars to give him: I never once remembered what you said to me, or what you wanted. Never mind about the dinner: when I invited the brethren, I told them to come down to-day at one o'clock; and if I had any thing they should have half of it, and if I had nothing *they should have half of that.*'

"Mrs. Taylor, in becoming the wife of a minister, made her husband's work her first duty, and gave her whole time and thought to being herself a joint minister and worker for the people, and, with the added duties of wife and mother, complete her life-circle. She was a person of exquisite tastes. She would have enjoyed society and all that culture could give, but from her professing religion she accepted duty and work as her portion; and she feared that an indulgence in 'society' might interfere in some way with the path which she had marked out for herself. She would not, therefore, allow temptation to

come near her. If at times she felt any social want, it was but for a moment. Labor for and with her husband's people was her pleasure. When, after his coming to Boston to preach to seamen, she adopted the 'sons of the ocean' as her sons, her fidelity was ceaseless. Never did she forget them in the meetings or at home: they were her accepted burden. A sailor-boy sitting before her in meeting was away from home, away from his mother, his wife, his sister, amid temptations; and 'woe,' 'woe' was on her, if she preached not to him the glorious gospel of her Lord and Master!

"She was never deterred from speaking when she felt her Saviour gave her a message to deliver. She uttered it, whether in the private class-room, where the privileged few met to note progress and to help each other, or in the vestry-meeting with its larger audience, or the church itself with its packed seats. When she arose, the dignity and gentleness of her manner, the pathos of her rich, full voice, soft yet distinct, the tenderness of intonation, the lavishness of loving persuasion, the motherhood of her soul put into language, choice, strong, and full of the power of beauty, was music as of heaven, with a 'Thus saith the Lord' added.

"She always held an audience: nay, more than held, — she moved them as she moved; and those who listened felt she uttered words, whether in exhortation or prayer, as 'one having authority.' 'The Rev. Mrs. E. T. Taylor' was hers by right of earning."

She left quite a journal, from which we can best

learn the beginnings and growth of her life, character, and work: —

"Early in life I felt the strivings of the good Spirit. The first I remember was a desire to be good, and my resolutions were formed to be a Christian when I grew old enough. I thought old people must be good, so I loved them dearly, — would watch in the street an elderly person called a Christian, as long as I could see them, and hope to be like them when I grew old.

"My dear mother 'obtained a hope' in about her twentieth year. 'Once in grace, always in grace,' was her motto. She felt she was one of the 'elect;' and whom the Lord would, he saved, and whom he would not, he cast away. My mother was an excellent woman, strong-minded, of deep trials; and I have no doubt her belief saved her; for had she thought she could have lost her 'hope,' she would have sunk in despair. I heard much of the doctrine, 'We could do nothing of ourselves, but the elect would be saved.' I thank my heavenly Father that in those days of darkness, his Spirit was on my path, and taught me if I tried to be a Christian the Lord was willing I should be: so before I knew what to understand by the doctrine of 'election' or 'reprobation,' his blessed Spirit had taught me, 'Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

"I was instructed to read my Bible, to say my prayers, learn my catechism, to be very good on Saturday night, and sabbath-day. When we did wrong on the sabbath (for there were a number of little children), we knew what to expect, — a lecture and correction on Monday morning. I well remember when we knew we had been naughty on the sabbath, begging in vain to be punished on sabbath evening, that we might not have it to think of; for it was never forgotten either by mother or children.

"All these years conviction followed me. I knew not what to do: I had never heard the voice of prayer, except from a minister; and the sound of 'knowing our sins forgiven' would have been the height of boasting. I would often try to be good, one day at a time; and when night came I would think I had done so many wrong things it was in vain to strive; yet, as I did not want to be wicked, I continued to try. When at play with the children, and one would wish for beauty, and another for long life, I would wish I might be good, and go to heaven.

"The trouble was, I did not know how to be good. My mother used

to talk to her children, for she had nine boys and girls to lead along; but she never prayed with us, — she did not think a woman's voice should be heard in prayer. My father was not a 'professor:' therefore we had no family worship.

"My desire to be a Christian increased with my years. At this time a young minister, Epaphras Kibby, was sent to Marblehead. I never spoke to him or heard him preach. I was awed by his stately step, knew he was called 'a Methodist,' but I thought him an angel. I well remember with what reverence my eyes followed him as he visited a very good woman, 'Sister Goss,' as she was called in ridicule, because being a Methodist made her very foolish in the eyes of her neighbors.

"I was a Methodist in sentiment before I knew their doctrines. My childish faith that said, 'God will be willing to save me when I am old enough,' kept me a little seeker. I believe I could as well have been led to Jesus when I was eight years old, as when I was fourteen, had some one taken me by the hand, and taught me in the way of salvation by faith. . . .

"The Methodists at this time had preached in Marblehead occasionally, in the midst of opposition; and my relatives, with others, considered them a set of 'renegades,' to use their own language, who had nothing else to do but run about, break up all established parishes, and set the people into confusion. My mother used once in a while to hear the youthful George Pickering, — dear Father Pickering, now in heaven, — and was much pleased. She little dreamed the result that followed.

"When about twelve years old, I heard the Rev. Enoch Mudge. I cannot remember how I came to be in the Methodist church in the evening, but so by the providence of God I was. He took for his text, 'It is time to seek the Lord.'

"The countenance of the good man made a deeper impression on my mind than the words he uttered. I knew not his name: I only fell in love with his heavenly face, and came to the determination, if religion made the man so happy, I would never rest until I found it. My resolutions were never wholly erased. I commenced praying, but my course was zigzag. There was no one to take me by the hand, and to 'lead me to the Rock that was higher than I.'

"I was a proud, obstinate, high-tempered child; and if I had been 'blessed,' as some say, with plenty of this world's goods, it would have been a curse, and I should not have been saved."

The journal is a record of two years of agony,

doubting, despairing, striving, and praying, but all for nought until, —

"On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, 1810, when I was fourteen years of age, my Father took me up and called me his child. Blessed be his holy name! A friend called for me on this day to go to a prayer-meeting in a private house. I went with a look and feeling of despair. At the meeting I wept aloud, and thought and felt that was my last day, — that I must be blest and blest there, or it would be too late. I lost my burden, and could not find it, but was not joyful. We left the house to hear preaching, then returned to the same house to pray again. Here, I longed to shout forth the praises of God; for, while kneeling to pray, I heard the voice inwardly, 'Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee.' I arose on my feet, and shouted 'Glory to God!' I thought I had reason to shout, and I walked round the room praising God. I suppose I was too noisy; for one was about to check me, when an old Christian said, 'Let her alone, she won't feel so long.' Rather a damper for a moment, but I recovered the shock, and thought, 'No, I shall feel better.' I went home happy, entered my chamber, and took up Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' Before this time I could never read further than where the soul was condemned. Now I opened to where news of pardon was brought to the condemned criminal. Every letter seemed lined with gold; and I said, 'Glory to God! it is mine, it is mine!' I was almost afraid to sleep, for fear I should lose the peace and blessedness. I awoke in the morning rejoicing and happy. I went down stairs feeling I should never know sorrow any more. My friend, a Presbyterian lady, at whose house I was, met me, rather astonished, for I had been a most gloomy little thing, and said, 'You feel better.' There was no mistaking: my looks and actions all bespoke a changed child. I answered, 'Oh, my heavenly Father has blessed me, and forgiven my sins!'

"She was a Christian, and I thought would rejoice; but she turned away, saying, 'You must not be too positive: there is a flattering world, a tempting Devil, and a wicked heart,' and then left me.

"I thought my wicked heart was taken away. I was not tempted above what I was able to bear, joy soon filled my heart, and I went on my way rejoicing. True, I felt a little disappointed when I came to tell others. I thought they would all believe me, and seek the same Saviour; but I found it not so easy to convince them. For eight days

I rejoiced with joy unspeakable; then came temptations, that I might be deceived. I ran away to my hiding-place, threw myself upon my knees, and, with bitter tears, cried out, 'Lord, thou knowest I do not want to be a hypocrite; I want to be a Christian.' The Comforter came, and I was again blest. But how little I knew about trusting the Lord. I wanted all sight. When I felt happy, it was all well; when I felt otherwise, I feared I had no religion. I soon learned the work was only begun, not ended. Oh, how kindly my Father dealt with me! Blessed be his name, who gave his Son to die for me, for me! Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high! Keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

"After two years, a sister two years younger was converted, and joined the Methodist Church with me; and together we walked and worked amid trials, and contending with them, not a few.

"One of our great trials was, that as Methodists we were very poor, and on this account were obliged, in the year 1817, to refuse a preacher from conference, and depend upon a teacher of a public school. The house in which we worshipped was little better than a barn, and we had no prospect of any other.

"We had one only dear brother. He opposed the Methodists. Indeed, there was nothing to invite him among them; yet my sister and I felt we must have him. We wanted him with us. We wanted his house for the preachers, and his barn for their horses. We prayed for him through the winter, as though there was not another individual in the town who needed conversion. Both had the same struggle of soul, yet one knew not the other's exercises. Through the long winter it was the burden of our souls, 'O Lord! give us our brother.'

"The spring opened upon us (1818); and dear old Father Pickering, our presiding elder, sent Edward T. Taylor to preach three months in Marblehead. We knew not what to do with him, as there was no place even where he could board. My sister and myself were a little acquainted with him; and we told our brother, Joseph Millett, 'that a sailor was to preach.' He had been a sailor in his younger days, and was once on a wreck for three days and nights. It was an attraction to hear a sailor; and Joseph said, 'I will go and hear him.' He went, taking some comrades with him, and the word was sent home with power. He invited the preacher to his house. This was on a Wednesday. He was not a man to do things by the halves. He made up his mind to be a Christian; and on Friday evening he went to class-meeting, rose up and said, 'I have come here a condemned criminal, and my only plea is,

"God be merciful to me, a sinner."' God was merciful: he was saved truly saved. He went home from the meeting, called his family together, and erected his family altar, which always stood firm.

"My sister resided in his family. She was mighty in prayer; and after he prayed she broke forth, and the power of the Lord was present to awaken other members of the family. This was a glorious day to us in answer to prayer.

"The different denominations preached to the 'town's poor' on sabbath evening; and, as this was the Methodists' 'turn,' my brother invited Mr. Taylor to take tea at his house, as it was convenient to the place of meeting. When my sister-in-law, who had never seen Mr. Taylor, knew that he was coming to take tea in her home, she said to me afterwards, 'If I had been told the very evil one was coming, I could not have felt worse;' but as she lived through it, and was not harmed, she concluded to go to the evening meeting. The power and glory of God was displayed as I never saw it before. My sister-in-law cried aloud for mercy, and there was a general weeping and shaking all over the place. A number of my brother's household embraced religion, and the labors of Mr. Taylor were blessed to the conversion of souls.

"My brother began to labor immediately in the cause of his Master, and as he was a man of business, and a man of character without religion, his acquaintances said, if Mr. Millett has religion, there is something in it; and God blessed the word, as he preached of this Jesus. It was calculated that thirty business men were the result of this revival. Now we exclaimed, 'Praise the Lord, our eyes have seen thy salvation!'

"Our brother offered to take the preacher and give him three months' board, while the society could be collecting something for the future. He was 'class-leader' and 'steward.' His spiritual birth was into full manhood, and he was powerful in prayer. From this time persecution was at an end. We had nothing to do but to serve our heavenly Father, and go on our way rejoicing. Glory to God in the highest. Amen.

. . . . . .

"I had a natural missionary turn, if I may use the expression, and could not live without labor. I saw no reason why a woman should not speak and pray in prayer-meetings as well as a man. I would often look at a minister's wife, and think how great her privileges were. She was expected to labor, and was received as a laborer. Her position was such that she could be as useful as her husband. My love of work in my Father's cause made me feel, that, if ever I was a wife, I would prefer a travelling minister to any other being on earth. Time

passed, and an opportunity offered itself. I dared not refuse, but sought the Lord in earnest prayer to know of his will and wishes. I believed a minister's wife should feel herself as much called of God to fill such a station as her husband should be to preach the gospel. In answer to inquiries, I felt it my duty to accept."

An extract from the daily journal which was kept at this time will show her earnestness of heart and purpose.

"*June* 27, 1818. — Have this day, after much consideration, answered an important and interesting question in the affirmative. Yes: I have engaged to leave my native place and relatives to wander o'er creation with an ambassador of the Most High God. In doing this, I feel I am devoting myself anew to the service of my blessed Lord and Master. It is true I have looked at the subject and trembled; but when I consider my responsibility to God for the improvement of my precious time and talents, and likewise my strong inclination for travelling ever since I knew from heartfelt experience that God has power on earth to pardon sin, I think, after much prayer, that God will direct in such a manner as to glorify himself. From a sense of duty as well as inclination, I have given myself into the hands of my dear friend.

"Oh that Heaven would smile propitiously on both, and make us helpmates indeed! May we advance each other's spiritual progress, promote piety everywhere we are called to labor, glorify our God on earth, and at last be brought to praise him in heaven. Amen, and amen!"

"*May* 11, 1819. — My health has been very poor of late, and my friends think me consumptive; indeed, I think so myself; but the will of the Lord be done. If I could live longer and be useful, I should be willing, but from no other inducement.

"Sometimes the adversary tells me, if I should be sick a great while, I shall grow fretful and impatient; but I can trust the blessed Lord, and find his promises very sweet, that his grace is sufficient for me; and 'as my day is, so shall my strength be.'"

June, 13. — My health is improving apparently very fast. I expected to have arrived at my Father's house before this time. Blessed be my Lord, he has visited me with his cheering presence in my sickness; and, when death stared me in the face, I was unspeakably happy,

and could rejoice in the God of my salvation. Oh, how sweet religion is! In health and prosperity we know not how to prize it. How I was led to pity those who procrastinate repentance, and refuse to have my blessed Lord and Master to reign over them! It appeared to me if I had all the unconverted world before me I would persuade them, and they would be constrained to embrace religion, when they saw its blessed effects on a dying-bed. Glory to my God! he was indeed with me, and assured me all was mine. Oh that, if restored to health, I may more unreservedly dedicate my ransomed and preserved powers to his blessed service! Thine, O my Lord! I would be in time and in eternity. Oh, make me a fit temple for thee to dwell in constantly, that in every thought, word, and action I may glorify thee, preach Christ to a dying world, and evince to all around there is a divine reality in that religion which I profess! Amen, and amen!"

"*July* 2, 1819. — This day I had been reading the life of that precious woman, Mrs. Fletcher. How was my soul humbled before God, and what an ardent desire did I feel to enjoy that spirituality of heart which actuated her in every movement to glorify her God, and prove beneficial to precious, immortal souls!

"In a short time, if my life and health are spared, I shall be called to move in a larger sphere. I shall either be a help or hinderance to one of the servants of the Lord. Oh that I may take those precious women, Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Rogers, for examples! for though dead they yet speak. I have read them with prayers and tears and a great desire to imitate. O my blessed Lord! I feel that my strength is nothing; but thou hast said thy grace is sufficient, and in thy strength I can do all things. O my dear Saviour! if our union proceed not from thee, frustrate all our concerted schemes, however dear we are to each other; let none of them succeed, unless thy glory will be promoted, and our own souls, with the souls of others, be truly benefited.

"A letter from my dear friend convinces me that he suffers much on my account, as respects my health, as my consumptive complaints are not all removed. O my Father! resign him to thy blessed will, that living or dying, he and I may be thine."

"*Oct.* 12, 1819. — This day the most important event in human life was ratified. This day I was married to Mr. Edward T. Taylor My heart is indeed his. Oh for all that grace which I need to help him in his proper place, that nothing may prove the rival of my blessed Lord!

"I am at present on Scituate circuit, where my dear husband labored

a part of two years; and, bless the Lord, he has not labored in vain. A large number of precious souls have, we trust, been brought to a knowledge of the truth. Here is, indeed, a door opened to distribute religious knowledge. Oh that my dear Lord would make me an instrument of good to this people! Unworthy and inadequate as I am, yet, blessed be his dear name! in exhorting and praying with the people I do have some blessed seasons. The prospect is still very pleasing; the congregations are large and attentive, and we expect better days yet. O my Father, display thy power! Engage our hearts afresh in thy blessed cause, and may we count not our own lives dear for thy sake!

"Mr. Taylor's health is quite poor: my own is not much better. Oh that it may be a stimulus to improve every moment of our time to the glory of God and the good of souls! O my Saviour! assist us to hold up each other's hands, and to be helpmates indeed, and to devote all we have and are to thy service."

From these experiences, so frankly uttered, one can discern something of the sweet, devout, strong soul that inhabited that comely form. We shall find her memorabilia scattered along the subsequent pages and her influence steadily possessing her home and husband. If ever, then, there was

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, to command,"

that woman was Deborah Millett Taylor.

We cannot better close this chapter than by letting her sum up her life-work, thus so happily commenced. In the journal of 1865, when seventy years old, we find this record of almost unsurpassed fidelity and devotion to duty and labor: —

"In the year 1819, Oct. 12, I became the wife of E. T. Taylor, of the New-England Conference; and, after almost forty-six years' experience,

had I a life to live over, I would be the wife of an itinerant, with all its joys and sorrows. I have always found my bread given me and my water sure. When our labors were blessed in the salvation of souls, it was all I asked: I never feared but we should have enough of earth. I sought first the kingdom of God, claimed the promise, and realized the fulfilment, '*all things else shall be added.*' For nine years we moved every year. We had what were termed 'hard stations;' and it was said by those who preceded us, 'You will never get your bread.' When we had little, we had no lack; and when much, nothing over. True, the preachers and their wives now know nothing about what was endured in those days. I rejoice that I lived in them, when the preachers preached because 'woe is me if I preach not the gospel;' and the people heard as for eternity, and to the salvation of their souls."

An amusing incident, said to have been connected with his wedding, is not put in this journal; but it illustrates a trait in his character so happily that it deserves insertion. On a charming autumn day, he climbed a hill in Hingham that overlooked the sea, and, throwing himself on the ground, sighed his soul away to the far-off bluffs of Marblehead, just visible some twenty miles across Massachusetts Bay. As he was thus pining for the sight of his beloved, and longing for that wedding-day to come which was so rapidly drawing near, when she should be all his own, he suddenly bethought him that *this was the very day.* He had utterly forgotten it. Too late to fly across or around the gulf that separated him from his bride, he had to let her wonder why he did not come, and learn perhaps her first, but not her last, lesson concerning his absent-mindedness. It was a new version of Gilpin's experience, when he was compelled like John in shame to say, —

"It is my wedding-day;
And all the world will stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

It had to stare, — all the Marblehead world at least; for forty miles separated them, and not for a day certainly, could she learn why he was absent. When he arrived, we may imagine the merry scolding he got from the vexed maiden, who did not like — proud and sensitive as all maidens are as to that hour — to have her associates make merry over such a catastrophe. It was all right at last; and on that pleasant October day, Miss Deborah Millett became for time, and as she felt forever, Mrs. Edward T. Taylor.

VI.

TO BOSTON.

Ten Years on the Circuits. — His Admission to Conference. — The Men he met there. — His First Circuit from near Boston to Plymouth. — His Persecutions. — Southern "Saddle-Baggers" the original of Northern "Carpet-Baggers." — How Lorenzo Dow silenced the "Sons of Belial." — His Home at Pembroke. — Rev. Dr. Allyn's Retort. — A Visit to Duxbury Twenty Years afterward. — His Zeal for his Church eats up his Courtesy. — Incidents in and about Barnstable. — Prays for Ministers who did not pray for him. — Beats the Devil. — Lets an Orthodox Opponent get the Advantage of him. — Gets the Advantage of another by praying for him. — Power over the Sailors of Martha's Vineyard. — "Every Hair hung with a Jewel." — "Salt!" "Salt!" — His Prayer done into Poetry. — Comes to Boston.

FATHER TAYLOR was ten years reaching his harbor, after he launched his boat on the sea of life. He fetched a circuit, several of them, before he made the port of the Port Society. His first ante-conference mission, as we have seen, was to Marblehead. He found a place fitted for his talents among the sailors that frequented that rocky inlet then even more than they do now. He met those for whom he was set apart from the beginning by inward drawing and by evident election. He remained with this people but few months; with what effect has already been noticed in the journal of his wife, then "a fair

young maiden, clothed with celestial grace, and beautiful with all the heart's expansion," who had left her father's house and peculiar form of faith, and united herself with this "poor, despised company." He had seen her brother converted, and other men of moderate substance; the church well on its feet; and every thing as flourishing as could be made by a few months' labor, against such opposition as then prevailed everywhere. He joins conference.

That tender hour, when the youthful minister stands before the bishop, with the grave and reverend elders behind him, is never forgotten in all his later years. The words addressed to him sink deep into his heart. He is as wax, warm beneath the seal. His nature moulds itself into the form and feeling of the event, and he is baptized into the same spirit with him who speaks and those who hear. The young sailor was not eligible to this influence directly, this year, as two years of trial must elapse before he is admitted to full connection, when these addresses are given and received. He, however, came into the body, and listened to the words planted in others' hearts as though spoken directly to himself. He was with a small body gathered from great distances. The New-England Conference in 1819 was composed of a little over one hundred members and they were scattered over all the New-England States.

Not a few of its leaders were from Virginia and Pennsylvania. Pickering, their chief resident, was of this origin; Lee, their greater visitant, was from Virginia. Elijah R. Sabin was another of those sad-

dle-baggers of the South sent for the redemption of the North, even as Northern "carpet-baggers" were sent in this decade for the Southern regeneration. They were called, too, by that epithet as an opprobrium, as our later brethren have been stigmatized with the later title. Joshua Wells, another Marylander, planted this gospel in New England. So did Dr. Thomas F. Sargent, father of the present eminent minister of the same name. Ezekiel Cooper of Pennsylvania was another of these far-off friends, who made our barren soil blossom with this new life.

But New England was beginning to grow men of its own. John Broadhead was drawing all men unto him in New Hampshire, and redeeming his church from obloquy by the political preferment with which he was honored, — a seat in Congress. Benjamin R. Hoyt was winning souls from the mountains to the sea, and had reached, this very year, the Boston appointment on his ascending course. Joshua Soule was mastering Maine by his grand orations for Christ; and on his march rapidly to the mastery of the church, being only four years later elected to its chief office by the votes of its Southern ministers, with whom he was always most popular, and to whom he ultimately and naturally subsided. Elijah Hedding was keeping equal step with him in power, and in advance of him in local popularity. Asa Kent was attracting audiences by his quaintness, and edifying them by his soundness of doctrine and simplicity of faith. Joshua Crowell was sweetening souls with salvation. Edward Hyde was a graceful and com-

manding pleader for Jesus. Joseph A. Merrill was bending his large, practical mind to the removal of difficulties in the way of the progress of the church, especially in educational directions. Laban Clark and Nathan Bangs were impressing it with their force of character and greater force of truth. Wilbur Fisk was illuminating it with the beaten oil of culture, humility, zeal, and faith. Oliver Beale, Epaphras Kibbe, Daniel Webb; Solomon Sias, the real founder of "Zion's Herald;" Lewis Bates, the happy, witty, conquering preacher; Lorenzo Dow, quaint and queer, but with all his oddities full of genius, faith, and fire, — these were some of the chief men New England had already raised up, for her own and the world's salvation. Into this glorious company of the martyrs, who were dying daily in testimony of their Lord and Saviour, the young Virginian was admitted.

He was sent to Scituate Circuit, which then comprised all the towns between Dorchester and Duxbury.* It stretched from the shores of Massachusetts Bay to those of Plymouth, and covered all the track travelled by the Pilgrims and Puritans in their early and infrequent intercourse. It was a stretch of country forty miles long, and barren exceedingly, so far as Methodism was concerned. Not a church did she own in all the territory. He went forth, not knowing whither he went; but he went rejoicing. A few kitchens had been opened to our preachers,

* The following towns constituted this Circuit: Scituate, Hingham, Cohasset, Hull, Hanover, Marshfield, Duxbury, Plympton, Hanson, Pembroke, Weymouth, Quincy, and Dorchester.

and a few schoolhouses. In these he preached with his rare ability, setting the whole region on fire with his flame. The schoolhouses were thronged, so were the kitchens. The Word mightily grew and prevailed, and the sailor-boy saw with delight the pleasure of the Lord prospering in his hands.

Persecutions then raged on account of the Word, and many were offended. He was hooted at in the streets, and sometimes pelted with missiles. Rev. Dr. Upham says, that, when travelling the same circuit, as a companion of E. T. Taylor, the boys and roughs of Hingham and Duxbury would yell after them. Once, being accompanied by Elijah Hedding, a dignified gentleman, through the former town, he thought they would reverence him. "But they came out at the usual place," he says, "men and boys, and began to shout 'Methodist preachers!' 'Saddle-bags!'" Mr. Hedding was not accustomed to such greetings, and wondered at them; but the regular preachers had become used to the insult, and almost enjoyed it.*

Once one of these roughs threw a dead polecat into the room where the meeting was being held. He, however, met his match, and got his reward; for Lorenzo Dow being that way, and announcing that he would preach, a great mob of the sons of Belial gathered to mock at him. He began by saying, "There are three sorts of people who come to church: first, those who love the Word and wish to hear it, — they will behave themselves of course; second, those

* How Father Taylor cured this malady, may be seen on page 91.

who are gentlemanly if not pious, and they will behave properly; and, lastly, those that are neither Christians nor gentlemen; and, if any disturb this meeting, we shall know what sort of folks they are." This held them quiet for a time: but their evil spirit was irrepressible; and an outbreak occurring, despite this portraiture, he, having learned the name of the author of the polecat nuisance, cried out, "Is Skunk —— here?" calling him by name. He was present; and all eyes were turned on the offending and offensive human animal, who writhed under the deserved censure. The rough medicine did what no milder treatment could have done: order followed this personal salutation; and the fragrant sobriquet clung to him, like Naaman's leprosy to Gehazi, all his days.

One home was his in all these wanderings, — Mr. Elias Magoon's of Pembroke. His comfortable barn comforted his weary horse, and his more comfortable house its more weary master. He was cheered and encouraged on his journey; though not much encouragement did he need, for he was full of spirits, of faith, of youth, of love. He was lifted up far above his previous calling and associations. He was a minister of the gospel, — a popular, crowd-drawing minister. He bounded like a roe over the hills of spices.

In this extreme of poverty, when a few dollars and a few presents were all his portion, he married and took his wife to her wandering home. How happy they were in their work may be seen in this letter, sent to her sisters a few weeks after that event: —

DUXBURY, NOV. 9, 1819.

MY DEAR SISTERS, — Perhaps long before this time you have expected a letter. Sometimes you may have thought I was sick, or dissatisfied with my station, or unhappy as respects many other things. But neither of these is the case, my dear sisters; nor have I forgotten you. New relations, with change of situation and acquaintances, have not the least tendency to alienate my affection from my friends in Marblehead. But enough for an introduction. We arrived at Hingham the day after we left you, and from there proceeded round the circuit. The people please me much, and so far every thing exceeds my expectations. My health has been better; and I do not recollect the time when I was more satisfied and contented with my situation. Mr. Taylor is towards me every thing I can wish, — attentive and affectionate in every sense of the word. The prospect of a revival of religion is pleasing, particularly in Marshfield and Duxbury. We have excellent meetings and crowded congregations; and I do not know but the people would stop all night, if the preacher would only talk to them.

We have great cause to praise the Lord for his goodness. O my sisters! pray for us that we may see the work of the Lord prosper, and many souls brought to the knowledge of the truth.

I want to see you all very much, and, if nothing prevents, shall be with you Thanksgiving week. You must write as soon as you receive this, and tell me how father and mother are. Tell mother she need not feel concerned: I am well provided for. We often talk about you all, and very often, in imagination, see you, and hear you, particularly at meal-times, wondering "where poor Debby is." Tell Martha I want to see her, if she "don't care if Uncle Tayner keeps me till I die." Remember me to Brother Fillmore; tell him I do not want to "locate" yet.

I must conclude, as we start soon for our other appointments. Farewell, my dear sister: may the Lord bless you! How pleasing the thought, that, notwithstanding miles and miles separate us, the same blessed Being presides over all. May we so live as to meet in heaven, where there will be no more parting, but where we shall enjoy each other, and the fruition of our God, through a long eternity! As ever your affectionate sister,

D. D. TAYLOR.

Only a few incidents are recalled of his first circuit Preaching once from the text, "What have I done?"

he muttered over his text, "What — have — I — done?" and, turning to the audience, thundered, "*What ha'n't you done?*"

At Duxbury the "standing order" had full possession of the town; and their venerable and eccentric pastor, Dr. Allyn, was decidedly Socinian in his theological views. In all other respects, he was conservative, and determined to stand in the old ways. This young intruder was looked upon with no favor. A series of dancing-parties was organized to prevent the spread of this new fanaticism, and Dr. Allyn attended them. But, even at these parties, young women would burst into tears and cries for the pardon of their sins; and the aged clergyman, when called to comfort them, could only refer them to "that young man, Taylor."

His first greeting to the interloper was characteristic: "So, you've come to preach in Duxbury, young man?" — "Yes: the Lord says, 'Preach the gospel to every creature.'" — "Yes; but he never said that every critter should preach the gospel."

The Hon. and Rev. G. W. Frost of Omaha communicates these particulars of a ride over this earliest circuit with Father Taylor, after he had become of world-wide celebrity: —

"More than a quarter of a century since, I remember a trip, with Father Taylor and Rev. J. D. Bridge, to Duxbury, to attend a ministerial association. It was before the days of railroads; and we drove in a private carriage through the coast towns which had been the scene of his former labors and triumphs.

He was in the best possible humor, and gave us many interesting reminiscences of the olden time. He remembered every thing with almost startling minuteness, — the rocks and trees, the harbors and inlets, and many of the public buildings and private residences, with some anecdote or illustration or ludicrous remembrance, of his early work as the 'wild sailor preacher.' I recollect his giving some fourteen Indian names of places where he had appointments to preach all along shore. He pointed to one quiet farm-house nestling among the trees, and said, 'Many years ago, when Methodism was young, and only known but to be ridiculed, I preached in that house. I had, in common with other Methodist ministers, been frequently insulted in passing the streets on horseback to my appointments, by the hooting of boys from behind the walls, barking at me like dogs; various missiles were sometimes thrown, and I had concluded to stop it. The house was literally jammed, and crowds stood around the low open windows to hear the strange preacher. It was harvest-time. After the close of the services, I called the attention of the audience a moment to the proclamation of a Fast. They were surprised, as they thought it almost time for Thanksgiving: but I insisted, and told the brethren that they must pray as they never had prayed, and pray God to send a new recruit of dogs into Hingham; for the image of God had been prostituted long enough to unholy purposes in barking at God's ministers.' He added, 'I have had no better friends, nor more gentlemanly treatment, in my life, than I have received from this people for more than thirty years.'

"At Duxbury Father Taylor was at home. It was his 'old stamping-ground,' a great day for many of his companions in arms, who had now grown old, but who had labored long years before with him. He met, besides, very many who were seals of his early ministry. He preached as he alone could preach. It was a torrent of poetry, philosophy, pathos, such as seldom fell from mortal lips. He referred to early days, days of doubt and anxiety, and of the grand triumphs of the cause. He had a stock of pleasant reminiscences of the past; and he talked to those gray-haired men and women, calling them 'his children,' until tears fell, and sobs were heard on every side; and, when he referred to their triumphs and to those who had gone before, such shouts and expressions of praise were heard as seldom fell from the lips of even such servants of God as Fathers Chandler and Delano, of precious memory in that church.

"Our visit was made at the time of the great anti-slavery excitement, when churches, and even good men, were divided on that all-absorbing question, so happily settled now. There had been secession there, headed by Hon. Seth Sprague, a stanch antislavery man, of great influence and ability. Excitement ran high, a new church had been built, and some excitable persons had gone so far as to nail up the doors of their pews in the old church to prevent their occupancy by those left behind. Although Father Taylor never fully sympathized with the anti-slavery movement, he had the greatest love and profoundest respect for the 'old church,' and to touch that was to

touch the apple of his eye. He offered his arm to one of the old elect ladies (Miss D.) to escort her home. She was one of his earliest converts. As was natural, almost the first question asked after the usual salutations, was, 'Well, Father Taylor, what do you think of us secessionists?' — 'Think,' said he, pushing his spectacles nervously farther up on his forehead, — 'think? I think you will all go to hell.' — 'Oh, dear!' was the reply, '*can* you think so?' — 'Yes,' said he, with more emphasis; and then launched out in bitter denunciations of those who would ruin the 'old hive.' — 'Oh, dear!' said she: 'Father Taylor, what can we, what shall we do?' — 'Do!' said he, 'there is but one thing to do: you have got to weep tears enough to rust out all those nails, or you will all go to hell together.'

"In heated discussion Father Taylor was sometimes at fault in judgment, and even on ordinary occasions; but there was one place in which he was always right, and where he shone pre-eminent as a man of God. It was when he talked religious experience. I shall never forget his talk, one evening, in the family of Capt. Windsor, with whom we were stopping, and 'the oldest captain of the port,' he called him. His conversation was prolonged, after we had retired for the night. He showed that he literally 'walked with God,' as the choicest gems of Christian experience fell from his lips. He talked as one who had been in the inner chamber, and seen the Master face to face. And this was not unusual. Those who knew him best, and to whom in his moments of rapt devotion

he unbosomed himself thus, came from his presence feeling that the celestial fire was burning in his heart, and that his tender, burning words were those of one who had been taught in the school of Christ."

He remained on this circuit one year, when he was sent to Falmouth and Sandwich; in 1821 to Sandwich and Harwich; in 1822 to Harwich and Barnstable; in 1823 to Fairhaven and New Bedford; in 1824 to Martha's Vineyard; in 1825 to Milford; in 1826 to Bristol, R.I.; and in 1827 and 1828 to Fall River and Little Compton.

Of his work in these places we have gathered a few reminiscences. At Barnstable, he was especially troubled with the cold formalism of the Orthodox churches. Rev. Mr. Burr was the Congregational preacher in Sandwich, Rev. Mr. Pratt at West Barnstable, and Rev. Mr. Alden at Yarmouthport. In preaching Methodist doctrine, he often came in sharp collision with these clergymen, and did not always regard the proprieties of the debate. At one of his regular sabbath services in Barnstable, he especially remembered these men in his prayer, saying, "Bless meek Burr, proud Pratt, and old wicked Alden." They survived this Scotch blessing, and probably reciprocated it. The worthy descendant of John Alden, whom he thus hotly characterized, no doubt paid him back in good coin; and they would have been good friends had they afterwards come together; for he never loved any persons better than those with whom he had fierce contentions.

The private house of Prince Hinckley, close by

what is known as the Nine-mile Pond in Barnstable, was one of his regular preaching places. One cold day, while the snow was still on the ground, some candidates were ready to be baptized by immersion. Some rude fellows standing by were speaking in an undertone of the cold bath ; but he overheard them, and spoke out loudly, saying, —

> " Brethren, if your hearts are warm,
> Snow and ice can do no harm."

At one of his services, some scoffers were speaking lightly of his meetings, when one of their number said (not expecting to be heard), " Well, these Methodists do beat the Devil." He overheard them, and responded quickly, " One here has just said, 'Well, these Methodists do beat the Devil.' He is just right about that. That is just our business, and we are doing the best we can."

When Lorenzo Dow came to the Cape to preach, E. T. Taylor was the only minister who showed him any favor, and he rendered him much assistance in going from place to place, and in gathering congregations.

The circuit preacher tried it once too many times on the " meek Pratt." While this minister was at one time preaching in a schoolhouse, Taylor came in late, and remained in the entry near the door, where the preacher did not see him. As soon as the sermon was ended, he stepped in, and, without any invitation, or even permission, he attempted to demolish the arguments of the preacher. Mr. Pratt remained

cool and silent, and closed the meeting without as much as attempting any reply, and this coolness secured him the sympathy of the audience.

He came to Sandwich to lecture on temperance, driving from Plymouth with mud to his wagon-axles, getting there at ten o'clock at night. The Unitarian minister had lectured, but the people voted to stay and hear Father Taylor. He opened in his characteristic way, quoting the proverb, "Better late than never," and adding that he "had never worked so hard in his life before to be late."

Upon the completion of the ship "Edward Everett" at Sandwich, a collation was held on board, at which Father Taylor was present.

Mr. Everett proposed the following toast: "It is said that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but we have a Taylor who has made many men." Father Taylor responded: "There may be some here who are not acquainted with the origin of this saying, and I will relate it. A man in England once became greatly discouraged in his business affairs, and called at a tailor's shop, where nine tailors were at work, each of whom gave him a sixpence. This so encouraged the poor man, that he set himself diligently at work to gather a fortune: he soon became rich, and had painted on the panel of his coach, 'Nine tailors made me a man.'"

Of his residence in Martha's Vineyard, we have these reminiscences through the favor of Richard L. Pease, Esq.: —

"At the conference of 1824, Father Taylor was

appointed to Martha's Vineyard, — the whole island then forming one circuit, but now having four Methodist churches and as many preachers.

"Although then only about thirty years of age, he appeared much older. Those characteristic lines so deeply engraven on his memorable face had even then begun to appear. The wearing of spectacles, seldom less than two pairs at once, in no small degree served to strengthen this conviction.

"Such were his activity and zeal in those days, that all parts of his charge had due attention, and shared in his labors. Boy as I then was, I can distinctly remember how cheerfully he spoke of 'stepping over to Holmes Hole,' a distance of eight miles. Armed with his memorable black cane, he quickly completed his journey, coming in from his long walk fresh and ready for duty. In those days there was no small amount of opposition to the doctrines now so universally accepted as truth; and, of course, combativeness was not unfrequently called into action.

"The venerable Rev. Joseph Thaxter, who, in June, 1825, the year after Mr. Taylor was stationed at Martha's Vineyard, officiated as chaplain at the time when Lafayette laid the corner-stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument, was then pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Edgartown, and had been for upwards of forty years. A soldier in the Revolutionary War, — being chaplain in Prescott's regiment, and for many years the only minister in his town, settled by the joint vote of the town and the Church, — it is not strange that he, imperious and positive as he was

by nature, should feel deeply aggrieved when others, teaching doctrines which he did not believe, and holding night-meetings, especially abhorrent to the staid conservatives of those days, came unbidden by him, into his parish, where he had so long held absolute and undisputed sway, and sought to gather the sheep of his flock into their folds. On one occasion he raised his cane over the head of young Taylor; but he did not strike, a soft answer turning away wrath. In his services on the following sabbath Mr. Taylor fervently prayed for his aged foe, asking God that '*every hair of his venerable head might be hung with a jewel.*'

"The labors of the year were blessed with fruit. Hon. Thomas Bradley, long an influential citizen of Holmes Hole, and a pillar in the Methodist Church in that village, still spared and still zealous in the cause he then learned to love, was one of those given to him as seals of his ministry. Some years afterwards, while Father Taylor was in the midst of his labors in Boston, he was present at an evening meeting, where there was some failure to respond with satisfactory readiness to the warm and glowing appeals of the pastor, who turned to Mr. Bradley, whom he had descried in the audience, saying, 'Brother Bradley, are you dead or alive? If alive, we want to hear from you.' The prompt response was highly gratifying; and Father Taylor said, 'There, I knew he was alive. He is one of *my* children, and *they* live forever!'

"No man better knew how to reach the hearts and

the pockets, when desirable, of seamen. Appealing to their benevolence one day, he said, 'All of you who have not spent your money for grog will, of course, have something to give to-day; and now I shall know, shipmates, which of you keep sober.'

"Father Taylor held services often on board of ships just about to leave port on a long cruise after whales. In these services, the first, it is believed, held on board of ships in our harbor, there was much to enlist the sympathy of all who participated in them. The owners, who had large material interests at stake, subject to the perils of the seas and the vicissitudes of a voyage rarely less than three years long, were deeply anxious as to the result, so uncertain and far off. Friends were about to be long sundered, and were worshipping together for the last time possibly. The mariners themselves, some of whom were making their first voyage, while others had often before known the bitterness of parting from the dear ones, were in that mood of mind that led them to listen with more than wonted feeling to the sympathizing words of one who had himself been a sailor. It is not strange, that, on such occasions, the words of one so tender as Father Taylor should stir the soul to its inmost depths.

"His manner of greeting is well remembered. At the close of an excellent evening meeting, not satisfied with a simple hand-shaking with one of the most worthy men of his church, the late Capt. Chase Pease, he threw his arms around his shoulders, and pressing down upon them, in his peculiar way, exclaimed in earnest tones, '*Salt!*' 'SALT!'

"Speaking of himself in one of his discourses while on the island, he said, 'I do not want to be buried in the ground when I die. But bury me, rather, in the deep blue sea, where the coral rocks shall be my pillow, and the seaweeds shall be my winding-sheet, and where the waves of the ocean shall sing my requiem for ever and ever.'"

This last remark was given somewhat differently on another occasion, and was done into verse by Charles M. F. Deems, and published in "The Christian Advocate." This is the new version in prose and poetry: —

"When I die, I wish you to take me to my own pure salt sea and bury me; where I have bespoken the seaweed for my winding-sheet, the coral for my coffin, and the sea-shells for my tombstone." — REV. E. T. TAYLOR.

"The seaweed shall be my winding-sheet,
And the coral shall be my coffin meet,
The beautiful shells shall my form secrete;
And the swelling surge,
As it dashes proudly to the shore,
With the solemn music of its roar,
On the wings of the whistling wind shall pour
My wild, sad dirge."

For four years longer he continued in these journeyings, often by the deep sea, only once getting away from the music of its roar, when he was sent to Milford and Hopkinton. At last, in 1828, while preaching at Fall River, his time came. The Boston Methodists had a chapel left vacant by the erection of a new church, and they desired that it should be appro-

priated to the sailors. That desire was fostered by the thought that so fit a man to instruct them and lead them in the way that they should go was wandering along the shore, his talents half used, and his great ability half squandered. The man and the mission met, and Father Taylor took up his abode in Boston.

VII.

THE BETHEL ENTERPRISE.

Finds his Place. — His Wife's Story of their Coming to Boston. — Rev. George S. Noyes's Narrative of the Origin and Growth of the Port Society. — Its Bethel. — Store. — Aid Society to Seamen's Families.—Mariner's House. — Its Chief Helpers, Messrs. Motley, Barrett, and Fearing. — Mr. Holbrook's Narrative of the Beginning of the Movement. — First Sermon in the First Bethel. — The Methodists originate the Enterprise. — The Unitarians accept it, and carry it forward. — The New Church. — Its Dedication. — Out at Sea.

FATHER TAYLOR had been a member of the Church seventeen years, a licensed preacher thirteen, and a travelling preacher nine years before he reached the real beginning of his life-work and renown. He was in the juicy prime of his manhood, not far from thirty-five years old, when he leaped upon the quarter deck, where he held such sway for nearly half a century. He had begun in this line and had steadily and unconsciously pursued it. His conversion was in a tarpaulin hat and sailor's jacket; his first sermons were to sailors; his prayers and preaching were full of the salt, salt sea; his circuits had hugged the beach. They had only once got so far inland that he could not in an hour

> "Travel thither,
> And see the children play upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

E. S. Taylor

From Scituate round about to Newport he had illumined the South Shore, the Cape, the Vineyard, and the Narraganset with his tongue of fire. His only two preaching places north of Boston when he began to teach and to preach were by the shore of the sounding sea,—Saugus and Marblehead. There was a fascination in it to him, and in him to it, which seemed to be mutually irresistible. Nay, there was a divinity that shaped this end. The doom of his life was on one line from the start. The runaway lad from a Virginia plantation took the strange freak for a Southern lad of going to sea, with an unconscious drawing of Providence. As Farragut left the hills of Tennessee, and struggled through the Naval Academy in order that he might become the naval deliverer of his country; so Edward Thomson Taylor went forth, not knowing whither or wherefore he went. "The child was father of the man," in conduct no less than in character. And in his happy case he found

> "His days to be,
> Joined each to each in natural piety."

How this last and permanent manner of his life began to be, may be best told in the words of his wife. In her journal she relates, not only the reasons for his coming, but her own conversion to the seamen, and an interesting incident which inaugurated his Port career. It was almost as important an event in the history of the Bethel for "Mother Taylor" to get her heart turned to the work, as it was for Father Taylor

to be appointed unto it. Thus she records the facts in her journal, written in the year 1868, just on the close of her long and loving life : —

"In the year 1828 we were stationed in Fall River. This was our second year. In October the Methodists in Boston sent for Mr. Taylor to preach to the seamen in a vacated church, the first one built by the Methodists, as an experiment. The house was filled to overflowing and the result was the moving of our family from Fall River to Boston in 1829. Mr. Taylor was in his element. Having been a sailor himself, his heart yearned for the conversion of his brethren of the sea; and his soul was cheered in seeing them come home to God. The Methodists did not feel able or sufficiently interested to sustain an institution for seamen. The house was to be sold; and Mr. Taylor went South and begged the money with which the house was purchased, thus establishing preaching for seamen. When we first came to Boston, I did not worship constantly at the Bethel, but joined the Bennet-street Methodist Church, where I continued to worship for some three or four years, laboring with and for others, not my husband's people. I felt the need of sympathy, which I thought I could not have with them.

"About this time I had a very bad cough, grew very feeble, and it was thought I should live but a short time. During this season of illness, I decided, that, if I recovered, I would devote myself to my husband's people, doing as I had done before coming to Boston, consider them *our people*, and get my good in trying to do good among them. A circumstance transpired when Mr. Taylor first came to Boston worthy of note. A dissipated man, an infidel, despising religion and every thing good, dreamed that a stranger was coming to Boston, and he must go and hear him preach. The good Spirit followed him; he went to church; and when he saw the preacher he exclaimed, 'That is the man I saw in my dream.' Before the sermon closed, he came forward to the altar, begging to be prayed for and with. This was the first fruit of Mr. Taylor's labors in Boston. God gave him this soul.

"He was naturally a great man, was talented and of good education, but was very uninviting in personal appearance, almost to loathsomeness, from his long-continued dissipation. Yet, as he grew into the new life, his flesh became like the flesh of a babe; and after twenty years, as I looked for the last time upon his body sleeping in death, I praised God for such a trophy of divine grace.

"He was beautiful to look upon; and I felt that though dead he was saying, 'Home at last! home at last!' Glory to God for a religion that can save to the uttermost all that come unto him through Jesus, blessed name! Blessed Saviour! this blood avails for me.

"The little church in 'Methodist Alley' soon became too strait; and when the Boston merchants learned what was doing and what ought to be done for those who had been left so long to exclaim, 'No man careth for my soul,' they aroused themselves. One Unitarian gentleman, Nathaniel A. Barrett, Esq., wrote one hundred notifications, and left them himself at the doors of the merchants, calling a meeting of his brethren, the Unitarians. They responded at once, being a people always waiting and ready to do good, collected money, and built the present church in North Square. The Unitarians have been our warmest friends, and have answered to every call for the benefit of Ocean's children. They have given money by thousands upon thousands, until church and boarding-house are free from debt. Yet still we ask, and are allowed to do so, whenever money is wanted. How often I wish they could hear the seamen speak of their hope of heaven through the benefit they have derived from a Home and a Bethel Church! I think the merchants would feel that they were drawing great interest for the invested money; and, if prayers and good wishes will save them, they will all be saved. How wonderfully our heavenly Father has blessed us all these years! Many, many sons of the deep have we seen brought home to God; and yet we are laboring on, and perhaps never more successfully than at present. Though we are growing old, our strength is not abated, and our spirits, yet active, are striving to save souls. We live to labor, and labor to live."

Just before her entrance upon this new and stable life, Mrs. Taylor writes thus trustingly: —

"*March* 17, 1827. — The Lord knows what is best for us; and, if we have trials, they are good to refine us. I have no right to expect any more than my daily bread. I hope I shall have faith to believe he orders all things right, and to trust the Lord, who heareth the young ravens when they cry."

A more full history of this beginning has been kind-

ly prepared for this volume by Father Taylor's successor, the Rev. George N. Noyes, which details all the steps by which this noble charity has been led these forty years of labor, sacrifice, and reward.

HISTORY OF THE BOSTON PORT SOCIETY, AND ITS AUXILIARY, THE SEAMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

"The period that marked Father Taylor's entrance upon the work of the Christian ministry was one of slight appreciation, sad neglect, and unsparing abuse of the hardy sons of old ocean. That the young sailor-preacher should from the start espouse their cause, and earnestly advocate their claims to more humane and Christian treatment, was but natural. His stirring appeals in their behalf aroused the moral sense, the sympathies, and the energies of the people.

In November, 1828, a movement was inaugurated whose beneficent results to seamen will be the theme of song and story with myriads of redeemed souls throughout the coming ages. A company of members of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, so the first report of the Port Society of Boston and vicinity represents, came together for the purpose of organizing a society whose avowed object should be the moral and religious elevation of seamen. This led to the formation of the Port Society of the city of Boston and vicinity, which was incorporated the following February, with the following-named persons as its board of managers: William True, William Dyer, Warren Bowker, Thomas Patten, Oliver Train, Noah

K. Skinner, George Sutherland, Jacob Foster, John Templeton, Thomas Bagnall, George Bowers, William Parker, Samuel F. Holbrook, William W. Motley, and James Hutchinson. Of the fifteen persons thus constituting its first board of management, nine were Methodists, and, we think, members of the Bromfield-street Methodist Episcopal Church.

The first annual meeting of the society was held Jan. 1, 1829; and the first work done in the line of its avowed object was the establishment of a Seamen's Bethel in this city, of which Rev. E. T. Taylor was to be the pastor. From the predominance of Methodists in the inaugural movement one would have supposed that a Methodist Bethel would have been established; and, indeed, many have regarded the Seamen's Bethel as thus connected. Such, however, was not the intention, and is not the fact. In this, we think, the wisdom of the original movers in the enterprise was displayed. The Methodists were not then, as now, rich and influential; and the financial burden of such an institution could not have been borne. Hence their establishment of an interest to be regarded as perfectly free from sectarian bias. This is evident from a glance at the original constitution. This document, though containing a provision that the occupant of the Bethel pulpit should be appointed by the bishop or bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, yet reserved to the board of managers of the society the privilege of electing otherwise by a two-thirds vote.

We find also this significant restriction. "This

society shall never, either directly or indirectly, in its object, influences, or tendencies, have in any degree a sectarian character." It further made it obligatory upon its minister or chaplain to introduce such persons as, upon profession of faith in Christ, desired to become members of other churches to the pastors thereof.

It will thus be seen that wise precautions were taken at the start, by the framers of the constitution, to establish and perpetuate a non-denominational Seamen's Bethel. And thus the criticisms upon Father Taylor's failure to make the Bethel a Methodist institution are shorn of their force. The judgment of those who laid the keel of the Bethel-ship embraced no such result. That Father Taylor accorded with this policy is evident from the fact that he rigidly enforced it. For though himself a Methodist, — and none who knew him will accuse him of having ever betrayed the church of his choice, — the Bethel has ever been non-denominational.

Immediately upon his appointment, at the session of the New-England Conference, in 1829, as Mariner's Preacher at Boston, the Port Society took steps to procure a suitable place for religious services. The old Methodist-alley Chapel, the cradle of Boston Methodism, being unoccupied, it was selected; and here the eloquent preacher commenced the life-work to which he was unquestionably especially called. Having negotiated for the transfer of the church property, effort was made to raise the demanded equivalent among the friends of seamen in Boston.

This effort failing, Father Taylor was sent South to collect the requisite amount, — two thousand dollars. This work kept him employed quite a portion of the years 1830 and 1831. But he succeeded, and returned with twenty-one hundred dollars, and the church was paid for.

While preaching here, so marked was his success and matchless his eloquence, that he awakened a deep interest in the enterprise he represented among the merchants of Boston and the public generally. The result was that the Port Society decided to hold their third anniversary in some prominent and central place, and set forth more publicly the nature and demands of the work. The late Rev. Dr. Gannett's, then Rev. Dr. Channing's, church was selected. Among the notables present at this meeting was Rev. Dr. Fisk. Immediately after this meeting a public meeting of the Boston merchants was called to consider the claims of seamen, and devise measures to meet the same. The inauguration of this movement is largely due to the enthusiasm and activity of one of the life-long friends of Father Taylor and the Bethel, N. A. Barrett, Esq. This meeting was held in Marine Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1832. Hon. William Sturgis, another of the Bethel's friends and patrons, presided, and N. A. Barrett, Esq., was chosen secretary.

The object of the meeting was presented by the secretary, and freely discussed. The work of the Port Society, the marked ability and fitness of its eloquent chaplain, and the demand for his hearty support, were earnestly stated.

Then and there the Boston Port Society was adopted and provided for by the merchants of the city; and a committee was appointed to raise money to build a church for Rev. E. T. Taylor, to be held and used in accordance with the provisions of the constitution of the society under whose auspices he labored. This committee, at whose head we find the name of Hon. William Sturgis, at once applied themselves to the work to which they were appointed; and the following year, 1833, realized the completion, at a cost of twenty-four thousand dollars, of the world-known edifice, the Seamen's Bethel, North Square, Boston.

During the erection of the church Father Taylor was absent on a European tour, from which he returned to find it ready for his occupancy. It soon became the centre of attraction among the churches of the city, its capacity to afford even standing-room being frequently exhausted.

By this liberality and enterprise, the Boston Port Society was relieved of its embarrassment, and well furnished unto its good work. The now recognized patrons of this enterprise being largely, if not entirely, from the Unitarian denomination, the original movers in the effort saw the propriety of their being disconnected with its management. Hence the gradual withdrawal of the Methodists from the board, and the filling of their places with those who assumed its financial burdens.* The awakened interest in seamen that gave to them the Bethel, resulted about the same

* Its president, William W. Motley, Esq., who held that office for some time after this, was a Methodist.

THE SEAMEN'S BETHEL.

Erected by the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society, A.D. 1833.

Still standing, 1904.

time in the incorporation of the Suffolk Savings Bank, designed at first to be exclusively devoted to seamen.

Thus the great apostle to seamen saw the fruit of his efforts rapidly accumulating, abundantly assuring him that his "labor" had not been "in vain in the Lord."

It was now seen, that, in the absence of their natural protectors, the wives and children of seamen must suffer great privations, and there arose in the hearts of a few ladies in the city a desire to do something for their relief.

The Bethel pastor being absent in Europe, the ladies conferred with Mrs. Taylor, and suggested a plan for action. She heartily co-operated in the movement. Steps were at once taken to form a society for the relief of seamen and their families. Many readily responded to the call, though some gave it the cold shoulder; but the rest were determined, and succeeded. The Society was organized Jan. 8, 1833, and immediately commenced work. A fair was held in a room in the Masonic Temple in February, from which the handsome sum of nine hundred and fourteen dollars was realized, which gave the Society a good start. The same month there was received from the Boston Port Society, through its president, William W. Motley, Esq., "a proposition that the Seamen's Aid Society become an auxiliary to the Boston Port Society, and act in concert with them." This proposition was adopted.

In December of this year a vote was passed appro-

priating three hundred dollars toward the establishment of a clothing-store, from which work should be supplied to the wives, widows, and daughters of seamen, *and a just price should be paid them for their labor.*

In accordance with this vote, the following month a room was hired in the Bethel building to be used as a store. A seamen's widow was also hired as a supervisor, to cut and give out the work, and a committee to make the purchases. On the 28th of February the Seamen's Aid Society store was opened to the public, for the sale of such articles as are usually wanted by seamen. Difficulty in getting work done well and neatly being realized, it was thought advisable to open a sewing-school for girls, which was done in May, 1836; girls being taught therein not only to make shirts neatly, but to make and mend their own garments.

In 1837 the assistance of the ladies was desired in arranging and establishing a seamen's boarding-house, to be conducted on strictly temperance principles. Not deeming it best to risk the funds of the Society in any new project at that time, they offered to solicit funds from their friends for this purpose. In a few weeks a thousand dollars in cash and furniture were procured, and the house was dedicated in May, by religious services, and opened for boarders under the management of a committee of gentlemen.

In January, 1839, it was found that after six years' of existence, the members of the Society had increased

to five hundred. A Seamen's Aid clothing-store had been established, to the business of which five thousand nine hundred and ninety-four dollars had been appropriated. A free school for seamen's daughters had been in operation nearly three years, at an expense of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Fourteen hundred and fifty-nine dollars had been given to widows and destitute seamen. And five thousand one hundred and seventy-nine dollars had been paid to work-women.

In April, 1842, the ladies assumed the responsibility of the management of the seamen's boarding-house, and were quite fortunate in securing the services of Mr. and Mrs. William Broadhead to take the charge of it. In 1845, at the suggestion of the Hon. Albert Fearing, president of the Boston Port Society, the Society asked for and received an act of incorporation; and at the April meeting a message came to them from the managers of the Port Society, stating that they had purchased a lot of land in North Square upon which they would erect a suitable house for a Home for Seamen.

A circular was immediately issued to the friends of the Society and seamen, asking assistance in furnishing such a building. To this a generous response was made. Donations in money were received to the amount of two thousand two hundred and thirty dollars, besides bedding and furniture.

The Mariner's House was completed at a cost of thirty-four thousand dollars; and on March 24, 1847, was dedicated by appropriate religious services, and

opened to seamen. Under the superintendency of Mr. William Broadhead and his successor, Mr. Nathaniel Hamilton, this house has been a great auxiliary to the Bethel and a great blessing to seamen.

Able now to sow beside all waters, and rejoicing in the resulting abundant harvests, the Port Society faithfully applied its means and energies toward the fulfilment of the gracious promise, "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee." Its eloquent, faithful minister received its hearty support and warmest sympathies; and the good work went on, thousands of seamen being born into the kingdom of God, while hundreds of thousands shared the privilege of listening to his wonderful preaching.

We should not omit to mention the Hon. Albert Fearing, the worthy President of the Society for the last thirty years, whose devotion to the Bethel and its interests demands especial commendation. Surrounded by a noble company of gentlemen as associates in the management of the interests of the Society, and ably supported by the late ex-Governor Andrew, and his successor, Hon. Thomas Russell, as corresponding secretary, and the very efficient treasurer, Charles Henry Parker, he has labored with unremitting toil and a zeal worthy of the cause.

The two societies, after successfully laboring as separate organizations, yet in the same cause, for nearly forty years, united their destinies in the year 1867, and became incorporated under the title of "The Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society;" thus retaining their honored names, while they consolidated

THE MARINERS' HOUSE.

Erected by the Boston Port Society, A.D. 1847.

11 North Square, Boston, Mass.

their resources, and more closely united their efforts to maintain and perpetuate the preaching and practice of the gospel to seamen."

This interesting history of the origin and work of the Society is confirmed by a letter received from one of its original founders, Samuel F. Holbrook, Esq., who is the only original member known to be alive, except John Templeton, Esq., of Cambridge. Mr. Holbrook shows that the enterprise had its origin in Methodist zeal; that it was conducted by them through its initiatory stages; that it was not dropped by them through lack of interest, as Mrs. Taylor's journal suggests, but through their own financial feebleness and the growth of their own work; and was not even then surrendered until between two and three thousand dollars had been collected through the Church, and the first chapel had been delivered from its embarrassments. This is his narrative of the steps that led to the organization of this work, and of the first sermon preached in the first bethel by Father Taylor.

VINELAND, Sept. 6, 1871.

"Somewhere about 1825 — the precise year I have no record of* — I was a member of the Methodist church then worshipping in Bromfield Street. About that time the society which had occupied the building in what was then called Methodist Alley had removed to a new church on Bennet Street. Of course the former building was unoccupied. Four of us brethren, namely, William Parker, Mr. Bowers, W. W. Motley, and myself met for consultation, and agreed to lease the old house, and establish a Seaman's Bethel. We mentioned it to our brethren, who all thought favorably of it. Our business was now to obtain

* It was in 1828.

funds and to secure the lease. We obtained the lease without difficulty, but found the collecting funds was up-hill work. The next thing in order was procuring a suitable preacher. A green landsman or a worn-out old fogy* would not answer. Through Divine Providence we heard of a young man who was preaching at Fall River, who had served on board a privateer during the War of 1812. His name was Taylor. We accordingly communicated with him, and obtained his consent to preach for us on trial. Our finances being limited, we could not fix upon a salary then. The project being looked upon favorably by all to whom we made known our design, we assumed the responsibility, sent notices on board the vessels in the harbor and to the several seamen boarding-houses; also notices were read from the several pulpits. On the following sabbath, which was the coldest day of the winter, the house was crowded to overflowing. Mr. Taylor remarked that the middle portion was devoted to the sons of the ocean. The landsmen must find seats where they could. Too many of them had already occupied the reserved seats. Observing some seamen entering the door and looking round for seats, he called to them from the ample pulpit, 'Here, boys, come up here.' The singing was sublime. Then followed the prayer, which, from its simplicity and fervor, affected every heart. Another beautiful hymn was sung; and then came the sermon, from the 147th Psalm, 17th verse, — 'Who can stand before his cold?' — a very appropriate text for the day, for it was terribly cold. The sermon was just the one for the occasion, full of pathos, and earnestness for the welfare of seamen. A good collection was taken up, which was quite encouraging.† We had each pledged ourselves to put twenty-five cents in the contribution-box every Sunday, besides accepting the liability of defraying all expenses. We had not yet made any definite arrangement with Mr. Taylor respecting his salary, he being willing to take what we could raise.

"It soon became evident, however, that his wants exceeded our capacity; so we commenced begging, and suggested to him a tour through our neighboring seaport towns, in which he was successful; but, on his return homeward, he was robbed of every cent which he had obtained. This loss did not discourage us. We found friends who assisted us in our trouble, the main part of which was to make our minister comfortable.

*This word had not then been invented, but it seems that there was need for it.

†Another person, who says he was present, says that the collection amounted to seventy-five cents.

"At about this juncture some of our prominent merchants of the Unitarian order, who had taken quite an interest in Mr. Taylor, made the following proposition to him: namely, that if he would allow ministers of other denominations the use of his pulpit, they would erect a suitable chapel, and give him a competent salary. This offer was at once accepted; and this was the origin of the Seamen's Bethel in North Square, Boston. Under this arrangement our original trusteeship was dissolved. But, notwithstanding Mr. Taylor's willingness to come under the proposition of the Unitarians with regard to sectarian distinctions in the management of the Bethel, I believe he never deviated in the smallest point from the true evangelical doctrine taught by the apostles."

It will be seen from these narratives that the origin of this Society was with the Methodists. They were led to it by these considerations, — a vacant house, a fitting preacher, and a desire to save neglected souls. The opportunity and the man came together, and their zeal outran their discretion in attempting even to carry out so grand a design. A little chapel of the humblest sort had been used for a score of years in Methodist Alley, as it was then known, Hanover Alley as it is called to-day. They had long before outgrown it in numbers, but had not felt able to arise and build a more commodious and befitting edifice. The time had come at last; and Bennet-street Church was completed, a comely structure for the times, and still an attractive temple, occupied by the Freewill Baptists. A heavy debt encumbered it; and the brethren, struggling under this load, could neither help the Bethel movement financially, nor even grant them the use of their old chapel gratuitously. They could only give it their best wishes and prayers, and the services of a very remarkable preacher.

Yet to even project such an enterprise in their financial poverty, if such a juxtaposition is proper, showed a breadth of faith that has but few equals in church history.

The Bromfield-street Church, having got established in their chapel, and being in a somewhat better condition, though without any wealthy members, came to the aid of their North-End brethren; and the second society formed in Puritan Boston for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the seamen was organized, as we have seen, under their auspices and of their leading men. The gentlemen mentioned by Mr. Noyes as its original founders were the chiefs of the Bromfield-street Church for many years.

It should be remembered also that at this time Boston was the leading seaport of the country. New York held the second place, which Boston has to now accept. Her wharves were crowded with ships of every clime, — steamers were not, — and the European as well as Asiatic commerce flowed to her doors. The shipyards at Medford, Newburyport, Duxbury, and other ports along the coast, only fed her coffers. The seamen of all lands wandered her streets, and were beguiled to ruin through her temptations. The poor, unknown Methodists looked and saw that there was no man: they beheld, and there was no intercessor. They yearned over these lost sheep of the house of Israel, these sons of their own soil; for American sailors were then nearly all Americans, and not as now largely of other lands.

They saw their young brother of rare fitness for

this work. He had not struck the best appointments, nor was he likely so to do. The rounded requirements of the leading churches did not fit his genius. He was really running to waste on these sea-girt circuits. The landsmen and he had much in common; but he must preach to them from a deck, and not a pulpit, if he would be himself most perfectly, or master them most completely. It was partly to save Edward T. Taylor, as well as the seamen, that they projected the Bethel. He had already created great *furore* as a camp-meeting and even as a conference preacher; he was widely popular as an occasional revivalist; and yet his brethren, lay and clerical, who loved and honored him, who discerned his talents and the place they should occupy, — such men as Binney and Pickering, Fisk and Hedding, — also saw that he could not attain to excellence, except as a seamen's preacher in a city centre.

It was therefore under this especial presence of the man, that they availed themselves of the opportunity.

It should also be said, that while our Unitarian friends deserve great praise for their labors and sacrifices in this noble work, they could hardly have had all this honor to themselves, had they not at that time possessed nearly all the wealth of the city. All the old Puritan churches, with one exception (Old South), were in their hands. The few Congregationalists were struggling hard to recover their lost position; and in their two or three new enterprises, those of Park Street, and Beecher's in Hanover

Street, were involved beyond all power to engage in outside labors. The Baptists were not much in advance of the Methodists in wealth, though a century and a half older in years. The Episcopalians were "a feeble folk" in numbers, though a few wealthy people were among them. They, too, had lost their chief church, and were impoverished by the sacrifice.

The mass of the business, wealth, and enterprise of the city was in the hands of the Unitarians. Mrs. Seaton, wife of Mr. Seaton, firm of Gales and Seaton of "The Washington Globe," describes those of that era in the late memoirs of her husband in the following terms: —

"Massachusetts generally is Unitarian, its learned men and professors being for the most part decidedly averse to the inculcation of Trinitarian doctrines. Most of the eminent clergymen of Boston have seceded. Many of the most intellectual and pious strangers, as well as citizens among our acquaintance, agree perfectly in this gospel doctrine."

This was written in 1822, and circumstances were not materially altered six years later. They still retained the almost exclusive control of the wealth and influence of the city.

Such gentlemen, engaged in commerce, feeling that the morals of their employees were in a large degree in their own responsibility, especially when in their own city, had only to have this duty brought before them, to engage ardently in its performance.

Yet Mr. Barrett, who is so justly commended by Mrs. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Noyes, had to labor hard

and long before he could awaken their interest in this cause. They did not respond so readily as might be supposed from this just eulogium. No men do to a new reform. The cry is in the wilderness and to indifferent ears long before it is proclaimed on the housetops to listening thousands. He endeavored to get the Board of Trade interested and failed. He at last allured a company together by invitations, without giving the object, and, when assembled, let in upon them the rare phenomenon of the sailor preacher. The tact of the merchant and the talent of the preacher wrought together to create a society and organize victory.

It will be seen, too, how, from the necessities of the case, a great freedom must characterize the pulpit of the Bethel. The preacher really had no other possible way. He could not carry out his enterprise but for wealth that would not be given save for this liberty. As chaplains of State institutions, and of armies cannot recognize any sect in the use of their pulpit, so Father Taylor was shut up to this course. That he embraced it cordially, was agreeable to his nature. He used it wisely, and never failed to fulfil his own mission, both in his own pulpit and in those he visited. Christ and Him crucified, his Saviour and the Saviour of all men, especially of them who believe, was his ceaseless theme. In its presentation he spoke with all boldness; and many who had never otherwise heard of this loving Saviour, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, were

charmed into listening, reception, and salvation through his charming oratory.

How the little chapel and its live preacher appeared before the statelier edifice was erected, we have already learned from one witness. Another, a former pastor of the same church, Rev. A. D. Sargent, adds his testimony : —

"When Father Taylor was called to Boston to preach to the sailors, he was on Hopkinton and Milford circuit. Rev. S. Martindale, who was then stationed in Boston, took a very active part in the formation of the Seamen's Friend or Port Society; and the constitution was so drawn at the first as to require the annual appointment of the preacher by the bishop of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, attending the New-England Conference. Father Taylor commenced his labors in the old Methodist-alley Church. That house would accommodate probably about five or six hundred hearers. It had galleries on the sides and at the entrance end. It had a high pulpit, and was a plain house in its windows, doors, pews, and all its fixtures. When he preached in it, it would be crowded to its utmost capacity : the people would fill the alley in front of the house. Not infrequently he would preach four times in the day, — at $10\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, — three times in the old house, and at $5\frac{1}{2}$, P.M., in some other place. He generally did work enough for two men, and always with great force and eloquence. He had his poor times and his occasions of great freedom of thought and flow of feeling. He had almost an unbounded flow of animal spirits, which,

mingled with pious desire to do good, and a wonderful use of language, could but make him eloquent. It has been often said when he prayed there was nothing too high, too low, or too broad, but he could find language to meet the case, to the surprise and admiration of all."

This chapel, as we have seen, soon became too strait for its crowd of landsmen and seamen. The wealth and culture of the city poured into the little conventicle, and Hanover Street was crowded with comers and goers. The untaught sailor was master of Boston. It was easy to move forward. The first step, that costs, had been taken. The Methodist Port Society had initiated the movement. The men of other persuasions, of larger wealth and numbers, must carry it forward. The next steps follow; and in four years after he enters the city, an unknown preacher except to his equally unknown church, he is its acknowledged popular pulpit orator, in possession of one of its finest chapels, in one of its best locations.

The Bethel, though it looks uncomely by the side of later structures, was one of the best churches in the city at the time of its erection. It was superior to the new Methodist church in Bennet Street, in cost, size, aspect, and situation; superior, externally, to Ralph Waldo Emerson's church; equal to Dr. Wayland's church and Dr. Parkman's; hardly inferior to the new one built for Dr. Beecher. It was centrally and finely located, on a goodly square, fronting on a popular street, close to the second, if not the chief business street of the city. He stood in as good

a pulpit as his neighbors, and in as notable a place. Near him resided many of the wealthy and most of the middle class. The foreigners had not yet taken possession of the North End; and weddings as stately, from residences as lordly, as those described by Mrs. Stowe in "Oldtown Folks," were still celebrated at Christ Church, only a block or two from the Bethel, and could be witnessed by the little girl in Dr. Beecher's house and the sailor-preacher in North Square. He had changed from the wandering circuit-rider to the city's favorite. He had left the schoolhouse and shingle chapel for a brick edifice of port and eminence. He had entered the choicest society of the haughtiest of American towns as freely and easily as if to the manor born. He even added that still rare, and then most infrequent education, a European tour, to his accomplishments, and vaulted at once, by this experience, to the top even of the culture of his church and the community. They forgot the unlettered peddler in the travelled gentleman, the backwoods preacher in the polished Boston orator, to whom all classes delighted to listen.

In his tours among the churches of the city to solicit aid for the building of his church, he dropped many sentences more golden than the gifts he received in return. Among them, Rev. Dr. Waterston reports two. Casting his eye at the pillars of a stately church in which he was soliciting help, he said, "I do not want your arches and draperies and columns for my house. Only give me the shavings that fall from your Corinthian pillars." And again: "Drop

your gold into this ocean, and it will cast a wave on the shores of Europe which will strike back to the islands of the southern sea, and rebound on the northwest coast, and so make the circuit of the world, and strike this port again."

This bold figure did not equal in boldness the actual facts; for every such contribution did undoubtedly in its influence, and even in the persons whom it benefited, traverse the whole earth.

Rev. A. D. Sargent was present at the dedication of the new church, and thus describes the sermon and the scene: —

"I heard Father Taylor preach his dedication sermon of the house in North Square. It was on the text, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men.' It was one of his greatest efforts. It was soon after his return from Europe, and the occasion when he said, 'America is the centre of the world, and the centre of America is Boston, and the centre of Boston is North Square, and the centre of North Square is the Bethel.' He gave the gladiatorial theologian with his sharp points a tremendous thrust. He was emphatically E. T. Taylor in his best mood, holding his congregation in tears or in smiles at his sovereign pleasure."

He is now launched on his own deep. Henceforth our record will not be so much a formal continuance of his life, as a series of pictures taken from that life. From 1829 to 1871 he trod this quarter-deck, its master. The last few years others were more or less closely associated with him in the pastorship; but all these

ministers kindly regarded his wishes and even whims, so closely did he cling to this office and work of his life. He made "the Bethel" famous in all lands. He made that familiar name his own; so that, since Jacob, no one has arisen with whom that word was so closely identified as with Father Taylor. "The Bethel" was no other seamen's chapel. It was his alone. He and it were almost synonymous terms. He was the Bethel, the Bethel was he. If a sailor in any port thought of one, he thought of the other. The blue and white flag that floated over it seemed to dance before their wandering eyes under every sky. The mighty man of God who preached beneath its folds equally presented himself to these floating souls at every port, on every sea. He was their "father" always, and in all places.

So completely did this name and its real import control them, that two sailors, seeking this church one sabbath morning, turned into North Square, beheld the flag flying, and spelled out the letters, "B E T Beat, H E L, Hell, — Beat Hell! That must be Father Taylor's," he cried, and joyfully cast anchor.

Standing in this centre, he did move the world. Though "the hub" is the expression of another, the idea, feeling, and execution were especially his own. North Square was the pedestal, the Bethel the fulcrum, his voice the lever that moved the moving world. Sailors carried his name and influence to all climes; and no temptation befell them that was not resisted by strength he had contributed to impart, or indulged in with remorse that he had been offended.

He might say of himself in his new church and its surroundings of store and boarding-house and multitudinous friends of wealth, piety, and intelligence, as he said of his Mariner's House, when it was opened, and he visited it for the first time: as he entered the door, he paused and said, "Satisfied!"

As he stepped in, looking to the right and left, he still said, "Satisfied!"

As he passed from room to room and from hall to hall, he continued to exclaim, "Satisfied! SATISFIED!"

Herr Teufelsdreuch, of "Sartor Resartus," concludes his biography with his attainment of a professorship. Father Taylor (not Devil-pressed, but Devil-pressing) may have his formal biography end with his entrance into this new church. Henceforth his life flows like a gulf stream round the world, warming the Arctic, cooling the Tropic, — a tide of inspiration and of blessing unto "all that go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters."

VIII.

IN THE BETHEL.

Part of what he said. — "He is Cursing his Mother." — Webster's Death. — Defends Jenny Lind. — "So was I, David." — New Versions of the Doxology. — Mean Christians. — The Come-outer put down. — "My Saviour never made a Shaving!" — "A Gaff-topsail Jacket." — Sailors' Hearts, how big and how sweet. — The Stolen Sermon. — "Follow what you do understand." — When to pray the Lord's Prayer. — Bigotry and Bad Rum. — Mixed Condition of Feeling if not of Faith. — Some Souls don't know where they are. — Orthodox in spite of Himself. — Theodore Parker and the Bible. — Voltaire spoken to. — "Farther than that." — Dedication at Quincy. — Ultra-Catholic Catholicity and Ultra-Orthodox Orthodoxy. — The Devil Upset — "Put Spurs to Lightning, and blow a Trumpet in the Ear of Thunder." — "The Stem-End of a Cucumber." — "Dare not face a Decent Devil." — A Minute-Man. — Plea to a Drunken Hearer. — "Biled Jordan." — Zeal for the Bible. — His Appearance in the Pulpit. — His Preparation and Exhaustion. — Rev. Dr. Waterston's Description of his Power over the Sailors.

THE field into which this young orator had entered was instantly his own. From his first sermon in the little chapel in Methodist Alley to the day his form lay in state in the Bethel, he never ceased to fill it with his presence, and control it by his genius. Those sermons of forty years none can gather up. For thirty years his house was thronged with eager hearers of every rank; but, unfortunately, no stenographer took his place at the table to transmit those flashes

of genius to every eye. Even the prayers, in which more than almost any man's were

> "Thoughts commercing with the skies,"

only leaped from lip to ear, and were forgotten or ere they were born. A very few of the most rich and tender expressions have survived; the most died at their birth. But as a quaint preacher, storming fiercely with voice and form at a camp-meeting, defended his gesticulations by saying, "Paul says, 'Bodily exercise profiteth little,' but I go in for that little," so we must content ourselves with "the little" that is left to us of those

> "Rich words, every one
> Like the gold nails in temples to hang trophies on."

Even these, as retained in the memory of his hearers, are chiefly brief, witty sentences, sharp hits, quick retorts, — sometimes as remarkable for oddity as for wit. He not only wrote out no sermons, his brightest words were hardly even thought out. They were unpremeditated, parenthetical, — flashes of light not to be reported; often, from their wonderful succession, not to be remembered.

Perhaps no reported sentence is better than one with which he closed his description of a young man coming from the country full of good resolutions, stored with good lessons, and falling into one temptation after another, till he had become a degraded castaway. When he seemed to have reached the lowest

depth of horror, he added these words, that thrilled the marrow of the bones: "Hush! shut the windows of heaven. He's cursing his mother!"

His manner no words can describe. Sometimes the expression of his face took the place not only of gestures, but of words. Thus after the death of Daniel Webster, he said, "Once, when the storm gathered, and the ship bowed under the fury of the wind, we looked toward the helm, and we saw Webster there. 'All right, turn in: we can sleep in peace. Now there are mutterings in the air, a war-cloud across the sea: we turn out, we look'" — An expression of blank dismay completed the unfinished sentence, and the church seemed to grow dark with the orator's despair.

Once, when Jenny Lind attended services at the Bethel, Father Taylor, who did not know that she was present, was requested, as he entered the house, to preach on amusements. The church was crowded, and the pulpit and stairs were filled. The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, but approved of music. The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty, and charity of the sweetest of all singers, "now lighted on these shores." Jenny Lind was leaning forward, and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person rose on the pulpit stairs, and inquired whether any one who died at one of Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face, as he glared at the interloper. "A Christian will go to

heaven wherever he dies; and a fool will be a fool wherever he is, — even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

Commencing service once with the reading of the one hundred and twenty-second psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," he stopped and added, "So was I, David."

He was once endeavoring to induce the congregation to join with the choir in sacred song. After some other arguments, he suddenly uttered this well-timed parody. "It is not

> 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'
> And not a morsel down below;

It is not,

> 'Praise Him above, ye heavenly hosts,'
> And down below as dumb as posts."

During the same service a sailor gave vent to his emotions in loud praises, which seemed to slightly embarrass Father Taylor; so, leaning over the desk and stretching his finger toward the shouter, he lovingly said, "Keep still, Jack: we know your latitude and longitude."

In describing certain mean kind of men, he said, "It would take more grace to save such a man than it would take skim-milk to fat an elephant."

And again of a like character, "I would as soon undertake to heat an oven with snow-balls as to get such a man saved."

He allowed no interruptions in his service except such as he chose to make himself, no matter what the pretence. A come-outer, as some rejecters of Christianity were called twenty years ago, went to his church Sunday afternoon, rose, and began to address the assembly.

"Sit down, sir," said Mr. Taylor. "I will do the talking here this afternoon."

"No," said he. "I wish to speak."

"You can't speak here to-day."

"I must speak."

"You can't speak."

"The Holy Ghost sent me here, and gave me permission to speak here to-day."

Father Taylor looked at him in his peculiar manner, and with a peculiar tone of voice said, "You will please give my compliments to the Holy Ghost, and tell him I say you can't speak here to-day. Sit down."

No sooner said than done. The man sat down, was silent during the meeting, and never disturbed him again.

Young ministers sometimes feared to preach before him, he was so sharp and amusing in his criticisms; but there was never a tone of unkindness, unless there was a marked appearance of pretence about the man. A young man, in referring to the period between the twelfth and thirtieth years of the Saviour's life, remarked, that the Gospels were silent in reference to them, but that probably he remained with his parents, following faithfully the trade of Joseph, as was the

custom in Jewish families. "My Saviour never made a shaving!" shouted Father Taylor, as the sermon closed, and he sprung to his feet. "He did not confine himself to this narrow home of his human nature, but passed freely from his parents in Nazareth to his Father in heaven, during this period of eighteen years."

Some thirty years ago, when swallow-tail coats were in vogue, one of that kind came stalking into his church. Father Taylor called out to his sexton, "Steward, stow that man with a gaff-topsail jacket under the wing, and stow sailors under the hatches," that is, in the body of the house. "Sailors' hearts," he said, "were big as an ox's, open like a sunflower, and they carried them out in their right hand, ready to give them away." He also said they were as "big as tobacco hogsheads," a more appropriate figure, considering their habits. He liked this figure, and rang changes on it, saying, on another occasion, "Their hearts are as big and sweet as sugar hogsheads," by far the happiest expression of all. On another occasion he said, "Sailors cut off the bottom of their pockets with a rum-bottle."

Once he was describing a storm at sea, and a sailor cried out, "That's true, for I was in the same gale.' "Stop, Jack," he exclaimed, "stop till the captain gets through, and you shall have your turn."

On one occasion Father Taylor's pulpit was supplied by an ambitious young minister, who had considerable reputation as a pulpit orator, but whose sermons were not always the result of his own honest

labor. This sermon was the production of a distinguished divine, and was recognized by the old man eloquent, who, offering the closing prayer, alluded to the sermon in terms of extravagant praise, and then amazed the audience and the mortified thief, as he closed with the exclamation, "But alas, Master! for it was borrowed." That minister never heard the last of the "borrowed axe," and soon afterwards removed to a distant part of the country.

Rev. Joseph Marsh relates two characteristic incidents. "At one time, when I was preaching for him, he rose at the conclusion of the sermon, and said, 'If some things have been said that you don't understand, much has been said that you do understand: follow that.'"

"At another time I concluded my prayer by repeating as usual the Lord's Prayer, when he said to me, 'How dare you repeat the Lord's Prayer after your poor prayer? If you wished to repeat the Lord's Prayer, why did you not do that first?'"

When an evangelical clergyman had visited his church from curiosity, and had declined a seat in the pulpit because it had been once occupied by Rev. Henry Ware, he fell on his knees, and made this brief prayer: "O Lord! there are two things that we want to be delivered from in Boston, — one is bad rum, the other is religious bigotry. Which is worse, Thou knowest, and I don't. Amen."

When one at camp-meeting excluded from salvation all Catholics, Unitarians, Universalists, all men who used tobacco, and all women who wore jewelry,

Father Taylor broke out, "If that is true, Christ's mission was a failure. It's a pity he came." "The shipwrecked, perishing sailor," he said, "doesn't criticise the vessel that saves him, to see whether she is bark-rigged or sloop-rigged." At another time he said of such friends, "They sail under a different flag, but with the same Commander."

Much has been said and written of Father Taylor's liberality to other sects. But by repeating a few kind and hearty speeches, and by forgetting the whole burden of his preaching, he has been represented as wholly indifferent to forms of belief, as so charitable to other denominations that he was hardly true to his own. Such writers and speakers forget the general tenor of his opinions. They forget to allow for his impulsive speech, which stated a half-truth as if it were the whole, and laid down each proposition without exception, condition, or limitation. They forget also that he allowed himself to think freely on points generally regarded as well settled; that he often thought aloud; and that he would state one position reached in the process of his thought, as if it were the conclusion of the whole matter. Thus he once asked a casual visitor how far apart he supposed heaven and hell to be. The reply was some commonplace about the great gulf between them. "I tell you," said he, "they are so near, that myriads of souls to-day don't know which they are in."

But this was by no means the creed that he professed, or the style of his general teaching. Had

his own phrase been used by a brother preacher, it would have been objected to and corrected before the benediction was pronounced. Or, perhaps, none would have been pronounced by him. For his junior pastor remarked, "I once preached a metaphysical sermon, and Father Taylor didn't like it. I knew he didn't like it, for he wouldn't give the benediction."

Father Taylor was not only a Christian, he was a Methodist, — an old-fashioned, shouting, "hallelujah Methodist;" and he gloried in the name. And when all the proper courtesies had been paid to his opponents, and the graceful compliment had been given, and the courtly bow had been made, then he was ready to unsheathe the sword, and to strike home for the truth, which, as he believed, was once delivered to the saints. Those do not know him who think that his theology was what Emerson calls, "a mush of concession." It was positive, aggressive, violent; and when it was attacked or slurred he could develop an infinite capacity for wrath. In the goodness of his heart he was slow to admit that any of his personal friends held any fatal error. He had strong confidence that the faith of many men was better than their profession of it. But his own faith, every word of it, was prized by him above all earthly things.

One of the anecdotes related of Chief-Justice Parsons is, that he was once reproached because the people of Newburyport, his home, were always quarrelling about religion. His reply was, "The people of Newburyport think their religion is worth quarrel-

ing about." In this respect, Father Taylor agreed with him. We have given specimens of the wit and sarcasm with which he attacked what he considered bigotry; but no less fearful was the invective with which he assailed unbelief. Speaking of Theodore Parker, he once said, "This man says, 'We must destroy the Bible!' Destroy this book," placing it under his arm, and patting its leaves, as he paced up and down the pulpit, —"destroy this book. Before he has marred the gilding on one of its pages, that man will have been in hell so long that he won't recollect that he was ever out of it."

Whoever heard the blazing malediction, and saw the action of the old commander, as he walked his quarter-deck, caressing the book, and saw, too, the glare of his eyes, as he thundered out the sentence, has not forgotten his tone and manner and look: all said, "I do well to be angry." It is a specimen of thousands, which showed that wrath as well as love was known in Father Taylor's theology.

So, too, he said in a sermon upon Universalism, "'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' God said that. How many piping pettifoggers of Satan will you set against his word? Voltaire," — bending forward, and looking down, — "Voltaire, what do you think about it *now?*"

Some twenty years ago he was illustrating the just retribution of the sinner by the fact of one of the forty-nine gamblers arrested in Boston by City-Marshal Tukey, who made his escape, and afterwards sent back to the marshal the handcuffs, saying "he had

no more use for the jewels, the beautiful ornaments, &c.," who, a few days afterwards, in crossing Chelsea Ferry, fell overboard and was drowned.

"But," said Father Taylor, raising his voice, "where is he now? where is he now?"

"Gone to the Devil," replied a sailor in the congregation. The old man leaning over the desk, and fixing his keen eye upon him as no other man could, and pointing with his finger, exclaimed, "Farther than that! farther than that! and where you will go soon, if you don't repent."

Yet this fervency for truth did not prevent him from loving Hosea Ballou, nor from welcoming Thomas Whittemore to his conference meeting. To require an impulsive, untrained, and erratic genius to maintain logical consistency at all times would be as reasonable as to expect the ocean to preserve the same unchanging surface in all winds and weather. Especially when his position as pastor of a denominationless church drove him on this path of his own desires.

Rev. Dr. Cornell, in "The Pastor and People," gives an illustration of this hyper-catholicity of censure as well as praise: —

"Rev. Dr. Wise of New York, was stationed in Quincy when their new church was to be dedicated, and he invited Father Taylor to preach the sermon. All the clergymen of the town were present in full force, — Father Whitney, the Unitarian, and his colleague, Mr. Lunt, the Episcopal clergyman, myself, a Calvinist, the Baptist minister, then on the Quincy

side, at Neponset, the Universalist, and the Restorationist from the railway village.

"Father Taylor commenced his sermon, and felt it to be his duty to take us all to task for our various errors and peculiar notions. Commencing with Father Whitney, as was meet, he being the oldest minister present, and addressing himself to Mr. Wise, he said, 'My brother, preach the depravity, the natural wickedness, of man. Some make him very good by nature, and think there is no devil in him. But there is. Dress him up ever so much, make him ever so learned, adorn him in all the robes of politeness, and all the refinement of the most polished society of the most ornamented age of the world, and you cannot make him good. Oh, no! you have only to pull off the winding-sheet, and there he is, poor, weak, sinful human nature still.' Thus much for Father Whitney and his colleague.

"When he started on a new denomination, he again directed his address to Mr. Wise by saying, 'My brother,'— here he took the Universalist; he was of the then modern school of Mr. Ballou, as he believed in no future judgment, — 'my brother,' said he, 'preach the judgment, a future judgment. For my part, I never could see why any man should be afraid or ashamed to preach it.' There sat the Universalist minister in the pulpit, within his reach. But he did not spare him.

"It was now my turn. 'My brother, preach free agency. Don't be a fatalist. Some ministers preach fatalism; tie men's hands behind their backs, and

then tell them to work; tie their feet together, and then tell them to walk. Don't preach that; don't make the Almighty decree every thing from all eternity, and then call on man to break the decree. Preach man's free will. Whoever heard of any will but a free will?' As we supposed this was meant for us, we laid it to heart; and, though we did not admit this to be a true exhibit of any Calvinism, it was Father Taylor's view of it.

"Here he took the Episcopal minister. 'My brother, keep your pulpit-doors open. Some ministers shut them against every minister except one of their own stripe. Don't do that. If I could have my will, there never should be a pulpit-door in the land. There are no doors to my pulpit, and so none can be shut.'

"Next he took the Baptist. 'My brother, preach baptism. It is an ordinance of God. Baptize the converted; but don't make baptism all the gospel. Don't make water every thing. There are other elements in the world besides water; and there are other things in the gospel besides baptism, though some ministers never see any thing there but baptism. Don't make dipping all your gospel.'

"Then came the Restorationist. 'My brother, preach future punishment. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Leave them there, my brother, where the Bible does, and let any minister get them out who can. But don't *you* try it.'

"Having thus laid us all on the beach, stranded high

and dry, he took another tack, — showed his catholicity, and spread his wide mantle of charity over us all, and said, 'This is one of the most blessed seasons I ever enjoyed. Indeed, I have never seen but one like it, and that was when my own church was dedicated. Then we had all the stripes in the Union. and, bless the Lord! we've got them all now.'

"This account, which we vouch for as true, should silence the stories floating about, that 'Father Taylor had no rigidity in his creed, but was a mere wit.' He was rigid enough in that wonderful sermon to cut and slash us all, to spare none but his brother Methodist; and then he was charitable enough to throw his long arms around us all, and give us a real Methodist hug, a genuine John Wesley 'love-feast,' and assure us that 'during his whole ministry he had never had but one such glorious time before.'

"His sparing none of us, not a whit; his leaving us high and dry, where even a 'spring tide' could never reach us; his applying his rebuke to all of us, — Unitarian, Orthodox, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, and Restorationist: then the contrast, — the fearful scowl changing to a beaming smile; that vengeance-luring countenance becoming a fascinating Venus; those long arms, that had just been plunging us in what he believed the deep-sea of our flounderings, stretched out to draw us to his bosom; and then that wiry, supple form (a perfect hickory withe) bending forward to rescue us from the briny deluge he had just poured upon us, all so graphic, all acted out so pantomimic, as would have thrown Mr.

Gough and the finest actors far into the shade, presented one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed.

"When arraying our heresies before us, his wrinkled countenance was the nearest to that of a demon (if a demon has a countenance) that we could imagine; and, when his charity took us into Christian fellowship, angelic beauty beamed from his eyes, and the most affectionate salutation of brotherly love flowed from his tongue, so that we were all ready to exclaim, —

'From whence doth this union arise?'

"All this showed the wonderful power of this unlearned man; and all tends to approve what we have often advocated and recommended to young clergymen, — the cultivation of a habit of extemporaneous preaching, which an admirable Christian paper dignifies by the name of 'egotistical twaddle'! Father Taylor never preached a written sermon, never knew how to write one, would have been shorn of his strength if he had undertaken it. His sermons were the brilliant efforts of an active brain, a warm heart, and a fervent love, on the spur of the occasion."

A further illustration of this excessive liberality is this incident, related by T. W. Silloway: —

"On a pleasant summer day, not far from the time just named, the board of directors of the almshouse at Deer Island in Boston Harbor invited clergymen and others to visit the institution. Some three or four hundred perhaps went in the party by steam-

er, among them Father Taylor. After the collation a clergyman of each of the leading denominations was asked to speak. I think Rev. Mr. Mallalieu spoke for the Methodists; Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists, and even Catholics, were represented. At the close, and as we passed out, Father Taylor was delighted. Rubbing his hands, he said, 'What a glorious mixing-up of affairs! Old bigotry topples, and the wall falls down; the Devil has got tipped end over end, and it will take weeks for him to get righted again.'"

Speaking of this fast age, and fast men, he said, "If it were possible they would be glad to put spurs to lightning, and blow a trumpet in the ear of thunder."

Preaching once on over-nice distinctions in theology, he said, "There are persons who think they have all the truth, when they are themselves a skeleton of poverty. They have only the stem-end of a cucumber, too bitter for sensible persons to eat, and by them thrown away.'

In the same discourse he said, "Some people think they are saints. If they could see themselves as the just in glory see them, they wouldn't dare to look a decent devil in the face."

Soon after he commenced his sermon on a very hot day, two or three of the landsmen got up and went out. He paused, folded his arms, and said, "If any others wish to go out, let them go now, while I wait a moment." No one went, and he resumed his sermon. About ten minutes after, a sailor rose up with

his jacket on his arm (the most of the sailors were sitting in their shirt-sleeves) and said, "Please, sir, I must go now; I wanted to stay as long as I could: my ship is all ready for sea, and I must be on board at the hour." Father Taylor, with the elbow of his right arm resting in the palm of his left hand, with his finger on his lip, said, as the sailor turned to leave the house, "That's right, my son! you have done just right: you are the man for me, you are a minute-man. Go, and the God of the sea go with you." And he continued his preaching with redoubled power. And, at the close, such a prayer was made for that sailor and that ship, and all sailors and all ships, that it seemed as if it would convert the abundance of the sea to God — and it will yet.

He was not always merely amusing, nor did he speak such words with that purpose. He could be as earnest and solemn in his brief appeals as in his longest sermons. Thus, after a powerful sermon by his son-in-law, Rev. J. W. F. Barnes, who closed with entreating sinners to come now to the Saviour, a sailor, half intoxicated, cried out, "I will come to-morrow, shure." Father Taylor looked at him a moment and answered, "God grant that you may come to-night. I have seen men more drunk than you converted right here at this altar."

Father Taylor loved the Baptists, and never forgot that it was a Baptist clergyman who befriended him in Halifax jail. Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale was his intimate friend for quarter of a century. But when twenty or thirty sailors, converted at Father

Taylor's Bethel, joined Rev. Phineas Stowe's church by immersion, he was a little annoyed, and showed it in his own way. It was extremely cold weather, and the water in Mr. Stowe's baptismal tank had been artificially warmed. Father Taylor, meeting one of his converts, inquired why he had gone away from his Bethel. "Ah," said the sailor, "I didn't feel that I could be in the fold, unless I went down into Jordan." "Into Jordan," said the old man, with a consuming sneer, "biled Jordan!"

Mr. Taylor was on intimate and friendly relations with Catholic priests, as well as with pastors of other Protestant churches. He enjoyed many pleasant interviews with Bishop Fitzpatrick, and was a fellow laborer with Father Haskins among the poor and neglected children of the North End. But when the Papacy was discussed, or when "salvation by faith" was brought in question, or when the Bible in the schools was threatened, it soon appeared that he was a Protestant, "not from indifference, but from zeal."

No man ever loved better the methods of the followers of Wesley. No preacher ever demanded more earnestly the public profession, the request for prayers, the immediate submission. And no subject was so frequently or so powerfully enforced as his almost constant theme in prayer-meeting: "Delay is denial."

Those who heard him dwell upon the essential doctrines of evangelical religion have sometimes been tempted to believe that his intimacy with eminent non-Evangelical clergymen was prompted by the motives

that once inspired a noted Calvinist minister of Marblehead. The good man had shut himself in his study on Saturday, leaving a message with the servant, that the Apostle Paul should not be admitted, if he called. Dr. Bentley, a well-known Socinian preacher of Salem, did call, and, disregarding the message, pushed in, and spent the afternoon. At last, rising to leave, he said, "Well, you gave orders that St. Paul should not be allowed to come in, but I have had two pleasant hours of your company." "Certainly, Brother Bentley: I expect to spend a blessed eternity with St. Paul; but, when you and I part on earth, it is good-by forever." So, it has been suspected that Father Taylor meant to make sure of certain good company in this world, at least.

How he appeared on this throne of his power is thus described by Rev. Dr. Charles Adams: —

"One Sabbath afternoon, in my youth, I stole into that church, and nestled amid the crowd. Closely seated along the wall-slips, on either side, were the 'common folks;' while in the central area, from pulpit to the entrance doors, sat the sailor throng, dense and weather-beaten, yet, withal, of grave and respectful aspect and demeanor. Presently entered the minister, and advanced with steady step along the aisle. He was doubly spectacled, his glasses hanging low upon his nose, and his keen eyes glancing above them as he walked quietly toward his place. Ascending the open pulpit, he was in no haste to sit, but stood peering over those spectacles as if surveying minutely the crowded assembly. Every seat was

FATHER TAYLOR'S PULPIT.

Now in use in the Mariners' House, 1904.

filled, but a company of mariners was still standing at the doors, and with that peculiar and commanding voice of his he bade them come forward; and, as they came, he ranged them along the pulpit, spread them over the steps on either side, and in whatever other vacant places there were; and, when all was ready, the exercises of worship commenced, and such manner of exercises as the memory of thousands will recall."

On one occasion he was launching out his anathemas against violence and cruelty. "Don't talk to me," said he, "of the savages! A ruffian in the midst of Christendom is the savage of savages. He is a man freezing in the sun's heat, groping in the sun's light, a straggler in paradise, an alien in heaven."

Alluding to the carelessness of Christians, he used the figure of a mariner, steering into port through a narrow, dangerous channel, "false lights here, rocks there, shifting sandbanks on one side, breakers on the other; and who, instead of fixing his attention to keep the head of his vessel right, and to obey the instructions of the pilot as he sings out from the wheel, throws the pilot overboard, lashes down the helm, and walks the deck, whistling, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket." Here, suiting the action to the word, he put on a true sailor-like look of defiant jollity, — changed in a moment to an expression of horror as he added, "See, see! she drifts to destruction!"

One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. He began with an

eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations: then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped. They spring a leak! the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them: she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper*, *deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again: his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors, as they gazed up at him, with their mouths wide open and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel, as into space, he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation, "A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then, looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms, "*Christ is that life-boat!*" *

On one occasion, preaching from the text of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing," he suddenly stopped, and, looking up to heaven, cried with a loud voice, "Paul! are there any more crowns there?" He paused again. Then, casting his eyes upon the congregation, he continued, "Yes, my brethren, there are more crowns left. They are not all taken up yet. Blessed be God.

* The three last incidents are narrated by Mrs. Jameson. See page 365.

there is one for me, and one for all of you, who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Such sermons were not chance efforts, if they were extemporaneous. They were carefully wrought out after his fashion, more by keeping the soil up to its fruitful pitch than by especial and elaborate preparation. One of his associates in the department of the Mariner's House says that he would drift into the study on Saturday nights and hear him talk on every sort of topic until midnight, thus getting up his steam for the trip of the morrow. It was the excitation of his mind generally, and not the especial study on any especial theme, which constituted his chief preparation.

The steam on, the vessel can take any course it pleases. The course was chosen with the text, and under its bearings he moved off splendidly to his task. On these field-days he would change his linen completely after every service, so thoroughly was he wet to the skin by the intense activity of his spirit struggling with the spirits before him for their everlasting salvation.

Dr. Waterston describes his preaching in these words, in an article contributed to the "Boatswain's Whistle," a paper published in connection with a Seaman's Fair.

"In his able address at the opening of the Fair, Mr. Everett said (as his eye rested upon Father Taylor), 'He is himself a walking Bethel;' while the hearty response of the great multitude there assembled proved how profoundly that just tribute was appreciated.

"At this time, when so many earnest minds are engaged in generous efforts for the seamen of our navy, it is pleasant to dwell in thought upon the life of one who has devoted his days to the welfare of the sailor.

"It is now between thirty-five and forty years (how swiftly time flies!) since I first heard Father Taylor. He was then but little known, except among the seamen, who by instinct gathered around him; for every sailor who listened to him instantly communicated the fact to every other seafaring man who came in his way, that here was a wonderful being who could meet every want of their nature. Familiar with the ocean in all its aspects, he could, at pleasure, cause its glory or its gloom to pass before the mind, making the entranced hearer feel, by his graphic descriptions, the peacefulness of the great sea when hushed in calm, or its fury when smitten by the tempest. The sailor also he knew in all the traits of his character, — his childlike sensibility and his intrepid courage.

"And the ship, how he could describe every movement, making you feel (seated amid the press of a sabbath congregation) that you were rocking amid the waves. Have we not heard, as we listened, the war of the surges, and smelt the salt sea air? One day, as he was describing a storm, the sailors became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, until one, thinking that all would certainly go down unless something were instantly done for the rescue, shouted with intense earnestness, 'Out with the long-boat!'"

"The first time I heard this remarkable preacher was in an old building in one of the obscurest lanes of the city. That was his church. It was closely packed in every part with sailors, many in their red shirts, just as they had come into port. Every seat was in demand. The aisles were crowded, and the pulpit stand, up to the very top, while all gazed with breathless interest upon the one man who held them as by a spell. Just as he felt, they felt. Was he playful, they smiled; was he pathetic, they wept; was he swept along by the tide of his eloquence, they kindled into enthusiasm. Every heartstring vibrated under the touch of his hand."

Sometimes the ludicrous image followed the serious and pathetic in his address. But generally a playful or comical sentence was the prelude to some moving exhortation or some searching attack. The stranger who smiled or laughed at the quaint conceits of the sailor-preacher expected to have a good time, and to go home with an undisturbed conscience. He little knew his man. These oddities and witticisms were but the skirmishers that masked the main attack, and broke the adversary's line before the heavy columns of the old general should be hurled upon it. The preacher had never read that laughter is the best preparation for tears, but genius had taught him the lesson; and his rarest wit was but the ambush for his most powerful assaults. Some of this great orator's sayings seem irreverent, as repeated out of their connection, and without any knowledge of their effect. They did not seem so to one, who,

after hearing the whole discourse, went home trembling, or cast himself at the altar with prayers for salvation. "I am always afraid when I am laughing at Father Taylor's wit," said a man of wit. "I know he will make me cry before he has done with me." To judge Father Taylor's oratory by single, detached, ludicrous expressions, is like judging the awful tragedies of Shakspeare by a sentence from the mouth of one of his clowns.

Whether he laughed or wept, whether he used sarcasm or pathos, he had that quality in oratory which is above all art, he forgot himself in his determination to enforce upon his hearers the truth which he loved. And all his powers of eloquence, wit, humor, pathos, were consecrated by their entire devotion to the service of his Lord.

IX.

IN THE BETHEL PRAYER-MEETING.

A Methodist Prayer-Meeting in New England. — Its Liberty of Praying, Prophesying, and Praising. — How it became and how it is conducted. — His Ministerial Easy-Chair. — "Hit him 'tween the Eyes." — Fishing for Pearls. — The Three Hebrews. — "The Devil heaved Overboard, Stock and Fluke." — "Salvation set to Music." — "Old North of Europe." — "Pure Hebrew." — The Up-towner rebuked. — "Stale Bread." — "Lubricate." — Blowing away Chaff. — The Last Squab. — An Old Sinner's Tears. — "A Summer Shower." — "No Laughing in Hell." — "Melt that Snow." — "Rain in that Cloud." — "Red Cedar." — "Set Fire to that Wood." — Lightest Stuff floats First. — Little Barrels soonest filled. — "Devil never chases Chaff." — "Give us Point." — The Medicine-Chest. — "Quarrel with your Sins." — The Tinder-Box. — The Archbishop of Canterbury. — No Wedding Garment, and Why. — "Blue-Mould Manna." — "Give her Sheet!" — "Look out for the Lights!" — Working to the Windward of the Devil. — A Constant Revival. — The Old Sailor's Rebuke of the Swearing Merchant. — Nine-o'clock Christians.

IF the Bethel pulpit was a free place, the Bethel prayer-meeting was far more free. Here liberty had free course to run and be glorified. The word "prayer-meeting" does not express the fact. That suggests a gathering exclusively for prayer. Such it is in his church out of New England. Such it was in most churches except the Methodist. But when the Methodists entered New England, to gain a foothold, they had to yield something to the prejudices of the people. Here, as everywhere, were set ways. One of

these ways was two sermons together to the same congregation: another was pews owned by the occupants. To gain the people to them, they had to surrender these two points to them, — allow them the ownership of their pews, and two sermons a day. The last prevented the flourishing of the circuit system on her soil. It also prevented the development of the local-preacher system; for the people demanded a settled minister, or as near that as they could get under an itinerancy. To accommodate them, the sabbath-evening prayer-meeting was invented, — a meeting for a long time peculiar to New-England Methodists, and which drew, and yet draws, larger audiences steadily to its ministrations than the Sunday-evening preaching of other sections, or than any other form of sabbath-evening assemblage.

These meetings consisted of two or four short prayers and a dozen or twenty short exhortations or "testimonies," interspersed frequently with a verse of animated song, and concluding usually with an invitation to penitents to come forward to the front seats, or the rail enclosing the broad platform, and called an altar, that they may be prayed with, and led into the kingdom of Christ and peace. In the olden times, this platform, always spacious, was filled with the leading laymen of the church. They, to-day, generally leave it to the minister.

The preacher and his lay associates gather in the railed enclosure. The house is crowded with saints, seekers, and sinners. The service begins with a cheerful hymn, sung "lustily" to a cheerful tune.

The minister prays, or calls on one of his brethren. Two earnest prayers, and another short hymn is sung. Again two pray, and again an animated and animating song. Then a rapid succession of warm addresses, followed by warmer invitations put into sacred song, and the hour flies swift around to nine o'clock, and the end.

The freedom of such a meeting, its warmth, its rapidity, its consummation in invitations to seekers, their acceptance in prayer, and praise, combined to give it pre-eminence over any other regular religious meeting. The stiff formalism of the papal service, like ice to the frozen spectator, making him chillier by its superabounding chilliness; the long and largely intellectual services of the Puritan worship, rational to the verge of irrationalism; even the warmer pleadings of warmer pulpits, all fade into unattractiveness before the "hearty," social freedom and joy of a Methodist prayer-meeting. If it can be held to the old pitch of liberty and life, it will bring the world to its holy feasts. It makes every participant exclaim, —

> "Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
> How sweet thine entertainments are!"

In such meetings Father Taylor would naturally revel. He had preached his two sermons, wringing himself dry with a change of linen; he was nervous, rejoicing to run a race, and, though tired, ready for a change in his work, and glad to throw off even the limited restraints of his pulpit for the broad liberty

of the prayer-meeting. It was his professional easy-chair, and from it went forth ceaseless pleading, wit, and power. The room is crowded. It is low, but large. Sailors are there; lost girls from its own neighborhood, come, as he tells them, "to steal away his sons of Zebulon;" lost men, up-town grandees, many yet unfallen youth; and his own "ring" of men and women, full of heart and hope.

He walks his broader deck with glad heart and free. He interjects his word of criticism or commendation with every speech of his brethren and sisters as his spirit dictates. He warms into exhortation and entreaty, and brings many a strange Caliban from the back seats to "the altar," by his skilful fishing for men. Here he builds up his church, and gains most of his trophies of ministerial honor and reward.

A prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry, or, as it was called, "the old work-shop," was unlike, therefore, any other prayer-meeting even; for there were gathered men from all parts of the world, drawn, some by curiosity, some by associations, some by grateful recollections of the past. Many would speak at these meetings whose broken English and uncouth phrases showed their foreign birth and rough training. No one who heard will ever forget the native of Portugal who exclaimed, "If any man say I no love the Lord Jesus, I hit him 'tween the eyes." But more frequently the broken speech of these wayfaring men was used to tell a story of sorrow and suffering, ending with a chance visit to the Bethel, where the

wanderer found a hope, a faith, and a Friend, that had never left him on sea or land. Father Taylor would glow with pride over these trophies, weep with joy, and break out in exclamations of delight: "See," he would say, "see the amber that is thrown on the shore; look at the pearls that come from the ocean, — jewels fit to adorn the Saviour's diadem when he shall *ride over the sea* to judge the earth."

There were gathered around him a body of men and women almost as remarkable as himself. First among them was his wife, whose stately form and beautiful features, with her sweet voice, added grace to her powerful exhortations. Many a sailor boasts that he owes his renewed life to "Mother Taylor's" influence.

Then came what he called his Three Hebrews, — three brethren of sturdy make, of foreign blood, of strong faith, simple character, clear utterance, who knew the sailor as a boatswain knows his whistle, and whose exhortations always told on the mixed, rough crowd that gathered in the meeting. Each of them had a special experience. The first of these, Matthew Crafts, was a Swede. He had been a very "hard case." Telling the story of his conversion once, he said, "When I rose up to go forward, the Lord told me to go, and the Devil not to. I went; but I didn't rest on that, but went home and prayed all night, and the Lord converted my soul. The Devil told me I was good enough; but I heaved the Devil overboard, *stock and fluke*, and have no more to do with him." Father Taylor breaks out, "That's salvation set to

music;" and "Salvation set to Music" was Brother Crafts's name from that day forward. "Stock and fluke" refer to the manner of casting out an anchor clear and entire and sudden. So the Devil was "heaved out" of the new St. Matthew, and went to the bottomless pit, never to return again to this old sailor's converted soul.

Andrew Newlands was another of the Hebrews. He was also a Swede, converted under Father Taylor at Bristol, and a member at the Bethel. He said, "I went to hear Brudder Taylor preach, and de Lord got hold of me. Brudder Thomas, he was from France, and I was from Sweden, and we diden get no relief dere, and we come home, and we went to pray: Brudder Thomas went at it in French, and I went at it in Swedish, and de Lord converted us both on de spot." "Well done, Old North of Europe!" breaks out Father Taylor; and that was his name unto this day. Telling this on another occasion, and saying, "The Lord heard us both," "Just like him!" cries out the Captain from his deck.

Another, who still survives, always quoted the Psalms in broken English. When he had been repeating many verses, and "an audible smile" was pervading the audience, Father Taylor called out, "Pure Hebrew!" This became the title by which he was often addressed, and called up to testify of his faith.

Father Taylor's ejaculations in prayer-meeting were not always so flattering. Every one has heard of the wealthy gentleman, who, in the midst of a very warm meeting, made a speech, telling the sailors how much

had been done for them, and how grateful they ought to be to the liberal merchants for all their goodness. As he sat down, with a feeling that the church would run itself for the year on this condescension, he was surprised by the inquiry, "Is there any other old sinner from up in town, who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

A visitor who was telling at a meeting an appropriate anecdote, which had appeared in all the religious newspapers of the country, was startled by Father Taylor's sighing out, "Lord, deliver us from stale bread!"

And still another, who was slow and dry in speech, was encouraged by the prayer, "Lubricate, Lord, lubricate."

One of his most remarkable displays of this kind was after an address by a visitor who related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-mills at Wilmington: he came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God; and now who would not say with the holy man of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his"? Father Taylor rose at once: "I don't want any such trash brought unto this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the Devil all their lives, and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honoring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps *you will never be blown up in a powder-mill.* That 'holy man,'" he continued, "that

we have heard spoken of, was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we never shall hear any thing more from Balaam, *nor from his ass.*"

Sometimes Father Taylor's mirthfulness led him to use expressions that seem out of place when repeated in cold blood, and especially when printed. But, in the warmth of a good prayer-meeting, nothing seemed out of place that was seasoned with the love of man. Smiles and tears were wonderfuly mingled at that altar. When the daughter of his esteemed friend, Mr. Pigeon, came forward for prayers, Father Taylor cried out, "Lord, sweep every squab off the roost." When an impulsive old gentleman, an utter stranger at the Bethel, shed tears at a moving appeal, Father Taylor turned toward him with these words: "Cry away, you white-headed sinner: it won't hurt you. Summer showers are soon dried up. You'll forget it in five minutes." The stranger, who was there at the invitation of one who communicates this incident, gasped out, "How did he know about me? Have you been telling him?" Nor was this the only illustration of his power to read character at a glance.

Such familiarity resulted sometimes more happily. A German, laughing in the meeting, displeased "the Commodore," and he cried out, "There's no laughing in hell!" The man left, carrying with him that arrow. He went to sea and to Baltimore, and was converted. After being absent seven years, he returned and told the story and its result. That "word

of the wise was as a goad, and as a nail fastened in a sure place."

He was always anxious that these meetings should be entertaining and successful, and wanted all his crew to be in good working order. A dull brother at one time speaking, after he closes, says Father Taylor, "Let some one speak now who has something to say."

A Mr. Snow (not David Snow, Esq.), not being very warm in his talk, the old father groans out, "O Lord! melt that Snow."

A colored brother, who was speaking ardently, drew out of him the response, "There is rain in that cloud."

After a brother from Plymouth, who was blessed with a red head, had made a very warm talk, the response came from the altar, "Well, I was not aware that that soil bore such red cedar."

A man by the name of Wood, who was not noted for his warmth in his talks, drew from Father Taylor the brief prayer, "O Lord! set fire to that Wood."

An old German saying he no more doubted his acceptance with God than that the sun shone at noonday on a cloudless sky, the old veteran exclaims, "Bring your Harvard learned ones to this man, and let them learn true theology."

Although he stood in the highest orders of Masonry and Odd-Fellowship, he would never leave his meetings at home to attend any of their gatherings. Devotion to the great work in which he was engaged took the pre-eminence over every thing else.

To have a man leave the meetings during service he considered an insult to himself, and he would administer a rebuke of some kind. Those leaving early in the service would get the response: "Small vessels are easily filled," or "Light stuff floats quick." Those who might leave later in the service, "Well, he has got all he can take care of;" or "Poor fellow! his trouble is more than he can bear," which was sometimes the case.

Such interruptions were rebuked up stairs as well as in the prayer-meeting. When, in the midst of one of his discourses, two spruce-looking clerks walked down the broad aisle, he paused, fixed his eyes on them, and said in a patronizing tone, "That's right, go out: little barrels are soon filled." This sarcasm was unconsciously imitated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who says that he was puzzled to understand the one man in every town who goes away just in the middle of the Lyceum lecture, until he accounted for the phenomenon scientifically, — "the man was full."

Men have left swearing mad, wishing to know who had told that "*Old Cuss*" about them; but they have come back and been sweetly converted to Jesus.

A brother in the meeting was suffering from severe temptation, and, after giving a full account of his experience, was advised to take courage from his own experience; "For," says Father Taylor, "the Devil was never known to chase a bag of chaff! You may be sure there is the pure wheat in your heart, or the Old Serpent would not be after you so hard."

When one of the brethren was talking long and

dull and meaningless, he exclaimed, "Lord, give us point!"

A brother comparing religion to a medicine-chest, and making poor work of his comparison, he exclaimed, "Brother, do get that medicine-chest open and give us all a dose, and then sit down and give some one else a chance."

As he was going away to Europe, he gave the church charge, and said, "Brethren, you'll of course have some quarrelling while I'm gone. Now, begin to quarrel with your sins. I give you full scope. Begin now, and keep it up till I come back, or till you haven't one sin left."

One of his sailor-boys, warming up in an exhortation, speaking of faith, said, "It's like tinder in an old-fashioned tinder-box. Shut it up, and it will go out; give it vent, and it will burn." Slapping him on the back, Father Taylor exclaimed, "Well done, Peter! the Bishop of England couldn't better that."

A touching scene once occurred when Father Taylor was speaking on the necessity of the wedding-garment. A poor sailor who wore a flannel shirt started up to apologize for appearing in such rough costume, and said he had lost all his clothes by shipwreck. Instantly a score of sailors stripped off their coats for the stranger; while Father Taylor, with tears running down his cheeks, hurried from the altar, to throw his arms around the poor fellow, and to apologize for seeming to insult his misfortune.

At another time, when the meeting dragged, he exclaimed, "Brethren, bring in your pot of manna.

It will spoil before the next meeting. It will blue-mould, as it did with the children of Israel. Let us have it now: you can gather more by next meeting. The Lord is good, and he pays on demand."

How like a ship he ran his meetings, and how perfectly, from such a course, he held the sailors in hand, is shown in these incidents. There being a lull in the meeting one night, "Have you," he says, "nothing to thank God for? Some of you might thank Him for being out of hell." Up gets a brother and says, "I'm that one." — "I believe you, brother," he breaks in, "and so am I." The meeting took a fresh start; and he, fearing it would run too fast under the wind, cries out, "Give her sheet, and keep a good lookout; for there's light ahead."

One Monday night, a young-looking woman, with a small boy at her side, arose and said, "The other evening I was going along the sidewalk and saw the lantern marked 'Bethel Prayer-Meeting.' It called up bygone days, when I had peace, before I wandered away. But I find myself among you; and to-night I rejoice once more in light from above." Father Taylor exclaims, "Quartermaster, look out for the lights!"

When a brother from another church, who was afterwards associated with the Bethel meeting, and attended on Father Taylor through all his last hours, had spoken in meeting, Father Taylor introduced him by saying, "He is an old navigator: he has given the Devil the slip a thousand times, and worked dead to the windward of him, with the leeboard of grace from the Lord Jesus Christ."

As a mother in Israel was exhorting, he raised his forehead from his cane, and said, "Deep water, deep water!" and put his head down again, while the old lady went on. The sailor and philosopher were well mingled in that sounding.

There was no levity in his words or manner. These ejaculations were the outgushings of an earnest determination to push the meeting powerfully to its end. Once only, he himself said, was he provoked into laughter. A Millerite brother, as the Second-Advent people of 1843 were called, took occasion to vent his theories in the meeting. He dwelt on the immediate coming of the Lord with much fervor and pertinacity. A half-drunken sailor, sitting in the rear of the house, warmed up by his exhortation, arose, steered, with many a roll to larboard and starboard, to the front seat, put his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, and hiccoughed out, "I have seen — many of your sort — and heard 'em talk. But I never knew but one that was so — full as you, and he got — so full of it, that he *just cut his boot-straps, and went up!*" Father Taylor broke down, and allowed for once a laugh in his prayer-meeting.

A Maine minister, describing a visit to one of these meetings, says, "It was conducted in a marvellous way, by surprises, battery-shocks, hitty, witty, wise suggestions and illustrations, flashing, burning star-thoughts of faith, hope, and love, Jesus, holiness, and heaven, never to be forgotten."

During Father Taylor's prime his church was the scene of a constant revival; and the presence of men

from all parts of the world, each telling his story in his own way, gave a strange charm to these meetings. The earnestness of the preacher affected his hearers strangely; but they were also in earnest on their own account. The rough sailors had not much need to trouble themselves about Adam, nor about original sin. Actual transgression, their own transgression, gross, open, repeated, was the burden from which they sought to be freed. And the relief which they found seemed miraculous to those who do not believe in the instant and full power of the "old, old story" of the cross. And, when converted, they were ready to do battle at all times and anywhere. There was one consumptive old man, whose hacking cough sadly interfered with his powers of speech, but who grew eloquent as he warmed in exhortation, and whose weather-beaten face "was as the face of an angel" when he prayed. This poor old invalid, unequal to the work of an able-bodied laborer, was engaged, at fifty cents a day, in helping to unload a ship at Constitution Wharf. The owner, overseeing the stevedores, used frequent profanity, swearing by the name of the Saviour. Whenever he did so, Father W—— raised his hat, and bent down his head. The merchant turned with contempt toward the consumptive skeleton: "You old fool, what are you bowing at me for?" — "I am not bowing at you, sir, but at the blessed name of Jesus, which you are blaspheming." Not another word was spoken; but a by-stander said, "The old man looked as tall as a steeple, and the ship-owner shrunk into the ground."

Such were the soldiers that came from the armory in the North Square.

A Swedish sailor, who had deserted his family for five years, strolled into the Bethel on his arrival from a year's voyage, and there "came to himself," and came to the altar. As the first fruits of his penitence, he sent home the earnings of the year. And thus a true word spoken in the old Boston Bethel carried comfort and hope to a family in Sweden.

Even now the spirit of Father Taylor seems to inspire the speakers at some of their meetings, not only in essentials, but in manner and form of expression. A short time since, just as two sailors were coming forward for prayers at nine o'clock in the evening, several well-dressed persons insisted on leaving the house, although requested by Mr. Noyes to remain for a short time. Then one of the brethren prayed after this manner: "Lord, bless these tender-footed nine-o'clock-bell Christians, who can't stay five minutes to see the fight out between God and Baal: endow them with a little more constitutional pertinacity in well-doing, so that they can stop fifteen minutes later in a prayer-meeting."

But now, as ever, at the Bethel all that is mirthful or quaint or odd is subordinate to one great, determined, solemn purpose. And the wayfarer who strays into that meeting, little as he may profit by it, feels always that in that work-shop the laborers are in earnest, and the work is done for eternity.

X.

SOME BETHEL SERMONS.

No Sermon preserved in Full. — Rev. Mr. Knapp's Sketch of One preached in a Country Town. — Autumn Effect on his Feelings. — His Text, "Praise the Lord." — Eleven Heads: Ten Ways of Praising, and One to be praised. — Drifting as usual. — "Hard down the Helm!" — Among the Icebergs. — Makes a Port. — Exalts Charity. — His Hotspur Temper tried. — Befriends a Sailor, and gets into the Meshes of the Law. — Refuses to defend his Case, but pays off his Persecutor by Preaching against him. — The Preacher "Double-shotted." — "Fifteen Knots on a Taught Bowline." — Obey Law. — All Human Laws had Evil in them, because made by Sinners. — They were crooked, like Roads in a New Country. — God's Law went right up and down, like the Windlass-Bitts. — Kicking back a Jackass makes Two Jackasses. — Lawyers repaid in their Kind. — The Wounded Bird flutters. — "Better than a Theatre." — His Views on Creeds. — Not themselves the Life. — Description of a Storm, Wreck, and Rescue. — Christ, not Creed, the only Saviour.

NO sermon of those that attracted such crowds and admirers has ever been preserved. Only a very few extracts have been kept. Two gentlemen have kindly furnished us with original copies drawn from their own memory, and which, however imperfect, are valuable as footprints in rock, to show how gigantic the stride of this winged creature that once there rested in its flight, or walked a moment on those sands of time. The first is not given as preached in the Bethel, but is so characteristic of him that it could

have been, and undoubtedly, in substance, often was, proclaimed from its deck.

Rev. Mr. Knapp of Plymouth preached a memorial sermon on his death from the happy text, "And, when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder bands, and hoisted up the mainsail to the wind." If he had added, "And let her drive," he would have still more strikingly set forth his character; for no one more completely allowed his genius to carry him whithersoever it listed than Father Taylor.

> "Every quality and pith
> Surcharged and sultry with a power
> That works its will on age and hour."

He thus describes the first sermon he heard him preach: —

"I well recollect how earnestly he exhorted in the first sermon I ever heard him preach. Let me recall that sermon: it illustrates more than one of his peculiarities. He had gone into the country to deliver a lecture on temperance. It was in a village on the banks of the Connecticut. He chanced to be a guest in my father's house. It was one of those days in early autumn when the beauty seems almost oppressive; the heart, somehow, feeling *burdened* with joy, in its sympathy with the great gladness of Nature. This man, whose life was spent, so much of it, in the city, drank in these draughts as the earth drinks water, or the heart love, and con-

stantly raised his hands as we were walking, saying, 'Oh, how good is God!' Although it was a week-day, we determined not to let this friend of the sailor go till he had blessed us landsmen also. Notice was given at the lecture that Father Taylor would preach the next day (Wednesday). The large Town Hall was crowded full. He rose, and said, 'Praise the Lord,' that's my text: it's somewhere between these two covers. I can't tell you exactly where, but it's a short text, and you can easily find it. I've been too busy all day long praising the Lord, and *taking Him in* with the breath and beauty of your hills and valleys here, to leave me time to hunt out for you the place of the text; but that's it, so hold on to it. 'Praise the Lord!'

"He then announced that the subject divided itself into eleven heads. As he named these, he counted them off, all but the first, on his fingers, one by one, — ten several ways (grand divisions) of praising the Lord. 'That first one,' he added, 'not of the ten, it takes all the fingers of both hands, and the hands themselves stretched out over earth and the seas and lifted up to heaven, to point to; for what else is it, but the Being who is to be praised? and who is He but the Lord, — the great fountain of life and love and beauty, the Lord God Almighty?' He then took up this first head, and carried the people along with him as a stanch ship, driving before a mighty wind, carries all on board of her, until it seemed as if every soul there was ready to break forth into praise of God, and to say, 'Blessed be His glorious name forever; and

let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and amen!'

"The second head then came up, — the first of the methods of praising God. And here he began with the *right using* of the intellectual powers, — getting a solid *basis* of intellectual conviction somewhere. This led him at some length into certain philosophical discussions, somewhat abstruse: when suddenly stopping, and looking up under his palm, as if just discovering that he was drifting into the northern sea of metaphysical arguments, he raised his strong hand, and in the tone of command, called out, 'Hard down the helm! hard down the helm! I've lost my reckoning! — we're in the region of icebergs!' An hour and a half he had now been preaching. He then turned and said, 'I think I know my way yet. I'm going to make for the nearest port. I meant to have swept you round through other seas, and pointed out to you those other nine cities of righteousness, where each in its own way is praising the Lord. But there's no time now; our miserable drift among the bergs has used up our voyage. Ah! I'm a poor captain and careless; wonder I hadn't wrecked you! But it's not too late; and I'll bring you safe into port yet, if you'll stand by me a little longer; and it shall be the blessed port where the way they praise God is by loving his children.'

"He went on with a glowing appeal for Christian charity, love to all men, but especially to those who are really trying to live as children of the good God and Father. As thunder breaks in upon a sum-

mer sky, did he denounce the wickedness of sectarian strife, and protest against the bigotry of those, who, with soiled garments on, refused to call by the name of brother, men whom God, clad in his robe of purity, did not hesitate to call his children.

"Such is a rough sketch of his discourse as I recollect to have heard it some thirty years ago."

Father Taylor was high-strung to the last degree. Hotspur was not more sensitive, nor Othello more the soul of honor. An incident illustrative of this trait is told by his long-time friend and associate, Mr. Broadhead.

A poor sailor owed a man a bill, who was going to take his furniture. Father Taylor offered to let the sailor paint his house, and so pay the bill himself. He gave the man his note; but the sailor ran off, and did not do the painting, and he claimed that he did not owe the note. The man sued him, and proceeded to attach a fine horse and carriage, presented to him by a Virginian friend, and which he rated very highly, both for itself and its giver. He refused to interfere to save his horse and carriage; forbade any of his friends attending its sale, which went ridiculously cheap; refused to receive the balance offered him by the sheriff over the claim, and declared no one of his family should ever receive it. The next Sunday he took for his text, "If one go with thee to the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." He was exceedingly indignant, and preached most urgently on the iniquities of law. Gov. Andrew, who was present, declared he never

heard a more compact and powerful legal argument on obedience to law. He closed his discourse with telling the story of his wrongs; and the lawless creditor may have fairly claimed that he got no more than his own, and the wronged preacher felt that he had cleared the score and squared accounts, thus balancing his firm-set antagonist. That balance yet lies somewhere in the sheriff's office, and will lie till the judgment-day, so far as any claim may come from the family of Father Taylor. He would scorn his blood, even in heaven, if they touched that money.

This sermon is thus narrated by the popular writer, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, then a student at Andover, who was present on the occasion: —

"In 1842, being in Boston, and attracted by the popularity of Father Taylor, I went to hear him.

"I entered the house behind a number of sailors. As I came in, I saw a middle-aged man upon the platform, with his arms folded, walking back and forth.

"'There he is, Bill,' said one of the sailors, who appeared to have recently arrived; "there's the old man walking the deck: he's got his guns double-shotted too; he'll give it to us, right and left. See how fast he travels, — fifteen knots on a taught bowline When he walks in that way, he's well stirred up and ready for action.'

"I followed the sailors into a pew, my curiosity much excited by what I had heard, and sat down, prepared to take it, right and left. There was nothing in the

preliminary exercises to attract particular attention, except a certain off-hand way of doing things, which I felt savored too little of reverence. He began by telling the congregation (in a very low voice), that the old sailor was' most gone, 'most worn out; 'but,' said he, 'this old voice has got to go it right straight through this sermon;' and he shot one hand by the other, with a gesture something like a person spitting on his hands for a lift.

"He then named his text, — Matthew, fifth chapter, thirty-ninth, fortieth, and forty-first verses: 'But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.' He then observed, that, when a man gave his own body for dissection, he had a right to say what he pleased, which he should do that day; that he understood there were reporters in the house, and he should try to speak very slow, in order that they might take down every word. The house and galleries now began to be crowded; upon which he called a number of sailors (who just then came into the house) up on the platform, — quarter-deck he called it. The men seemed quite unwilling to go; but he would have them up there, and put them on the sofa: then, looking round upon the audience, said, 'they had now got the hold full, and a deck-load.'

"He went on to speak of the duty of submit-

ting to law, even though it were unjust or cruel, and to tell the sailors that they must obey laws on board ship; must not question them, deny duty, or mutiny, even though they were abused, nor strive to right themselves by unlawful methods; but submit and suffer wrong, rather than do wrong, citing the words of the text, 'and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.'

"If we were going upon the principle of resisting evil, we should be lawless; for all human laws had evil in them, because they were made by sinners, to govern sinners, and the Devil (whom he had a great deal to say about) had a hand in making all of them; all human laws were crooked, like the roads in a new country, that twisted and doubled round things that come in the way; law is not always justice. There was only one perfectly straight, square law in the universe, — God's law; *that* was right up and down like the windlass-bitts, didn't twist any more than a pump-bolt, but went right straight through every thing: that was the course for us to steer.

"And God said, 'Resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' But the Devil said, 'Hit back, and I'll back you:' but he didn't back his friends; for, after he got 'em into trouble, he left 'em there, for he's a liar, and always was."

"'You won't gain any thing by going to law, I tell you: the feathers will come out of your neighbor's

goose. A Christian going to law is out of his place he is coming down to the level of the world. Sup pose you were going along the street where a jack-ass was hitched to a post, and he should up foot and kick you, then you should up and kick him. Why, he is only acting out his own nature, while you have made a jackass of yourself; and there is a pair of jackasses. I entreat you all not to make jackasses of yourselves.'

"By this time I began to think we were getting it right and left, and the preacher's voice (which was at first so feeble) had risen to a shout. He said, 'It is the crookedness of the law that gives to dishonest men all the advantage over honest men, because honest men know nothing about law: they have no time to study law; they are about better things, — serving God and getting an honest living; but rogues have nothing else to do but study all the crooks, quirks, and quibbles. If you go into any of the miserable dens in their neighborhood, you will find Coke and Blackstone. They are all posted. If twenty honest men and twenty rogues go to law, the rogues will beat them. Here,' said he, 'are my two class-leaders, as honest, respectable men as there are in Boston, and the judges and lawyers in Suffolk County are as upright men as are to be found in the world; and yet some rogues might go before a court, and swear that they saw them breaking into a store, or setting a fire; and they would have to go to jail, and all the congregation might follow them to Charlestown bridge with their tears and hymn-books; but into the

stone jug they would have to go. So, you see, it is of no use to go to law. I am talking to honest men now. As I said before, the feathers will come out of your neighbor's goose: they won't come out of the rogue. I suppose some of you will tell me, 'It's very easy for you, Father Taylor, to stand up there and tell us not to mutiny or deny duty, to turn the other cheek, and all that; but if you got as many kicks and cuffs as we do, you'd want to strike back.' Well, now, I've been abused by the law: the law has injured me; but I am going to stand up for the law, submit to it, and turn the other cheek.'

"He then went on to say, that at one time his house wanted painting; and a man who went to sea part of the time, and worked ashore part of the time, being unable to pay his rent, his landlord (in winter weather) was about to put his things on the side-walk. He told the landlord he would hire the man to paint his house, which would pay up the arrears of rent, and for some weeks ahead, and (with the man's consent) gave his note, to the amount required for the job, to the landlord, to keep him quiet. When the business was arranged, the man ran away and didn't paint the house. When the note came round, he refused to pay it, on the ground that he had never had the work done. Upon which the landlord sued him, and, as he refused to go to law, attached property (his horse and chaise), and, as is usual in such cases, for more than the amount of the debt. He still refusing to have any thing to do with it, the property was sold, which, bringing more than the debt and costs.

the remainder was tendered to him; but he refused to receive it, because the Scripture says, 'Of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.' Said he, 'I see that man here to-day' (and I think he said 'he is a member of this church'). 'Now, I have no ill-will or hardness against that man: I love him as a Christian brother; I would do him any favor, do any thing for his good, as willingly as ever I would. I shall always feel sorry to hear that any misfortune has happened to him, and be glad to hear of his prosperity. I never will let the fire go out on his hearth when he is gone to sea; never will I see his little ones cry for bread, or his wife turned out to the cold charity of the world. But then I can never have that *confidence* in him, can never *trust* him, as I did before.'

"Here the man (who sat well up on the broad aisle), unable to endure it longer, got up and made all haste for the door.

"'Here, come back!' shouted the preacher, leaning over the pulpit: 'you haven't got half your dose yet.'

"The man did not stop to get any more, and the discourse closed with a fervent exhortation to Christian charity.

"In the slip before me were a number of man-of-war's men; and, as they went out, one of them, slapping the other on the shoulder, said, 'I swear, Jack, it is better than a theatre.'

"This is what I can recollect of the discourse after an interval of more than twenty years."

Mr. Duncan Maclean gives a synopsis of his talk on creeds, made up out of several sermons, which

exhibits his usual freedom in handling that theme, though it does not quite convey his delicate and abundant fancy.

"Creeds! Shipmates, if anybody were to ask you who made the heavens and the earth, and all that are in them, you would very properly answer, God; and, if you should be asked who made all the creeds, you would just as readily respond, Men; and be right in both cases. Now creeds, like Joseph's coat of many colors, are made of patches, — no two of them alike, or one of them to-day what it was when first made. Even our new friends, the Millerites, since they broke their crank in trying to wind the world up, have been compelled to add a new patch to their creed, to explain the blunders in their figuring. Creeds are all well enough in their way; but you will readily perceive, like every thing human, they are imperfect. No man shall make a creed for me; and I'm sure I do not wish to make a creed for any one. A common danger gives men a common creed.

"A few days since, one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship, bound from Liverpool for New York, with over four hundred souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half-passage out, she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from the bolt-ropes: the sea swept away her boats, bulwarks, and every thing movable from her decks; and, to add to the horror of those on

board, when the storm moderated, she caught fire below. New sails were immediately bent, and she was headed for the Western Islands; while the passengers were employed pouring water below, in the hope of drowning the fire. It was all in vain. The fire increased instead of diminishing: the pitch began to melt from the seams of the planking; the lower parts of the hold-pumps were burned, so that there were no means left to pump the water out; in short, after doing all that men could do to save the ship, they found themselves at their wits' end. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of all their distresses.

"All work ceased: the captain called the crew and passengers together, and told them that it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, — for she was leaky as well as on fire: he therefore thought it right that they should all unite in prayer; and he advised every one to pray for himself, in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word. Now, what do you think they prayed for? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other *ism?* No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God. When they rose from the deck, a young sailor bounded aloft; and, when he reached the royal masthead, shouted with all his might, "Sail ho! steering in our wake." In a moment the ship was hove to, after

which the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves.

"Now wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, now began to differ; to make *creeds* according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon; but the vessel was end on, and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft to which it belonged was a ship, a bark, or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull out with studding-sails set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen; and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all drawing sail. Now, what mattered it whether she was a ship, a bark, or a brig? She was a savior. Was not that enough?

"No: men are by nature so crooked that they will question the existence of the God in whom they live, move, and have their being. It was a British frigate. She rounded to, and saved every soul. Were they grateful? I think they were.

"But suppose it had been night, — for God works at all times and in all weathers, — and the poor souls could have seen only her lights rising and falling with every roll of the waves: they would have been just as much given to speculation. Even in the darkness somebody would have thought that he saw something better than his shipmates, and so on probably through the whole ship's company. Sailors, as well as landsmen, are not willing to take God at His word, and wait patiently for the working out of His

ways, but they want to know all about Him right off; and because they can't, then they go to work and make what they think he ought to do, and call it a creed. Blessed Jesus, give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction; for we want to look all around the horizon, — yea, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean.

"But to return to the saved: they had a good creed. They prayed a sincere prayer to a common Father, and He sent them a common salvation. Oh, how their hearts must have bounded with gratitude when they found themselves safely on the deck of the hospitable frigate! In this case some four hundred souls had passed through one of the most appalling experiences of life, without any other creed than trust in God. The friendly frigate remained by the wreck, and saved all their effects; and then poured a concentrated broadside into her between wind and water, that her burning wreck might not draw ships out of their course. She exploded into fragments, rolled from side to side, and disappeared, leaving the wreck of her spars and upper works a shapeless mass on the surface. The frigate landed her precious freight in safety at Cork, whence they finally found their way to their respective destinations. Did creeds give those rescued souls consolation in their hour of extreme peril? No: but the Word of God did; and that is my creed. I hold to the Bible, the whole Bible, as my creed, because it never grows old or needs repatching."

This topic was often offset by rigid proclamations of the highest points of orthodox creeds. None could surpass him in pressing on his sailors' minds the doctrine of their own personal sin, and that pardon and holiness were by faith alone in the blood of Christ, and the eternal consequences of accepting or rejecting the great salvation In this appeal he keeps close to these central truths, and by them steers his ship in safety.

XI.

SOME BETHEL MEN.

Richard Butler. — His Dissolute Habits. — Father Taylor's Kind Word. — His Conviction, Conversion, Fall, and Rising again. — Faithful unto Death. — Charles Jameson. — Father Taylor's Inconsistencies defended. — "It takes all Kinds of Winds for a Ship to sail round the World." — Victory over Death. — Charles Smith. — His Generosity. — Breaks with his Leader, and is reconciled. — The Oldest Living Member of the Bethel Church. — His Conversion and Trust in God. — Capt. Foster, and how he didn't put down Father Taylor. — Capt. Bowers and his Christian Character. — How Exemplified. — Henry Pigeon. — Capt. Morris. — Mr. Harlow. — His Rescue, and Holy Living and Dying. — William Broadhead. — Nathaniel Hamilton. — How he got his Place. — "Frogs will push him from the Log."

THE work of Father Taylor at the Bethel may be well illustrated by a character or two. We have given slight incidents illustrative of several of them in the chapter on the Bethel prayer-meeting. The story of another is told in "The Boatswain's Whistle," a journal published by and for a fair to aid the seamen. Mr. Duncan Maclean is its author.

"Dick Butler was every inch a sailor, and was regarded by his shipmates generally as the prince of good fellows, — willing to treat while he had a shot in the locker, and ready for a lark at a moment's notice. He was generous to a fault: no one appealed to him in vain for help, while he had any thing to give. On

board of a ship, when free from the influence of rum, no man could be more exemplary in the discharge of every duty in all weathers. Even when half drunk he was not quarrelsome; on the contrary, he was so full of fun that it was hard for any one to find fault with him. But he loved rum above every thing else, and for it would sell even the shirt he wore. Thus he passed many years of his life, — a drunken, reckless sailor, the easy prey of any land-shark who would take the trouble to fleece him.

"In one of his sober fits, he thought he would turn over a new leaf, and, by way of a beginning, married a kind-hearted young woman, who really loved him on account of his geniality, — he was so good-natured. For a few weeks they were as happy as children, and Dick wondered that he should have been such a fool to remain single so long. He felt like a new man, drank but little, was home early every evening, and thought himself all right. But, like every poor sinner who reposes confidence in his own strength, he gradually relapsed into his old habits. At this time he had left the sea and worked alongshore. He labored hard and drank deeply, so much so that he seemed to be rum-proof; but sometimes, like other drunkards, he lost the run of himself, though he was rarely seen to stagger. Having finished discharging a ship, in company with some of his companions, he 'blew it out straight' in a favorite rum-shop, and, when he left to go home, was so confused that he proceeded to the ship he had just helped to discharge. How he managed to scramble

on board of her he never knew; but the next morning he awoke in her hold, lying under the fore hatchway, alongside of the keelson. In turning himself over to rise, he felt an acute pain in his side, and tried to put his hand to the place; but his arm would not move: it hung listlessly by his side: it was broken, with part of the bone sticking through the skin. Evidently he had tumbled down the ship's hatchway; but how he escaped with his life seemed miraculous. As it is always the rule to put on the hatches every night, it is highly probable he remembered, by a kind of instinct, they had not been put on, and returned for that purpose, when he fell into the hold.

"He was physically very strong, good-tempered, and as courageous as a lion: he bore the pain with fortitude, thought himself lucky that his brains had not been dashed out, laughed sometimes at his own stupidity, but never thought of reforming. By yielding implicit obedience to the surgeon who attended him, he recovered rapidly. When he resumed work, he was a little more careful, but still drank deeply. In one of his oblivious fits, his wife gave birth to a child, which died and was buried without his knowing any thing of the event.

"One evening, by way of a lark, he went to Father Taylor's prayer-meeting in the vestry of the Bethel, in Boston, and became so troublesome that some of the brethren would have bundled him out, had not Father Taylor himself interfered. 'Poor fellow!' said Father Taylor, 'let us pray for him: he's too good to go to hell. Kneel, brother, kneel, and we'll

ask the Lord to have mercy upon you, seeing you have no mercy upon yourself!'

"The kind words 'poor fellow!' subdued him: he knelt, he could not tell why, and that evening went home in tears. God had struck conviction deep into his soul: his whole past life, in all its hideous deformity, burst upon him: he threw himself upon the floor, and groaned in agony. That night he did not turn in. He tried to pray, but could not. He was not afraid, for fear was no part of his nature: all his intense agony arose from the conviction, that he had been setting God at open defiance, who had been good to him ever since he could remember. His base ingratitude stung him to the soul: he wept like a child; and, when day dawned, he was still in tears. 'Oh, dear!' he exclaimed, when his wife told him it was time to go to work. 'O my dear wife! you must pray for me, for I can't pray for myself: I'm too bad to take the Lord's holy name upon my lips.'

"He went to work, but hardly had he left his house before some of his associates asked him to go and have something to drink, as usual, before turning to. 'No,' replied he: 'I'm done with rum and the Devil.' They stared at him with surprise, thought he was crazy, and tried to laugh him out of his good resolve; but he paid no heed to them. They went to the rum-shop: he went to work. At eleven o'clock, the usual hour of freshening the nip with nearly all classes at that time, the word 'rum' rung in his ears: his whole nature was burning for it; he

felt the temptation was too much for him; and, when invited again by his colaborers, he was almost delirious. He threw himself upon the ship's deck where he was at work, for he found his legs were carrying him against his will. 'Great God!' he shouted at the top of his lungs, 'kill me or save me!'

"God did save him: the power of the tempter was broken, he had drunk his last glass of grog;* but other temptations assailed him with terrible violence. For months he struggled against the Devil and all his works. He attended church regularly, was at every prayer-meeting, and asked every person who loved the Lord to pray for him. Nearly a year passed away before he felt that God had forgiven his sins, and had received him as a prodigal son; and then he was all aglow with gratitude. He lived the religion of Jesus Christ in every thing according to the dictates of his conscience. After a fair trial, he was admitted a member of Father Taylor's church, and continued faithful unto death. On every suitable occasion he called upon seamen to serve the Lord, showed them what the Lord had done for his soul, and told them, by way of encouragement, that, if he could be saved, anybody could be saved. He declared that he was a living witness of the power of God to save the chief of sinners.

* This is not quite the fact. Mr. Butler fell a number of times before he was delivered from the bondage of this appetite. At last, Father Taylor and the church despaired of saving him; and he was told that this was the last time that he would be permitted to return. He went forth under the knowledge of that purpose, and by it was so strengthened that he ever after passed through the midst of the most fiery trials without suffering even temptation.

"But the serious injuries which he had sustained when a drunkard impaired his health, and somewhat affected his mind. He felt his craving for rum return: he told Father Taylor all about it, and wept bitter tears, fearful that God would suffer him to fall. They both prayed. The brethren and sisters of the Bethel prayed; and their prayers were answered. His soul was strengthened, while his body wasted away: he felt that God was still his friend, and reposed implicit confidence in the divine promises of the gospel. As Father Taylor said, 'God would not suffer his child to fall: he laid him gently on a bed of mortal trial, and, when fully refined, took him home to glory.' He died praising God."

Another writer adds, —

"This is a true sketch of the life of Richard Butler, one of the most faithful members of the Bethel. He believed in Father Taylor to the death. No matter whether he changed his mind a dozen times a day, Butler was always in his wake. Appreciating this implicit devotion, Father Taylor determined to mend his means of living. He advanced him and another man, Charles Jameson, money enough to build a waterboat, with which they both earned a comfortable living. Jameson was a Scotchman, calm, prudent, and of deep religious convictions. He had no doubts or misgivings. Christ was to him the very God of his being. Sometimes, when Father Taylor was inclined to bound from one subject to another, without regard to consistency, Jameson remarked that 'it required all kinds of winds for a ship to sail around the world.

The old man had so many wandering sinners to bring home, that he could not be expected to sail on one tack all the time.' Like Butler, he had been a sailor, but, unlike him, he never had any loose habits. The one was grave and sedate, the other full of child-like carelessness. They worked together in perfect harmony, and always rendered a good testimony at the class and prayer meetings. Father Taylor regarded them as his right-hand men.

"About twenty-six years ago, they both died, within three weeks of each other. A few days before the death of Jameson, his wife asked him how he felt about the eternal world; and he answered, 'You see that curtain, Janet: well, death has no more dread for me than would the raising or the lowering of that curtain. My faith is immovable.' So he died.

"Father Taylor mourned over their death with deep, heartfelt sorrow; and well he might, for they were both men of God. At a church-meeting, he proposed — and whatever he proposed was law — that Mrs. Butler's interest in the water business should be turned over to another brother, and that the church should try and support the widow and her children. But Charles Smith, without any fear of Father Taylor before his eyes, assumed the obligations himself, and, with his wife, went to every place where debts were due, and settled them; and then, from the earnings of the business, after deducting a little every month, the balance enabled Mrs. Butler to support her family without any aid from the church.

"Mr. Smith was as devoted to Father Taylor and the church as any member in it; but he did not hesitate to say in a difference once, that the good man's heart was better than his head. This he would not allow; so he came down upon 'Charlie' without mercy, and denounced him as a disturber of the peace. But these denunciations did not affect him: he was constant at the church and at all the meetings, and left his life to speak for itself. When a few years had passed, Father Taylor took him by both hands, and, in the fulness of his heart, exclaimed, 'You were right, Charlie, after all, and I was altogether wrong; and now, dear brother, you must forgive me for what I have said.'

"When Mr. Smith died, Father Taylor officiated at his funeral, and spoke of him with tears in his eyes. He loved him with all his heart. Like Butler and Jameson, he was engaged in supplying shipping with water, but was never dependent on Mr. Taylor for any pecuniary aid. He left a widow and eight children. Three of his sons volunteered early in 1862: two laid down their lives in the service of their country, and the third is still alive. Mrs. Butler also had three sons in the field, and Mrs. Jameson one."

Andrew Newlands, whom Father Taylor called "Old North of Europe," is now eighty-four years of age. He is a native of Sweden, and went to sea in 1802. In 1806, he landed in Norfolk, Va., from a Swedish ship. Afterwards he sailed in American vessels until 1811, when he joined an English merchantship bound from the West Indies to London. In mid-

ocean, she was boarded by a boat from the British frigate "Sybil," Capt. Hopkins; and, though a foreigner, Newlands was pressed, and compelled to serve three years, during which he participated in many stirring scenes. He speaks very highly of Capt. Hopkins as a kind and brave man, whose conduct was in marked contrast with that of Capt. Hugh Pigot, while in command of the "Hermione" frigate. This bold, bad man had so tyrannized over his crew, that they rose in mutiny, killed him and nearly all the officers, and then ran the vessel into a Spanish port, and gave her up as a prize to the Spaniards, with whom the British were then at war. The awful sufferings of her crew formed the theme of conversation with seamen for many years.

Newlands sailed under various flags until he visited Bristol, R.I., in 1819. The place was then ablaze with a great Methodist revival; and it was here he first made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, who was then a young man in all his glory. Newlands was converted, and, from that time to the present, has been a living child of God. He says, that, when he first found the Redeemer, the place was filled with the Holy Ghost. Rum-shops and dance-halls were transformed into places of worship, and nearly all secular business was suspended. He became a member of Father Taylor's church when he preached in Methodist Alley, and his name at present heads the list of aged members. He followed the sea over fifty years. While on board the packet-ship "Dorchester," Capt. Caldwell, in the winter of 1844, bound

from Liverpool for Boston, he narrowly escaped death. The ship was boarded by a heavy sea, which swept away all her masts and nearly every movable thing from her decks, broke the upper deck down, drowned the second mate and a seaman, and left her a helpless, leaky hulk. Three days afterward, all hands were rescued by the "Rochester," Capt. Britton, which carried them to New York. Newlands says, that, during the whole time, his religion enabled him to do two men's duty, and to inspire all hands with confidence that they would be saved. He said that he had an inward conviction, in the darkest hours, when the ship was rolling about and leaking so rapidly that the pumps would hardly keep her free, that they would be saved; and he said so with so much confidence that all hands believed him. He has been frequently wrecked, but never saw the time, since he gave himself to Christ, that he knew what fear meant. Always prepared to die, having a living faith, he is completely resigned to the will of God. When no longer able to follow the sea, he found quarters in the Sailor's Snug Harbor, having obtained admission there through the influence of that sterling friend of seamen, Capt. Robert B. Forbes. Though kindly treated, he longed to be near the Bethel. He loved Father Taylor; and, to gratify this longing, he left without knowing where to go. While walking, and thinking about his future quarters, he was met by Capt. Samuel Baldry, who tendered him a residence in his house while he lived. He believed that the Lord sent the good captain to him in the nick of time. Two years afterward, Capt.

Baldry died in the Isle of France, and Newlands was once more adrift; but the Lord raised him up another friend. A noble lady — God bless her! — for whose husband he had sailed, found him out, and provided him abundantly with all he desired. He is a welcome visitor to her house, and is never permitted to go away empty-handed. She not only pays his board and clothes him, but provides him liberally with money to give away to those who may require it. Newlands never asked a cent from any one: he takes the promises of the gospel literally as they read, and has always found them true. He was never married. At present he resides in East Boston, and enjoys good health. Above the middle height, of a strong, vigorous frame, clear, intelligent blue eyes, and a mind unimpaired by age, he bids fair to live many years. He is a constant attendant at the Bethel, frequently takes part in the prayer and conference meetings, and enjoys religion with all his soul. He looks the glorious faith in which his affections are centred.

Capt. Jacob Foster, one of the first deacons of the Bethel, was not only a devoted Christian, but a man of considerable tact in managing Father Taylor, who, by the way, was much inclined to have his own way, whether right or wrong. But this good brother frequently led him when he thought he was doing the leading himself. Once, however, he failed. When Taylor was sick, his physicians put him on half-rations of preaching. He was to talk only so many minutes, and Capt. Foster was to tell him when to stop by rising in his slip. At the time appointed, he stood

up. Father Taylor saw him, and knew its meaning. "Just let me alone this once, Brother Foster," he cried, "and I'll always mind you afterwards." He sat down: the preacher flew on for another hour, and Capt. Foster never presumed to control his preaching again.

The late Capt. Joseph Bowers, though not a member of his church, at the end of every voyage, together with his crew, visited the Bethel prayer-meeting to return thanks. He was a remarkable man: he followed the sea over fifty years, forty of which he was captain, and during that long period never lost a main spar, never had a sailor die on board or desert him, and never had occasion to call on the underwriters for a cent of insurance; and, above all, was fortunate in being the means, under Providence, of converting his crews. One incident of his life will show his character. When Boston was considered an infected port in consequence of the cholera, vessels bound to Cuba, though laden in Boston, proceeded to Portland, Me., and there obtained a clean bill of health. The vessel which he commanded had pursued the same course; but the Spaniards, having received a hint of this mode, became more particular. They questioned Capt. Bowers about the place he took on board his cargo, and he answered truthfully. His vessel, accordingly, was ordered to perform forty days' quarantine. As part of his cargo was perishable, he returned immediately to Boston. His owner was furious, and demanded why he did not swear his cargo through like other shipmasters. The custom

officers in Cuba were "only a parcel of Spaniards." "Sir," replied the noble captain, "I was not swearing to Spaniards, but to God, in whose presence I would not lie to save my life." He was turned out of the vessel, but soon obtained another, and continued successful to the close of life. He died suddenly at sea by a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Henry Pigeon, spar-maker, of East Boston, still a member of the Bethel, has been many years a devoted friend of seamen. Father Taylor loved him dearly, and passed many a pleasant day in his company. He has a country residence on Cape Ann, where Father Taylor was a welcome guest every summer. It was of his daughter that the quaint remark was made recorded in a previous chapter.*

Capt. Griffith Morris, long and favorably known as commander of the steamer, "R. B. Forbes," was a class-leader and Sunday-school teacher in the Bethel thirty years ago. He was converted under Father Taylor's ministry, and rendered him good service many years. He now resides in New Jersey, and continues a member of the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

Mr. Harlow was converted under the labors of Father Taylor, and became an exemplary Christian. When he found Jesus precious, his whole soul was aglow with gratitude; and his testimony was so convincing, that he formed one of the chief spars in the Bethel-ship. He was one of the most devoted Christians that could be found anywhere, and rendered up a good account when he was passing away.

* See page 160.

Mr. Broadhead, formerly boatswain of the United States revenue-cutter, "Hamilton," under the command of Capt. Josiah Sturgis, was also converted by the preaching of Father Taylor. He left the cutter, and took charge of the Mariners' House in North Square, which he conducted with marked ability several years. He left it for other business, but, while he remained in this vicinity, was an efficient member of the Bethel.

As a specimen of the power he possessed over his "crew," he used to tell of a good brother, who if at work on the roof of a house, and Father Taylor, from the sidewalk, but shook his fingers greetingly at him, would shout back, as loud as he could, "Glory!" With such men, how could he fail to make a successful cruise in his holy man-of-war, and bring many hostile souls happy captives home to glory?

Mr. Nathaniel Hamilton, the present efficient superintendent, describes his first acquaintance with the "Old Admiral:" —

"In the month of March, 1852, I received what seemed to me a providential notice that a man was wanted to fill a place connected with the Bethel enterprise. Having the impression that the call was of a higher order than man, I consulted with my minister, Rev. William Livesey, who, seeing my zeal, volunteered to accompany me to Father Taylor, and vouch for my fitness. In our interview he was searching and scathing in his inquiries and remarks. Although Mr. Livesey had spoken as best he could, and Mrs. Taylor says, 'Mr. Taylor, we have prayed

earnestly for the Lord to send us the right man,' still he seemed to take no stock in my ability to fill the place, until his scathing remarks provoked me to show some of the same spirit he exhibited, and use language something like this: 'If you think that I was fool enough to come to Boston to seek a place that a child could fill, you are mistaken in your man,' directly rising and taking my hat, as if to leave. 'Well,' says Father Taylor, 'that is the best thing I have seen yet.' I *think* he is our man, and will fill the place admirably.

"He never could bear what he termed a putty or wooden man. He said 'Good steel will throw fire when struck.' While living on the Cape, my house was a home for ministers. Naturally some would find me in my new home. A few months after taking charge, one came, but not alone, — wife, sister, five children, and a dog. Father Taylor was watching with intent interest all the coming and going, and, as he had adopted me as his man, he wanted there should be no 'outs;' but this encroachment on our rules bothered him. After some deliberation, he very significantly says, 'Brother Hamilton, be careful you don't get so many frogs on the log you can't stay on yourself.'"

He was able, however, to stay on the log, and keeps on it to-day, a most efficient laborer in this excellent work.

Many intelligent captains, mates, and seamen made the Bethel their religious home at the end of their voyages, and contributed much toward its support

and usefulness by their testimony. In the Sunday-evening prayer-meetings, when the Bethel was crowded in every part, it was quite common to hear over a hundred seamen give their testimony, and relate their experience about the blessed religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

With such helpers he built up his cause, and made it strong for a generation, at home and on every sea.

XII.

IN CONFERENCE.

Many Ways for a Live Man to live. — "Sailors curse the Eyes they weep with." — A Novel Text at Bath, and a great Sermon. — A Failure at Wilbraham. — A Victory over his Victors. — How he saved a Poet. — Heavy Divinity. — The Tables turned. — "The Death of Death himself." — Don't fire his Gun at a Mosquito. — "A Pup of Dogtown." — "Can't eat Souls." — Mice and Lions. — Sleeves rolled up. — Camels and Spices and Bitter Herbs. — Preserved Diamonds. — "By George!" — "Sailors grasp the World in their Hands like an Orange." — "Grasp the Poles and shake the Universe." — — His Sermon in New York. — Another Sailor Preacher. — "No Salt in the Forecastle." — Melting an Iceberg with Moonbeams. — "Heating an Oven with Snowballs." — Putting Spurs to Lightning. — A Whale eating a Tun of Herrings for Breakfast. — Speech at Niagara. — Peter Cartwright's Reply. — His Latest Love.

EVERY live man shows his vitality in many ways. Father Taylor's peculiar genius shone in society, and a clerical conference is only the best society. It confers on the most animating themes in that free manner which invites free lances like his to engage in the fray. He began his career as a conference man almost before he was a member. In his earlier days the preaching was much more frequent than at present, and the young orator was soon brought to the front.

He joined the conference on trial at Lynn in 1819, being recommended from Scituate circuit. His case was laid over at first; but he was afterwards received

"some improvement," as its journal reads, "having been seen in his case." The next year the conference met at Nantucket. On Sunday, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, he preached to a great multitude assembled on the wharves and on vessels near by. He said to the sailors, "When you are at sea, and the storm is upon you, your eyes weep; you humble yourselves, and pray to God for help; but, when the storm is over, you curse your eyes for weeping, and your hearts for feeling."

Bishop George, who presided at the conference, remarked, "Who would have thought of that but Taylor?"

Rev. A. D. Sargent recalls an illustration of his aptness at text, and portrays his power over an audience. He says, —

"In 1822, the New-England Conference met in Bath, Me. After the conference was adjourned, he preached on board the vessel at the wharf, on Acts xxi. 6: 'And, when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship, and they returned home again.' He had one of his greatest times. There was a great crowd of people, and many preachers; among these Bishop Hedding. He was peculiarly happy in selecting texts for occasions of all sorts. In those days he was full of sea-phrases and allusions to the sea. He was always remarkable for making people cry and laugh. He was in all sorts of shapes, — now as though he was a thunder-cloud, threatening terror and dismay, and then exciting levity and glee, and that soon followed by a flood of tears; so that the people

hardly knew how to show their admiration, whether by crying, laughing, or shouting. When the latter demonstration appeared, he was like the war-horse in the heat of the conflict, and would push into the battle as though he was strong enough to move mountains, and control the whole solar system. On such occasions he was majestic beyond description. Two years after this, in 1824, he preached before the ordination of the elders elect, at Barnard, Vt., in the grove, Bishop George being present to ordain. That was the time when there were nearly forty who were ordained elders. He preached at all the conferences in those days, because the people clamored for him, and he must come out, or they would not be satisfied."

He was not, however, always successful. At a conference in Wilbraham, in 1826, Bishop George preached in the morning, Rev. J. N. Maffit preached a powerful sermon at a later morning hour, and Father Taylor began to speak in the afternoon from the text, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ." But the efforts of the morning overcame him; and he only said a few rambling words and sat down, while Wilbur Fisk filled out his hour.

He not only endured failure, but chastisement also, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The following incident showed his happy art of pressing a nettle to its silky softness. At the Springfield Conference of 1831, he was charged with disobeying the resolve of the conference, not to participate in public Masonic

ceremonies. They were led to this course by the excitement then prevailing against this order, and they expressed no opinion on the subject itself. Father Taylor had promised to conform, and had broken his pledge. Wilbur Fisk was the complainant. He was found guilty; and the vote was, that he should be reproved by its president in open conference. He accordingly walked up to the altar-rail to the bishop. Bishop Hedding, his first and best friend, spoke of his conversion under his labors, and the interest he had felt for him, and affectionately advised him as to his future conduct. When asked how he liked the punishment inflicted, he said, "The only objection I had to it was that there was not enough of it. I am willing to take advice from Bishop Hedding every day of my life; for I am sure he has a true heart, and what he says shall be an excellent oil that shall not break my head."

It was, however, as a debater that he afterwards and longest shone. In this tournament of soul with soul, he took great delight. His wit was of the keenest, his pathos the most pathetic, his eloquence irresistible. A multitude of memories of such revelations of his power exist, a few of which have condensed themselves into enduring words.

Rev. R. W. Allen writes, "In 1834, the New-England Conference held its session in Webster, Mass. In the examination of the preachers, an incident occurred that created much interest. Rev. Caleb D. Rogers had written some verses, in which he brought out the most prominent traits of character in the

leading preachers of the conference. They were written, as he declared, for his own amusement, and not designed to be seen by any one but himself, but were surreptitiously copied, and at the above conference were seen or heard by most of the preachers. One brother took offence, claiming that an unjust allusion had been made to him; and, when the name of C. D. Rogers was called, the matter was brought up. Father Taylor was then in his prime, and to speak in conference was his delight, especially on any subject in which he was particularly interested.

"The objection made aroused him, and he was on his feet at once. For a few moments he seemed inspired, and delivered a speech that will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was something on this wise: 'Mr. President, strange revelations are made to-day. The New-England Conference is perfected at last. We had our doctors, theologians, logicians, authors, orators, disciplinarians, great men and powerful men, but we had no poet; and how to get one was a question that no one could answer. We were sighing for a poet; and all at once, unlooked for, like thunder from a clear sky, the great, glorious fact is announced that a poet has arisen in our midst, full grown, with wings spread, by the name of Caleb D. Rogers. His *début* shows a master genius, and reveals a stretch of thought and imagination truly marvellous. Who but a master mind could draw to the life the characters of such giants as compose this conference? We are surprised at the effort; it confounds, it overwhelms us.' Thus he proceeded, clos-

ing his thrilling address with '*Long live the poet Rogers!*' The conference was completely taken captive by the unique effort, such as no one living could make but E. T. Taylor. I need not say that the character of C. D. Rogers passed without any thing further being said.

"In returning to Boston from the conference which held its session in Webster in 1834, we travelled by stage. The vehicle was old and rickety, and filled with men, most of whom were of more than ordinary weight. At times the old coach would tremble and creak, as if coming to pieces; which furnished Father Taylor an occasion for characteristic remarks, by which he kept the company in good-humor. Once, when it seemed that we were to be dashed to the ground, Father Taylor exclaimed, 'Gently, driver, you never had such a load before. Divinity is heavy stuff. The seventy-four,' as he always called Bishop Hedding, 'is aboard.'"

Thus he turned the tables at a Springfield conference. There had been a warm discussion on the propriety of publishing in "the Minutes" the names of the donors to the missionary fund, together with the amount contributed by each. It had been advocated on the ground that it would increase our contributions, as all would wish to see their names in the list, and every name would have an influence for the following year. It was opposed, on the contrary, that those who could give but little would not like to see so small a sum attached to their names in print, and might be deterred from giving at all.

Father Taylor had made one of his characteristic, pointed speeches upon ostentatious giving, closing with the injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

In reply, it was urged by Dr. Butler that it would be in opposition neither to the spirit nor the letter of Scripture to publish the names of these donors; citing, as an illustration in proof of this position, that Christ himself had made laudatory mention of the poor widow who had cast two mites into the treasury, saying she had done more than they all, for it was all her living; and that the gift of this woman had been published wherever the gospel had been preached, exerting in every land incalculable influence for generous and self-denying beneficence.

The speaker, who had been really eloquent, had scarcely finished, — he had not taken his seat, — when Father Taylor, half rising and leaning forward, with a shrill voice, not loud, but perfectly audible in every part of the house, called out, "Will Dr. Butler please give us *the name* of that poor widow?"

The effect was overwhelming. The discussion was never renewed, and no further effort was ever made in favor of the publication of the names of the contributors to the missionary cause.

At another conference there had been some discussion on the subject of ministerial education; and Father Taylor, much to the surprise of some of the younger brethren, had earnestly advocated the establishment of theological institutions, alluding feelingly to his own want of thorough training.

"Ah! if you had been through the schools," said the presiding bishop, "we should have had no Father Taylor."

"There you are right," rejoined the old man, "for in that case *I* should have been a bishop."

Rev. Mr. ——, an honored member of the New-England Conference, and a man of marked ability, was often called out on occasions of moment to deliver addresses at its annual sessions. While always thoughtful, he was sometimes very deliberate in his manner, and at times somewhat dull and dry. On one occasion he was called upon to make a memorial address in behalf of a departed member of the conference. He failed to take fire during his whole discourse. His remarks were protracted to a great length; and, while certainly not lacking weight, they fell heavily upon a wearied audience. "There," said Father Taylor, turning, with one of his indescribable distortions of the countenance, to a neighbor, "that was the deadest speech over a dead man that I ever heard. A few minutes longer, and he would have been the death of Death himself!"

Rev. Mr. B——, although not himself a classical scholar, was a cultivated man, and very much in earnest to raise the standard of educational requirements for membership in the conference. Once, while he was chairman of the examining committee of one of the classes, a young man failed to pass a satisfactory trial before him. His piety and apparent success in preaching were urged as reasons for overriding the report of the committee. Mr. B—— at

once started off upon an elaborate speech, defending the course of the committee, and deprecating any measure that would tend to lower the sentiment of the conference upon the educational question. Father Taylor, who never underrated the value of solid attainments in knowledge, naturally set a much higher estimate upon happy preaching gifts and devout piety, sat near him, and seriously blunted the force of his arguments by his most expressive and readily-apprehended grimaces. Mr. B—— closed by saying, that he feared all his efforts would be overwhelmed by a speech from Father Taylor, which was evidently forthcoming; for every one could see that he was loaded to the muzzle, and would explode as soon as he sat down. The moment Mr. B—— dropped upon his seat, Father Taylor simply remarked, 'I never load my gun to the muzzle to shoot a mosquito!' The young man was triumphantly voted in.

During the memorable antislavery controversy a respected minister of the New-York Conference, who was reputed to be a pronounced abolitionist, was sent to Huntington, Long Island. Some of his friends thought the appointment hardly equal to his deserts. Leroy M. Sunderland, then editing 'The Watchman,' said he had been sent to 'Dogtown' on account of his antislavery sentiments. For this charge, Bishop Hedding, who presided in both conferences, arraigned Mr. Sunderland for trial in the New-England Conference, to which he belonged, meeting that year in Bennet Street, Boston. During the trial it came to the bishop's ears that Rev. Mr

Scudder, then an eloquent young minister who was preaching in Boston, was a native of Huntington, whereupon he was called upon to give his testimony as to the character of the place. As he concluded his statement, referring to the opprobrious epithet of Mr. Sunderland, Father Taylor convulsed the conference by shouting, "Quite a *pup* that! Can't they send us more of them?"

When this same Huntingtonian was married to a Boston lady, Father Taylor said to his bride, "When the church-members in the stations to which your husband is sent say they trust the Lord will give you souls for your ministry, say to them, 'We can't eat souls! and, besides, if the Lord gives us them, it is no thanks to you.'"

A preacher complaining of severe treatment from an editor, Father Taylor said, "When mice play with lions they must expect to get scratched."

He was particularly earnest and fruitful in his appeals for worn-out preachers. No such burning words of pathos and sarcasm, of poetry and pith, have been heard on that floor, as his on this theme. It was in these burning addresses that he uttered the oft-quoted words, —

"They were moral giants. When God made them, he rolled his sleeves up to the arm-pits.

"They are like camels bearing precious spices and browsing on bitter herbs.

"They deserved to be carried on beds of down, their horses should be fed on golden oats, and they on preserved diamonds."

Well did Dr. True remark, after one of these outbursts of sympathy and power, "The almond-tree has blossomed to its topmost branch."

He sometimes went to the verge of propriety under the temptation of wit, as, for instance: When Rev. N. D. George had written his excellent work on Universalism, he wished Father Taylor to introduce it to the New-England Conference. He did so; and, after eulogizing the work, he held the book up which he had in his hands, and said, "Here it is, brethren. Universalism, *by George!*"

At the Providence Conference, when some one was depreciating the sailors, he indignantly burst forth, "'Sailors ignorant!' Sailors know every thing. They grasp the world in their hand like an orange!"

Of like boldness of metaphor was his remark on another occasion. When he would lift the audience and the enterprise up to a lofty level, he exclaimed, "Grasp the poles in both hands, and shake the universe!"

Of his sermons before the conferences we have few remains. Rev. J. B. Wakely, D.D., furnishes some memorabilia of one in New-York City.

"About the year 1837 he attended the New-York Conference, and preached during the conference on a Sunday evening in the Mariners' Church in Roosevelt Street, which was then and for many years a great institution. Rev. Henry Chase was the popular pastor. He was a man of great beauty, a fine scholar, and something of a poet. He was unboundedly popular especially with seamen. He understood their

character, their nautical phrases, and how to adapt himself to them.

"A drunken sailor came reeling into his church one day, and the sailors all looked at him instead of at Mr. Chase. He stopped preaching as he saw he had not the attention of the audience. The drunken sailor threw himself into a seat, and looking up at the pulpit, and knowing the preacher had stopped on his account, said, 'Mr. Chase, you can go on now.' Mr. Chase replied, 'I will, shipmate, for I perceive you have got anchored.'

"Mr. Chase married more people than any minister in New York. When he was dying, several carriages drove up with persons coming for this purpose. He performed this service for not only seamen, but landsmen. He married ten thousand couples. He and Father Taylor were very intimate, and the latter was often his guest when in New York.

"I was with him when he was dying. A woman, poorly clad, came into the room, and looked at him for some time; and, in leaving, she wept and kissed his right hand, which lay palsied by his side. Some months after I met her, and I inquired why she kissed Mr. Chase's hand. She said that hand had been open to supply her wants in the midst of poverty; that hand had wiped the tear from her cheeks, and therefore she kissed it.

"At the conference spoken of, on Sunday evening, Father Taylor preached in his church to crowds. Over a hundred preachers were present. He preached from the text, Matt. iv. 16: 'The people which sat in

darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.'

"In his introduction he said, that, 'no matter to whom else the text refers, it is applicable to my tribe, — sailors.' He dwelt on the context. 'The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the *way of the sea*, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles.'

"He noticed, first, the former state of the seamen, — their wretched condition. They 'sat in darkness,' said he, in the days of Isaiah; they 'walked in darkness,' groping about in hope of some relief; but now they are sitting down in a hopeless condition, despairing of any relief.

"Second, he showed their dangerous condition. They were in the 'region and shadow of death.' Death was so near them they could see his shadow. This figure expressed imminent danger. Then he went on to show how little the sailor was then thought of: nothing could be done for 'poor Jack.' Said he, 'They would send out their missionaries and go on board the vessel before it sailed; and go into the cabin, and pray for the missionaries; then pray for the captain and mate, and offer no prayer for the sailors. They forgot to put any salt in the forecastle. Dark, dark, very dark! I remember when you kept a man at the door of your churches to shut out those who wore a tarpaulin hat and a blue jacket. I remember when I was a sailor-boy, and I had to run the gauntlet to get into your churches. Well, they might sit down in darkness, — in the darkness of despair.'

"'Why, it is a great mistake to think of converting the world without the help of sailors. You might as well think of melting a mountain of ice with a moonbeam, or think of heating an oven with snowballs; but get the sailor converted, and he is off from one port to another, as if you had put spurs to lightning.'

"Tears flowed freely, and the audience was charmed by the eloquence of the far-famed sailor-preacher from Boston.

"There was a meeting held in St. Paul's for the benefit of the Bethel ship, where Pastor Hedstrom has been so useful. Pastor Hedstrom made the first address. He was longer than Father Taylor thought he ought to have been. So when he was introduced at a late hour to make his address, he said, 'At this hour what do you expect of me, after Pastor Hedstrom has occupied so much time, who is as selfish as a whale, who takes in a tun of herrings before breakfast?'"

He was elected to the General Conference that sat in Boston in 1852, but took no part in its deliberations. His visit to the one that assembled at Buffalo in 1860 is marked by a speech of his on an excursion of the conference to Niagara, that is given in "The Daily Christian Advocate," published during its sessions, and that gives some impression of his vividness, though not as sustained or as remarkable in especial flights as some of his Bethel efforts.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, — You have had your applause, but you have not had your speech. I have

the disposition, but have not the voice or strength, to address you at much length to-day. If I speak now, it will be to keep up a custom I learned in my boyhood. I learned then to obey, and shall continue to do so to the last of my life, unless something wrong is demanded of me. We are to-day an extraordinary company, under extraordinary circumstances. This is one of the meetings that we shall have once, and it will never occur again. In this Republic, once in four years, the nation comes together; and this is the religious Republic of ours, composed of the men who play between heaven and earth, — the noblest class of beings that God has made. Angels are but the shadows of the ministers of the New Testament: that is, if they are true ministers. God pity them if they are in disguise!

"We are here to visit Niagara, the existence of which is disbelieved in many countries. Many have travelled far to visit it. We have come together an extraordinary company, and we are here to look at Niagara. What does it represent? What does it resemble? Does it not resemble our country, — our vast, immeasurable, unconquerable, inexplicable country? [*Applause.*]

"After you have said Niagara, all that you may say is but the echo. It remains Niagara, and will roll and tumble and foam and play and sport till the last trumpet shall sound. It will remain Niagara whether you are friends or foes. So with this country. It is the greatest God ever gave to man; for Adam never had the enjoyment of it; and, if he had

he could not have managed it. [*Laughter.*] It is our own. God reserved it for us, and there is not the shadow of it in all the world besides. I have travelled far, and have seen the best of all the countries of all this world, and there is but one United States of America in the world. [*Great applause.*]

"Let me see if I can find some Far Westerners or Southerners here. We have a great country, and we have, connected with that country, a great New England, — free, generous, daring, fearless, untiring, knowing no stopping-place. If she sets out for the moon, she will kiss the queen before she stops. [*Laughter and cheers.*]

"Niagara is like our gospel. It never freezes in winter nor dries up in dog-days. You never need to come and go away with a dry bucket; and, if you have never learned to swim, you had better let her alone. [*Applause.*]

"Our gospel is adequate to all the wants of the world; for God has sent it into this world, and here are — *look here, Gabriel!* — here are vast congregations of ministers of Christ who are sent to save the world. It is powerful as Niagara! You cannot go up — you must go down with the tide, till all iniquity is removed, and the world is saved. Here are the ministers of the gospel. They have come here in their great American Congress, to look over the Church, to speak kind to her and lift her up. Oh, you will never find the match of our gospel! New England — I don't know much about the West. I am at school yet; for I am only a school-boy — I have

been in New England only fifty years [*Laughter*], — New England for contrivances, for railroads, and steamboats, to puff and go and jump. If she does live in a cold region, she is not touched by icicles or frost. Her merchants are nobles and princes, therefore her men are great. Her engineers are nobles. Her presidents are kings, — benevolent, noble, brotherly.

"They have called us here to congratulate us, believing that we are friends; that we come with the olive-branch, loving the country. The country has confidence in us, and we believe we have influence with the people. We take them by the ear when we please. We make them cry when we please, and laugh when we please, if we are only full of the matter. God has sent us to delight the world, therefore he has put the key in our pockets, that every minister of Christ may play the tune of repentance and faith, and lead men to God. He has lions to shake the cane-brakes. There are some lions here; and here is one right before me. God bless the old hero, Cartwright! He has frightened the wolves, and made the Devil tremble. May he live till the last enemy of the republic is dead, the last stumbling-block in the way of the gospel is removed, and the last sinner is converted!

"God bless the East! God bless the West! God bless the North! God bless the South! And oh for a gulf as deep as from here to Sirius, where all bickering and dissension and hair-splitting shall be forever buried! [*Loud applause.*]

"Let us have a funeral first, and then a rejoicing. Bury the dead and open the prisons. Throw wide the gates, and take the longitude off your faces [*Laughter.*] No quibbling and hair-splitting brethren. Webster said once, 'The country is tumbling to its ruin. Try to hold it up.' God give you conviction till you do right. Will you go away from this place, and have dissension? Let us have a peace. We have eaten together. The ancient robber, though he might find a jewel, he would not keep it, if he had eaten with the owner. He called it the covenant of salt. And if you are not now in a covenant, you are all hypocrites. Let us have none of you shooting squibs to-morrow. Brethren, you have signed a covenant; if you have, I will hold you to it. I hope you will not dabble with any thing but the gospel. Lord save the Church! She is drooping and dwindling, and many have got the quinsy and bronchitis; and a good shout would frighten them like so many quails. God bring back the power! Father Cartwright, a Chinese philosopher has said that every gray hair on a man's head has a spring of water at the root of it. May God help you to fill the world with righteousness and peace!"

Peter Cartwright's answer is imperfectly given as follows: —

"This is what they call in the West taking a snap judgment on a man. When Father Taylor was speaking, I was forcibly reminded of a remark made

by a foreign lady, who visited this country a few years ago. She said there were but two cataracts in the United States, — Niagara and Father Taylor; and I verily believe it. [*Laughter and applause.*] I mean to detain you but a few moments, but I am amazed at the ideas of Father Taylor about New England. I would bear his expenses over the mountains and through the West to infuse into his head some knowledge of that great world out there. New England is but a pea-patch compared to the West; and, if he could explore that country, why then, if he could get so eloquent over New England, over the West he would get so eloquent that he would astonish the nation. I know the sun rises in the East; but it does not stay there long, and they have the sun, moon, and seven stars in the West. [*Laughter.*] They have a world there.

"I cannot illustrate the matter better than by a description a man gave me of his farm in New England. He said he had about two acres and three quarters of land. He had three pigs and four chickens; and he raised on this great farm so many peas, oats, and potatoes, that, after supporting his wife and his wife's mother, he cleared from it one hundred dollars! [*Renewed laughter.*] Why, sir, in the West we would hardly make a pig-pen of such a farm as that. We have from one to two thousand acres in cultivation on our farms. Brother Taylor spoke of the excellencies of the New-Englanders. He said they were a great people, a mighty people; but I must tell how they served me, when I was there at

the General Conference in Boston. They had told me that in the West we had nothing but renegades from the East, but, if I would go there, they would show me a real green, live Yankee.

"I preached in one of their churches, and was afterwards introduced to the audience, one of whom said, 'This is not Peter Cartwright from the West; is it?' and, on being answered affirmatively, he said, 'You have fallen far below my expectations, sir!' to which I replied that I could give them ideas, but could not give them capacity to understand them.

"I reported myself to Mr. Cummings next day, and said, 'Do not give me any more appointments in Boston, for their education is run mad, and they are stark, natural fools.' He laughed at me significantly, and said, 'You don't understand it.' — 'Well,' said I, 'as you are a graduate of a college, I expect *you* do, but I understand enough to satisfy me.' Right in the midst of this Father Taylor came up and insisted that I should go to the Bethel Church and preach. He said that Dr. Akers and John F. Wright had both attempted to preach there, and had failed, and I was the forlorn hope to redeem the character of the Western preachers. I knew Akers to be a profound preacher, and that Wright was hard to be beat; and, thought I, 'if I am the forlorn hope, the great West is gone, lock, stock, and barrel.' But I put myself upon my dignity, and told them I hoped they would give themselves no uneasiness, for I had preached to their betters many a time; but I confess I did not know how a modest man like myself could preach,

with their old wooden god up there, groaning and bellowing like a dying prairie bull, and the people turning their faces to the choir and their backs upon the minister, leaving him to count his fingers; and then, when he said, '*Let us pray*,' they all turned round and sat down.

"I told Father Taylor if he would allow me to regulate the congregation, I would preach; to which he consented. When I got there, I told the people I was going to give them a real Western meeting; so I requested the choir to let that old wooden banjo alone, and I would line my hymns, and, if they turned their backs on me, I would turn my back on them. I wanted them all to sing: I never intended to go to heaven by proxy, nor have some one else to do my singing and praying for me."

The narrative concludes abruptly; but, it is said, he carried out his threat, and rebuked the irreverence, as he deemed it, of his congregation, by turning his back to the audience, and reading his second hymn, facing the wall. They deserved the rebuke which was so aptly if rudely administered, though we fear they did not profit by it as he desired.

To his latest hours Father Taylor cherished the fondest love for his conference. Almost to the last, he was present at its sessions. His form grew bowed, his step feeble, his voice lost its volume, and could scarcely be heard; but still he lingered where he had won his many trophies, and rejoiced in the smile

and grasp of his beloved co-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.

It was meet that he should go up on high during the session of his conference; that despatches should come from his dying-bed to its listening hearts; that prayers for the peaceful passage of his soul should be poured forth by his comrades in years and arms, and that the first prayers and resolves his death called forth should be made by this body, among whom, for over fifty years, he had moved a shining spirit of power and love.

XIII.

IN CAMP-MEETING.

Why he loved the Camp-Meeting. — His First Sermon there. — Eat Manna for Forty Years. — Going to see Paul, and learn the But-end of his Meaning. — Digging up a Backslider's Hope. — No Mother-in-law before a Mother. — His Zeal in this Work. — Sinners' Joys and Christians' Sorrows alike for a Season. — Can't steal the Linchpin from the Lord's Chariot. — Aaron's Rod getting hungry, and eating up its Rivals. — The Origin of Eastham Camp-Ground. — Its first Sermon. — A Fire that will last. — Caning the Devil. — A Wrestle with one of his Children. — Taking up a New Hive. — Gabriel and a Coach and Four. — Owing the Devil a Hypocrite, and paying or cheating him. — His Appearance at Eastham. — His last Visit to a Camp-Ground.

A GENIUS like his found especial delight in the camp-meeting. Its freedom from restraint, its communion with Nature, the exhilaration of opposition, its largeness of life, where every noble impulse is itself ennobled, all combined to make him an ardent lover of its services. Almost his first pulpit triumphs were on this field; and, to his last days, he cherished a warm attachment for its altars.

He began this life with the beginning of his ministry. The first year of his Saugus history, he is off in Connecticut, attending a camp-meeting, and astonishing the people by his wit and eloquence.

In 1816, he attended a camp-meeting at East Hart-

ford, probably on his peddler's cart. He preached a very remarkable sermon on the text, "And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years," — a text as remarkable for its felicity of fitness as any sermon could be. The discourse made a great sensation and impression on the meeting; so that it was the constant theme of remark, as they met each other, "Have you had any manna to-day?"

In 1817, he preached at the same place on, "Come thou with us," crying out, "You Hobab, come with us; we are going to a holy land!"

These two sermons typified his future career. He "ate manna" for over forty years, and has reached "the holy land."

At this same camp-meeting (1817), he uttered another remembered word. In preaching on Phil. iv. 19, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," he said he should "not spend time in introductory remarks, as a hungry man would not spend half an hour whetting his knife and fork before he began to eat."

"My God will supply ALL, not a part, of your need," he said. "This means sanctification. Is it needed? If it is, it will be supplied. But the objector might say, the apostle did not mean sanctification. I think he did. I am going to see Paul one of these days, and I will ask him; and I believe he will tell me that it was the very but-end of his meaning. Now, if you will tell me how rich God is in glory by Christ Jesus, I will tell you what the Christian may enjoy."

A year or two later, at a camp-meeting, describing the backslider, he said, "I would rather dig up a well than dig up his hope."

At another meeting, advising young converts to join the Church, and seeking to warn them against proselyters, who were then exceedingly busy and successful with Methodist converts, he said, "If you don't want a mother-in-law, go home and join the Church that bore you."

He ranged through Connecticut for several years in this delightful service. He was then in the height of his youthful popularity and power, exceedingly faithful, going from tent to tent, exhorting, praying, singing, with ceaseless ardor. The zeal of the house of the Lord was eating him up; but, like the burning bush, he was not consumed by the passion for Christ and souls which inflamed him. Crowds followed him as he moved around the ground. The young Christians hung on his lips with untiring devotion. He was full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Summerfield did not surpass him in warmth or energy or pathos or power. He was far below him in keen wit and imagery.

In one of these meetings, he preached on the war between Christ and Belial. He strode up and down the platform, driving the enemies of Christ far over the horizon with the magic wand of his imagination, and setting his audience in a whirl of excitement over his remarkable power of military description.

On another occasion, preaching on Moses "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than

to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," he dwelt on the last point first, — the pleasures of sin. He said, "Sinners, you have your fine horses and farms and houses; but it is for a season. You delight in your ruffled bosoms, and gay apparel, and gilt ornaments; but it is — for a season. You indulge in your unholy appetites and passions, running riot in pleasurable sin; but it is — for a season, — for a season!" Having rung these solemn changes for some time, until the audience was greatly affected, he turned to the Christian side of the parallel, — suffering affliction with the people of God. "You are despised of your rich and sinful neighbors; but it is for a season. You are hated and persecuted for righteousness' sake; but it is — for a season. You are cast out as evil, and trodden under foot of men: it is only for a season, — for a season!" Tears fell profusely, and great sobbing and rejoicing testified to the wondrous power of the man of God.

When the roughs had been troubling a meeting with their mischief, and, among other misdeeds, cut harnesses and stole linchpins, Father Taylor broke upon them from the stand, by exclaiming, "Jesus Christ rides in a golden chariot. You can't steal the linchpin out of his wagon."

Preaching on Aaron's rod becoming a serpent, and swallowing up the others, he said, "His serpent, being hungry, ate 'em up, and made a breakfast of them all."

In 1827, at the camp-meeting held on Martha's Vineyard, while speaking of the privileges of the followers of Christ, he said, "Some, when they wor-

ship God, stand at an awful distance, and, covering their faces, cry, "Jehovah." But it is our blessed privilege to draw near, through Jesus Christ, and lovingly say, '*Abba, Father:* my Lord and my God.'" The hearty "amens" and shouts of "glory" attested the agreement of his brethren in this experience.

His chief place of camp-meeting life and joy was Eastham, for nearly half a century one of the most famous and most successful of camp-grounds. The venerable Isaac Jennison, now over eighty years old, thus describes its origin, which occurred at Wellfleet, three or four miles below where it was soon after located: —

"Some thirty or more members of the Methodist Church in Boston, with seven ministers, left in a small packet for Wellfleet, to hold a camp-meeting there, about twelve o'clock sabbath night, Aug. 9, 1819. While passing the Boston Light, a fearful thundercloud overtook us. The lightning and rain exceeded any thing I had ever seen or heard. It caused much confusion among the passengers; some shouting, some praying and crying for mercy. The lightning struck the mast; and the captain, standing near it, was stricken to the deck unhurt. No one was seriously injured.

"The remainder of our passage was pleasant. When we reached the shore, we found a lot of lumber destined to build the seats for the meeting, but no men nor teams to convey it to the place of worship. Taking it on our shoulders, we climbed the sandbank, carrying it fifteen or more rods to the grove. When we had done this heavy job, Brother

Taylor, putting a half-dollar in my hand, said, 'Take it, and go to work putting up the seats,' taking hold with me in his usual way of doing every thing. At it we all went; and by night our seats and all were ready for the first camp-meeting on the Cape. By this time we all were very tired; and, a few prayers being offered, all rested in our few small tents very happily.

"Tuesday morning, Aug. 10, 1819, the opening services of this first meeting were conducted by our now venerable brother, Benjamin R. Hoyt. One item in his remarks I shall never forget. Said he, 'We don't want a fire kindled from shavings, that will soon go out, but a fire from solid wood, that will last.' This was fully realized then and since, not on the Cape only, but more or less at the Vineyard, Hamilton, and many other parts of New England.

"Brother Taylor, who was one of the seven, preached a remarkable sermon on the character of Naaman the leper. In his introduction, he described the little maid in Naaman's family. In glowing terms he presented him in his splendid chariot, with his fine horses, and their gilded harnesses, driven by his servant to the door of the old prophet, calling him to come out and pass his hand over him and heal him; how, when he was ordered to go dip himself in Jordan, he turned away in a rage. He so described his coming up from the river, that we could almost see the healed man as the water dripped from him. All this was done in his best style.

"The names of the seven ministers, who went from Boston in company with the members of the Church,

are Timothy Merritt, Benjamin R. Hoyt, Bartholomew Otheman, Wilbur Fisk, Samuel Snowden, Edward T. Taylor, and Isaac Jennison. Three of us only remain, — Hoyt, Otheman, and Jennison, and we feel we are

> 'Brushing the dews on Jordan's banks:
> The crossing must be near.'

When we compare the present state of the Church with its wealth and means of doing good, we should be humble and thankful. Our camp-grounds are not, as that at Wellfleet, without seats, or preacher's stand, or tents. Now all these are made ready, with beautiful cottages and other accommodations. In view of all this, we, with hearts filled with love to God and man, like our fathers, should go to save souls by thousands. Then will these meetings be crowned with Pentecostal fire."

At a camp-meeting at Sandwich, a company of men were making disturbance, and he had been urging them from the stand to behave. They gave no heed to his remarks. He then took up his cane, and started for them, saying, "Well, if I can't get the Devil out of you in any other way, I will cane him out." All was quiet at once.

The meetings of those days were not only disturbed during their sessions by lewd fellows of the baser sort, but even in Boston, before they left the wharf, they were subject to mob violence. As late as 1830, when the passengers were coming aboard, the roughs of the city came howling around the ves-

sel, and making all manner of riotous disturbance. Father Taylor appeared to the rescue. His presence charmed them; and as he prayed that when "we return we may meet them walking the streets, praising God," they were stilled into silence and awe.

He tried a rougher way in a Connecticut meeting, in 1835. The ungodly made many attempts to disturb the worshippers. Officers of the law could not, or, at least, they did not, maintain order. The presiding elder called for volunteers to go out and arrest the disturbers of the peace. Father Taylor and Lewis Bates volunteered, and went just outside of the circle where the ringleader of the lawless band proposed to match himself against any man the meeting would produce. Taylor spoke in behalf of the camp-meeting, and, pointing to Father Bates, said, "There is your man." Father Bates was in his prime, — a large, muscular man. The challenge was accepted, and the bold rowdy grasped the minister by the collar; but the next moment he was in the dust, at the mercy of his opponent. His comrades came to his rescue; but Father Taylor interfered, saying, that, if they did not stand back, he would "open a whole broadside upon them." The fallen leader was conquered; and Mr. Bates said, "that if he would repeat a prayer after him, and promise good behavior for the future, he would let him go." He at last complied. Rising to his feet, he and his followers marched off, while Taylor and Bates sang the doxology, —

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

He was not very quiet and orderly himself in these days of his strength, as this incident shows: —

At one of the old Eastham camp-meetings, on the last night of the feast, at a late hour, when all religious exercises in the tents had ceased, and the people generally had retired to rest, a happy band, led on by Father Snowden, had gathered at the centre of the encampment, and were giving expression to their experiences in peculiar songs of praise, one of which had for its chorus, "*We'll feed on milk and honey*," &c. This was a new ditty, and, being a great favorite, had already been repeated several times on this occasion, when the preachers, who could no longer sleep, sent out Father Taylor to have them refrain. He accordingly adjusted himself for the task, but was no sooner in their midst than his voice was heard, not in quelling, but in leading off the song with characteristic gusto. Father Sanborn then mounted the stand, and gravely entreated the company to forbear, and let the ground be quiet. This being ineffectual, he again begged them to listen, saying, that, if they must continue, he hoped they would change their diet for some of the old wines, which were better. "Not so," said Father Taylor. "We have just taken up a new hive, and old things are passed away. Sing on, brethren: 'We'll feed on milk and honey.'"

On another of these happy occasions, he said, "I wouldn't thank Gabriel to come down with a coach and four and take me up to glory."

At one of the Eastham meetings, a minister from the

neighborhood, and of a different order, had written to the Boston papers a very bitter and unfair account of the meeting. The next year Father Taylor was informed that he was in the congregation. When the preacher sat down, he rose and inquired whether the order last year was as good as this year, and whether the Congregationalists and Baptists enjoyed themselves then as well as they do now. The answer was "Yes," from a great many lips. "Then," said Father Taylor, "the Lord knows I bid them welcome. But if all hands had such a good time last year, what did that fellow mean who wrote that miserable piece in that Boston paper about the Eastham camp-meeting? If I owed the Devil a hypocrite, and he would not take him for his pay, I would cheat him out of the debt."

So deep was his sense of the sanctity of this place, that, on one's remarking that he was going to Eastham, Father Taylor, thinking of the burning bush, said, "Wash your feet! wash your feet!"

Dr. Charles Adams thus describes his influence there, and the fondness for his presence: —

"The Eastham camp-meeting was one of his favorite yearly resorts; and yet none seemed to know of his going, and rumors would pass around, that, for some reason, he could not be of the company; and many hearts would be saddened at such a prospect, and deemed that the Old Eastham scenery would be lonely and cheerless without him. Yet, as the great crowded boat was just drifting from her moorings, up would step the welcome form of Father Taylor, as if, only ten minutes before, he had concluded

to join the multitude. Arriving and mingling with the throng, whether any particular tent claimed him as its guest, I never knew or inquired. He seemed at home everywhere; while his bearing and modes at the meeting seemed like those of a father beloved sitting among his children, now here, now there, within the goodly tabernacles. I sometimes conceived the idea that amid the Eastham scenery and worship his demeanor was different from what was usual. It seemed to be with him eminently a season of calm repose. Quietly he moved hither and thither, in perfect sympathy with the songs and prayers and preachings. Leaving the laboring-oar with the junior men, he had the seeming of giving himself up to a pleasant resting-time, dispensing here and there his hearty greetings, and gathering, amid those sylvan shades and brilliant days and kindred souls, a new strength for subsequent and toilsome labors."

His last visit to a camp-ground was at Martha's Vineyard, the summer before he died. With the instinct of a veteran soldier for his famous fields, he sought these scenes of his earliest labors and triumphs. With his faithful attendant, he occupied a tent there for some time. He attended a Sunday service which we were conducting, protesting that it could not go forward aright without his presence. Under the fluttering leaves, in that balmy air, sat the trembling veteran, his thin gray locks glowing in the flickering sunlight like an aureola. He came to us as was his wont, flung his arms about our neck, and imprinted his holy kiss on a cheek that foolishly blushed

at such public salutation in the presence of a large congregation. Yet it did not seem out of place to him. For fifty-five years he had rejoiced in such services. He will rejoice in them forever; for a Christian's faith is an Indian's scripturalized. And his sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, his river of the water of life, and the trees that grow upon its banks, only reproduce the millennial groves of a Christian camp-ground in purer and more permanent excellence. How will his spirit exult there, as here, in its holy refreshments!

XIV.

IN THE PREACHERS' MEETING.

The Meeting: its Origin, Aimless Aim, Liberty of Prophesying. — His Delight in it. — How he mingled in the Fray. — His Insight. — Few Débris. — "A Basket of Live Eels." — His Speech done into Rhymes. — A Field-Day in which all fight and run away. — "Geniasses" at a Discount. — The Plagues of Egypt plaguing his Hearers. — Advice to Jackals and Young Lions. — Turtles on a Log. — Defends the Old Prophetic Fire. — Calls Attention to the Boston Heathen. — Conflict of his Study and Work. — A Bear climbing a Greased Pole. — His own Questions. — A Dismal Swamp. — His Last Haunt.

NO memorabilia of Father Taylor would be complete that omitted the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting. This was one of his choicest fields for recreation. A small gathering of these preachers of Boston and vicinity began in 1845, in the Bromfield-street Church; thence it moved to a room over the Methodist bookstore, No. 5 Cornhill; and, after staying there and thereabouts for a score of years, came to its present rest in the Wesleyan Association Hall. This meeting, convened first for conversation on church matters, swept into a broader range, and soon began to meddle with all topics of thought in theology and ethics. The ministers try those lances on each other which they have hurled the day before at their common foes. The papers and debates are

often of the most thorough and pungent sort. There are memories of field-days, when the giants wrestled over debatable themes in martial style. The lines are usually confined to orthodox sentiments, though some bold riders leap over these bounds in the wildness of the play, and advance views which savor of the broadest spirit of unbelief. Yet this is only play, and they soon withdraw to the self-approved lines. But the range within these boundaries is very large; and the relation of the foreknowledge of God to the free-will of man, the personality and history of Satan, the pre-existence of Christ, the degree of scriptural inspiration, the relation of the infant to Christ, the relation of miracles to law, the resurrection of the body, the states of Christian development and their attainment, — these are samples of its range of themes. In debating them, sometimes an essayist leads the column, sometimes disputants; but, after the first steps are formally taken, the fray becomes general. The president holds the contesting forces steadily to the rules, and for an hour or two the fires fly from every flint. In such *mêlées* Father Taylor pre-eminently delighted. He was always in his place.

Up the narrow iron staircase of the little old Cornhill store he laboriously climbed, put his gold-headed cane, his constant companion, on the long central table, took a privileged chair near the president, and watched the opening of the fight. He rarely led off. Others did the heavy business of dragging the train up the grade. It was his to hurry it along after it

was well in motion. His eye turned swiftly on each speaker, flashing approval or dissent; his head nodded ditto to the eye, and interjections of a like character followed the head; his cane was sometimes grasped and waved in defiance at the speaker, whom he was inclined to resist. After these preliminary motions had increased to an uncontrollable pitch, he boiled over into speech. Getting out of his chair with difficulty, he flung himself into the field with perfect impartiality. On this side and that, it mattered nothing which, he poured forth his treasures of wit, fancy, sarcasm, eloquence, for half an hour, to the ceaseless delight and applause of his sympathetic hearers. They cared nothing for his argument, and every thing for his putting of it. They were all given a rebuff and a compliment: the side he professed to espouse felt but little actual support from his arm; and the side he professed to oppose, but little harm. It was a pyrotechnic display, and "the chartered libertine," as he more truly was than any man of his time, ranged, "like the air," over all the field of strife, cuffing and kissing both friend and foe.

But it was not all fireworks. The thought was as deep as it was bright. He touched the foundation of things: he lifted the principles involved in the dispute into the highest plane of ideal thought; he grasped the pillars of truth. The speeches were lectures on theology that would have taught the doctors more than they ever knew. As a lightning-flash may reveal abysses to the bottom that the steady travelling eye can never explore; so the piercing eye of his

imagination dove to the deepest of the things of God, and illuminated their recesses in a single ray. But it was only a ray. He could not build up the argument from these deep foundations. No one could. He could enunciate a principle, so that it was impossible not to see it; but to connect that logically, layer by layer, with the whole economy of man and God, of nature and supernature, this was not his province. Whose is it? Who can reconcile "free-will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute"? Men, no less than Milton's devils, in such attempts "find no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Father Taylor was nearest right, therefore, when he simply asserted axioms, and attempted no unification of them.

Few *débris* of this mountain of light remain. There are only the dullest records kept of this brightest of seasons, — the ashes and spelter of a brilliant flame. The secretaries write the question, and that so-and-so spoke. Among these so-and-sos, the name of Father Taylor almost always occurred for more than a dozen years. He was always present, and always sharing in the fight. On these themes he is put down as speaking, "Concerning fugitive slaves;" "What constitutes depravity in a child?" "In what does the moral law consist?" "Is it expedient to divide the Methodist-Episcopal Church into districts?" "Is baptism essential to admission to the Lord's Supper?" "Was the crucifixion of Christ necessary to the perfection of the Atonement?" "Are all events foreknown as certain?" One secretary

alone was not contented to do no more than say that "Father Taylor spoke in his peculiar and eloquent manner," or "in his characteristic style." Rev. William S. Studley had an eye to art, and employed his hour in pen-portraits of the speakers, and sketches of their speeches. From his dynasty, which covered the last half of the year 1852, we gather nearly all our extracts. A limited record for what was, in some respects, the most brilliant of his life strata.

Sept. 13 is his first entry of this name. He relates how he described this meeting, a portraiture that fits perfectly to its design and scope, which is only to talk and not to do. He says, "Father Taylor said that the meeting was very like a basket of live eels: it lacked stiffening, solidity, and stability." Such a stiffening would have simply changed it into dead eels, and not improved it either in form or power: it was meant to be a rest from Sunday, a clerical recreation that was harmless and healthful. Eels, not snakes; live eels, not dead ones; electric eels if possible, if not, the common sort, which it was as impossible as it was undesirable to lay out straight.

This same session, the question for discussion was, "Is the death of the body a part of the penal consequences of sin?" and Father Taylor, it is said, "made a characteristic speech, in which he very decidedly kicked Adam out of his theology, and put John Wesley into a half-bushel." Two weeks after, Sept. 27, we find the question in debate to be, "Is the argument from design sufficient to prove the existence of God?" On this the secretary says, "Father

Taylor took up the sentimentalists of the transcendental school, who profess to see God in every thing, who is every way worthy of worship, and riddled them fore and aft." He puts the rest of his speech into poetic form, breaking forth in this shape: —

"Can I love God by smelling of a flower,
When that brief act may kill me in an hour?
Or can I proof of a Creator see,
Worthy of worship, when some ugly bee
Which God hath made may put in me his sting,
Because I take him to admire his wing?
Or seeing robins eating up my cherries?
Or being poisoned eating pretty berries?
Or shall I love God, when my very bones
May soon be broke by meteoric stones?
No! Nature fails to win my mind and heart,
By what she shows me of design and art:
My soul no God can see in heaven above
Who does not show Himself a God of love."

After this outburst, the secretary modestly adds, "This is the sum-total of Father Taylor's sentiments."

Oct. 11, he describes one of these sham-fights with a point and vigor, that the London correspondents from like bloodless fields of British strife might profitably imitate. It was on the question of "design," and is thus briefly put: —

"Brother Denison opened the campaign by sending a bombshell into the camp of the enemy who affirms the insufficiency of the 'design' argument. A portion of the shell struck Brother Cummings, and,

instead of having the effect to knock out his brains, only knocked up his organ of combativeness, and led him to point his battery against the "design"-ers with destructive precision. Brother Crowell, bearing a flag of truce, put some questions touching the causes of such a fearful fight, and retired from the field. Brother Cobleigh brought his forces to bear on the right wing of the army of "design," and broke their lines. Brother Merrill ran across the field, and endeavored to rally the scattering forces. Father Taylor threw fire into the magazines of both armies, and in the smoke of the explosion all the combatants ran away."

It will be seen that Father Taylor characteristically concludes the day.

A week later the question was up, "Is the evidence from miracles sufficient to prove the divine origin of a work claiming to be a revelation of God?" In this debate Father Taylor is reported to have "cut, slashed, banged, whacked, pounded, pommelled, shot, stabbed, and finally annihilated Hume, and all his dastardly doctrines and disciples," — a description that shows at once the liveliness of the Don Quixote and his trusty scribe.

On the same subject, two weeks later, the writer writes, —

"Father Taylor spoke; and, when the secretary records the fact that Father Taylor speaks, he wishes to be understood as saying, that, in nine cases out of ten, the battering-ram of his common sense knocks up and knocks down the whole *posse* of practical athe-

ists in the shape of Abby Folsoms, Theodore Parkers, and kindred geni*asses!*"

Again, he appears on the question of miracles, and thus puts the Mosaic encounter with the Jannes and Jambres: —

"Father Taylor got on his high-heel, artistic boots, and painted a glowing and magnificent picture of the Mosaic miracles, till the brethren saw the snakes squirm, heard the frogs croak, felt the lice bite, brushed the flies out of their faces, and saw the Israelites march out of Egypt!"

Dec. 20, Father Taylor seeks to relieve some tender consciences, who feared that this exuberance of debate might harm the ministerial reputation: —

"He suggested that the jackals outside, who prowl around, feeding upon the offal which the lions refuse, be left unmolested at their dirty work; and that those young lions whose stomachs are too weak for tansy-tea be advised to confine themselves to catnip."

Jan. 3, 1853, he "describes, in sober and affecting terms, the life, death, and character of his friend, Amos Lawrence."

Another record reads, "He threw out some very excellent hints in relation to the nonsensical notions entertained by many people that God is in every thing, even in dead dogs and the Devil," — a vein like that he worked a few weeks before, and which exhibited an adhesion to one side for a length of time that hardly agreed with his own nature or the freedom of the debate.

He entered into the ceaseless conflict in his church on the subject of sanctification, and represented some of the advocates of the higher views as "turtles on a log, each one endeavoring to crowd his neighbor into the water."

Rev. Mr. Studley gives no further phrases from these fluent lips. The secretaries of following years note his presence and participation, but rarely record his words. We are told that "Father Taylor said some very hard things, and threw some very hot shot," which was no doubt true, but this hardness is not solidified into inky shapes; that he "made entertaining remarks;" that he "protested, after his sort, against the idea that God would doom any one, Jew or Gentile, to perdition, because of the remissness of a third party;" that he "made a chain-lightning speech, scathing the ministers who claim to elevate the Church by learning, logic, and oratory without the old fashioned, Holy Ghost, Methodistic fire." *

He also launches on another of his favorite themes (April 30, 1860), — the superiority of the home over the foreign missionary work.

"The wants of the city of Boston were as great as heathen cities, — the most compact city in the world; between seventy and eighty thousand in it, piled one upon another, who never entered a church:

* This minute is made January, 1859, by Rev. T. Willard Lewis, who afterwards, in South Carolina, from the opening of Beaufort to September, 1871, revealed this "Holy-Ghost" ability in such heroic labors in the Southern field as have won him an earthly, no less than a heavenly immortality.

yet we send men from these who are starving for the bread of life off to the heathen lands, at great expense; and if one, after long labor and thousands of dollars expended, gets galvanized, a hundred guns must be fired at home!"

In a debate on study, he explains his remissness, or defends it rather; for a man who loves study for its own sake will let no such impediments block his way. It gives, however, a glimpse of his active life in its busiest period. The secretary writes that he said, —

"His life was very much like that of a bear climbing a greased pole. He had his study and his books, and he was often among them; but by the time he had opened one his door-bell would ring, and he must go down, hear a long yarn, and then bow the interrupter out as gracefully as possible, and return to his books; but by the time one is again fairly opened, the door-bell jingles again, and down he goes, scratching his head, and often not a little out of humor: and thus his life is spent in going from his study to the door, and from his door to his study."

We find him proposing questions for discussion, that typify his own mind, "What is the Church?" and "What has man lost through Adam?" but his remarks, if he made any, on these wide-ranging themes, are not given. His name appears less frequently as a debater, and in the last few years almost entirely disappears. He still frequented its haunts.

When so feeble that he did not dream of going elsewhere, he crept to his old seat. The brethren

rose up to do him reverence. As our friend, the secretary, says at the opening of his record, "Father Taylor was received with very cordial demonstrations of welcome by the brethren, from his protracted and regretted absence." Such "cordial demonstrations of welcome" awaited him to the end. He was never more at home, and never more warmly welcomed, than here. He lived to attend them in their new and spacious quarters, and rejoiced to the last in their vivacity and brotherliness. One of his last bright sayings was dropped in connection with this assemblage. Though he seldom spoke, he was still a good listener, shaking fist, head, and cane unto the last, in approval or dissent. After an able argument by a speaker on some topic too recondite for his enfeebled brain to delight in, he was asked his opinion of the speech. "It was like being in the Dismal Swamp," he said, "of a black midnight. You slump into bogs, and can't get out. The fireflies flash, and you fancy you see your way clear; but they as quickly go out, and you are left in thicker darkness than before." Such a figure might not inaptly fit some of his own previous flashings in the mines or morasses of thought; whether mines or morasses, he could not tell," and did not care.

The "basket of eels" still squirm, in eel-like delight; but the most "electric eel" of all, who charged them with his magnetism, and was himself the more charged the more he discharged, — he is gone. Long will this pleasant gathering remember with affection and ad-

miration their brilliant companion and father, whose every look was love, whose every sting shot forth honey and not poison, who never struck in malice, and who carried all hearts in his all-embracing affection.

XV.

IN REFORMS.

His Double Nature in Conflict. — Love of Reform and Fear of Reformer. — Partly due to his Virginia Birth. — Orange Scott and Dr. Bangs. — "Going to Hell Stern foremost." — A good Squeeze. — Abolitionists spying their Mother's Faults with a Microscope. — Scaring the Big Fish from swallowing the Moon. — Praises Uncle Tom's Cabin, and shouts Hallelujah over the Perdition of the Slave-Catcher. — Still despises the Abolitionists. — Stephen S. Foster an Angel in the House and a Devil on the Platform. — Gets Thomas Whittemore on the Hip. — A Black Skunk. — A Black Cloud. — Dr. Jewett's Portrait of him as a Temperance Lecturer. — At Bunker Hill. — "Boston can make a Cup of Tea of a Cargo, but cannot cork up a Gin-Jug." — At New York. — Hanging the Effect, and letting the Cause go Free. — Kicking the Rumseller into the Pacific. — At Easton. — Always in a Hurry. — Cross-ploughs Fine Paths. — A Gill of Rum and Molasses changes Men to Murderers. — Over Whitefield's Bones. — The Drunkard the Worst Man on Earth *except*. — The Drunkard-Maker adding to the Punishment of Satan if sent to Hell. — "Might as well copy Chain-Lightning as report One of my Speeches." — The Grave of Intemperance, and its Gravestone as big as Jupiter. — Angels hurling the Golden Pavements on the Heads of Rumsellers. — How the Dutchman got in his Grass. — Dislike of "Raisin-Water" as a Substitute for Sacramental Wine, or Dye-Stuff and Glue-Pot. — His Testimony before the Legislative Committee of 1867. — His Dying Hate of the Rumseller.

THE peculiarities of Father Taylor were strikingly revealed when brought into relation to reforms. His moral sense, quick as the light, saw the iniquity in all its huge and horrid proportions. No anathemas were too severe for his lips. He did well, he thoroughly believed, to be angry. But as the social, ecclesiastical, and other relations of the

embedded evil rose before him, and he heard the inconsiderate assaults of the axeman, not only on the tree of Upas, but also on the tree of Life, he felt for the truth. He feared that the uprooting of the tares would pull up the wheat also. He was alarmed for the State, the Church, and society. He waxed wroth against the very pruners and purgers of the vine, lest they should cut it up, root and branch.

There was some reason for this dread; for, in some of these movements, the stronger passion of the writer and speaker seemed directed against the truth itself more than against the error which had taken shelter under its roof. He could justly let loose his winds at such reformers, who would cast both right and wrong into the same burning. Yet he ought to have discerned between these assailants and others working beside them, who tenderly guarded the plant which they sought to relieve of its noxious and non-natural connections. He ought to have seen that no truth can suffer by the wrong assaults of earnest opponents of popular error; that the Church and society will come out the more resplendent from the very flagellations to which they are thus subjected. He should have hailed the storm that broke up the sickening and progressionless calm. He should have cried to these chastisements as to private struggles with temptation, —

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go!"

But, while the stuff was not in him that makes the cool, steadfast, unrelenting martyr, he possessed the impulses that spring to the front, the varying passion of the cavalry raider. He was not altogether a Breitmann, on all sides of the fight, though many of his friends fancied that was his favorite character. It was rather that Hamlet indecision which sees so many sides to every duty, that it loses nerve for any advance. Had he been of Hamlet's melancholy vein, he would have had his

> "Native hue of resolution
> All sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

But, being of the opposite temperament, he shot with Hamletian rapidity from side to side of the opposing battalions. Now he hugged Garrison to his heart as his best beloved, and now he crowned Webster with his gems of wit and compliment more dazzling than a monarch's diadem.

In the church controversies he was equally impartial. The slow-going bishop and the fast-speeding radical were alike held in his all-embracing arms. He would attack slavery and defend Virginia in the same breath. He clung to two pilots in this storm, — Church and State: whoever struck these struck him. They could have large liberty with the outworks, if they spared the citadel.

Hence whatever of his words are remembered in connection with the two chief reforms of his age are strangely mixed. Wrath at each side — at reformer

and conservative, at the reform and the evil — burns in his epithets. He came where two seas met, and ran his ship aground. He could not help it. There was no passage narrow enough for his keel. His moral instincts were at variance: he could not reconcile the work to be done and the doing of it. Yet he shot the lightnings of his indignation against the wrong which his quick conscience discerned; and it was quite safe to trust him on the platform against these sins, since he would assuredly grow in heat of feeling in the progress of his speech, and burn up the dross of vain fears, as to harm following the application of the truth to the hostile iniquity. When once out to sea, he would run magnificently before the wind. The audience delighted in his effort; and the shrewd managers, who felt that they had caught a Tartar in his opening words, rejoiced that the Tartar had soon become a tractable rider of their own steed, and had borne their standard all the farther on to victory from his preliminary coquetting with the enemy.

He had been brought up among slaves: the first children he ever played with, all he ever played with, were slaves. He was not instinctively driven to reform, as is the Yankee-born. A Virginian's indifference to social evils slumbered in his veins. He was proud of his native soil. It was sacred to him. So, when he heard the system and State alike condemned, he refused to discriminate. He was indignant at the assailant of Virginia, and cloaked her faults against such a north wind.

The Church reeled on the gulf of Secession. He loved it as the apple of his eye. He saw its ministers abasing it, and he shouted, "Away with these fellows that strike their holy mother! they are not fit to live." His wrath burned at the men, who, he feared, were wrecking the ship, more than at the cargo she was criminally carrying.

Yet he shot back and forward between the contending hosts and ideas, faithful alike to his two central forces, — love of ideal truth, love of organic form. Truth must not shatter form: organism must not stifle truth.

He met this conflict first in his church. Rev. Orange Scott, by far the most distinguished of the Methodist leaders in the antislavery war, took early position on the Garrisonian platform, — immediate and unconditional emancipation. In 1835, he circulated "The Liberator" gratuitously among all the members of the Conference, being pastors of the Methodist churches in most of Massachusetts, all of Rhode Island, and half of Connecticut, and, in the following year, had a Conference Antislavery Society organized on this basis. George Thompson delivered one of his thrilling sermons before them (he was then a local preacher of the British Wesleyan Church); and they elected delegates to the General Conference of 1836, who, with a few others from New Hampshire and Maine, constituted the famous fourteen that stood against the multitude in affirming that two of the body were not worthy of censure for attending an antislavery prayer-meeting.

Mr. Scott and his associates early met opposition from the conservative element in the conference and out. Dr. Bangs, of New York, was the chief of these antagonists. He appeared at the bar of the New-England Conference to complain of certain of its members for their course in this conflict. He failed to get a vote of censure. Mr. Scott and his friends were equal to the situation. They instituted like proceedings against Dr. Bangs, in 1836, in the New-York Conference. This was as much under his sway as the New England was under that of Orange Scott; and any expectation of a favorable verdict was as preposterous in the one case as the other. The courage of attacking and its moral consequences were all that could be gained by the movement.

Mr. Scott commenced his courageous address by saying: "I know how this conference look upon the venerable Dr. Bangs, and how they look upon the odious Orange Scott; but I will say to Dr. Bangs, as Black Hawk said to Gen. Jackson, when he was President, as he reached out his hand, 'Gen. Jackson, you are a man, sir, and I'm another.'"

He went on to make some very strong statements and declarations. Father Taylor was listening to them with intense interest. He moved his spectacles back upon his head, and, raising himself up, said, "What! what does the fellow mean? Does he mean to go to hell stern foremost?"

But if he failed not to attack, he also failed not to love, as his son, Rev. O. W. Scott, illustrates: —

"While attending the New-England Conference in

Lowell, Mass., in 1869, I met Father Taylor. Having never had the pleasure of exchanging a word with him, I advanced, held out my hand, told him I was 'the son of my father,' and who he was, and that I had a great desire to shake hands with him. 'Ah!' said he, and his eye and whole manner betokened the most cordial feeling, 'well, now, let's take hold and have a *good squeeze;*' and, I can assure you, it was such."

In a discussion on this subject before his own conference, one speaker had referred to certain parts of the Constitution of the United States as being pro-slavery. Father Taylor, in reply, gave a ludicrous description of a man with a microscope searching for defects in the features of his own mother.

In a discussion before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature at the State House, involving church matters, Messrs. Scott and Horton made strong speeches against the pending bill, and depicted the fearful tyranny and despotic power of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Father Taylor replied in a speech exhibiting remarkable resources, and turned the laugh on his opponents by a story of the savages of Nootka Sound, who turned out at midnight with drums and toms-toms, and made a terrible noise, to scare away the big fish from swallowing the moon, as she was setting toward the sea.

How he tried to balance himself, and failed, is well illustrated by this incident, narrated by Rev. William McDonald: —

"Calling on Father Taylor about the time 'Uncle

Tom's Cabin' was issued, I found him greatly excited over the book. He inquired if I had read it. I answered that I had not, — had not so much as seen it. 'Don't leave the city without it,' he said: 'it is the greatest book ever published.' Then, in his peculiar style, he proceeded to describe Uncle Tom, Eva, Legree, &c. Finally, he said, 'McDonald, this slavery is damnable.' Then, clinching his fist and raising his voice, with a look of indescribable vengeance he said, 'McDonald, before I would assist one of those Southern devils to catch a nigger, I would see them all in hell; and I would shout hallelujah on to the end of it.'

"'Father Taylor,' I said, 'I am surprised: you talk like a rabid abolitionist.' Then, throwing, if possible, more vengeance into his look and action, he exclaimed, 'No: I despise them! They have cursed the land.'"

Going to hear one of the famous Garrisonians, Mr. Stephen S. Foster, and listening to his sturdy and undiscriminating blows at the Church, he was full of rage. But he not only did not let the sun go down on his wrath, he hardly let it make a meridian line of it. So, true to his double impulses of cordiality and hospitality, he invites the bitter iconoclast to his house. His genial talk quite disarmed his wrathful critic; and, on his leaving, he mixed his stirrup-cup in this fashion: "Foster, you're a very angel in the house, but a very devil on the platform."

He mixed a bitter, if not a bitterer, dose when, just after the passage of the "Fugitive Slave Law," he

was standing at the door of the Methodist Book-store, No. 5 Cornhill, and Rev. Thomas Whittemore, the leading Universalist preacher, who was a very strong abolitionist, was passing. "Well," said Father Taylor, "Brother Whittemore, are you and I going to turn slave-catchers, and do the dirty work of these miserable man-thieves?"

"No," said Mr. Whittemore, very indignantly. "No, no!"

"No, no!" said Father Taylor, with greater emphasis, clapping him warmly on his back: "we'll see them all in hell first; won't we, Brother Whittemore?"

Once he carried his Virginian and Northern casteness to the extreme of wit and impropriety. It may be remembered by some readers of this book (those who lived ten years ago), that the Northern prejudice against color was so severe, that no person of this complexion, however cleanly, could approach the presence of some white people, unless as a servant, without their noses turning, as they thought instinctively, up into the air, and they inwardly exclaiming, "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary." That sense, so keen, has almost utterly vanished; but it was exceedingly potent in those far distant *ante bellum* days. So he only copied the ruling instinct, as it was supposed to be, when he muttered to the ministers near by, as a poor black penitent drew near the camp-meeting altar, with an odd mixture of Methodist rejoicing and American prejudice, "Bless the Lord, there's a black skunk coming!"

Yet he was himself partial to people of color with a Southerner's partiality, and would give them a kiss as freely as their whiter kindred. It was others, not himself, that he was thus satirizing.

In the temperance reform, a similar, though less marked, contrariety exhibited itself. He was at the first one of its most valiant supporters. No one ever made more powerful speeches than he. He was called everywhere, and everywhere he went. He swept down drunkard and drunkard-maker with his mighty scythe. But when wine at the Sacrament, and Prohibition, and other movements of the reform, right or wrong, against the organism of Church and State, made their appearance, he flew over to the other side, and was as fierce in denouncing their invasions as he had been in denouncing the iniquities they assailed. Dr. Jewett, the well-known temperance advocate, recognized these traits in his character. In his autobiography, entitled "My Life-Work; or, Forty Years' Fight with the Drink-Devil," he thus portrays the temperance career of Father Taylor, and gives an extract from one of those earlier speeches: —

"Another gentleman of the clerical profession who exerted considerable influence in favor of the cause during the second decade of its history, reckoning from its origin in 1826, was the Rev. E. T. Taylor of Boston, the very celebrated seamen's preacher. During the period named, his voice was heard in nearly all the cities and large towns in New England in favor of reform. A regard for strict truth, however, compels me to add, that his views on

the subject were greatly modified by surrounding circumstances, and that the knowledge of that fact seriously impaired his influence. He was a man of impulse; and the state of the weather, his health, or the character and conduct of his audience, or any circumstances which impressed him strongly at the time, determined the character of his utterances to a surprising extent. I have heard, at times, bursts of eloquence from him that produced with me, and I presume with all present, an absolute forgetfulness, for the moment, of all else on this planet or elsewhere, except the matter he was just then presenting; and I have heard him at other times, when I have been amazed at the utter inconsistency of his views, not only with any standard of doctrine recognized as sound by other men, but with his own public utterances of perhaps the week previous. His imagination, once fairly excited, could furnish in thirty minutes material for half a dozen speeches, of an hour each; and unfortunately it frequently happened that different parts of the same speech could be used on opposite sides of the same question. He was, however, a man of honest purposes and strong and warm affection, as well as of varying moods. He drew large audiences, whatever subject he proposed to discuss; for all men loved to hear Father Taylor. If he happened to be right, you rejoiced in the good he was doing; if wrong, you were still charmed by the originality of his style, and the vivid word-pictures of men and things which, in one of his best efforts, followed each other in as rapid succession as do the

varying scenes thrown on the canvas by a magic-lantern, when manipulated by skilful hands.

"I have a very distinct recollection of his speech at a temperance *soirée*, gotten up by the ladies of Charlestown, Mass., during the year 1843, if I rightly remember. All matters connected with it had been happily arranged, and Father Taylor was in one of his best moods. After presenting to the assembled throng some startling views of the terrible system on which the ladies were waging a pretty vigorous war, he closed with one of those bursts of eloquence which it would seem impossible to forget. Scores, perhaps hundreds, now living within sight of the granite shaft will remember the occasion; and, if they shall peruse these pages, will bear witness to the accuracy of the report I am about to make of his words, after the lapse of nearly thirty years.

"'And here it is yet, the accursed system, to plague and torture us, although we have exposed its villanies, until it would seem that Satan himself ought to be ashamed to have any connection with it. I am not sure but he is; but some of his servants hereabouts have more brass and less shame than their master. Yes! here it is yet; and over there, too, in the great city, the 'Athens of America,' where the church-spires, as they point upward, are almost as thick as the masts of the shipping along the wharves, all the machinery of the drunkard-making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog-holes on the docks, kept open to ruin

my poor sailor-boys, to the great establishments in Still House Square, which are pouring out the elements of death even on God's holy day, and sending up the smoke of their torment for ever and ever! And your wives and daughters, even as they walk to the churches on Sunday, brush the very skirts of their silk dresses against the mouths of open grog-shops, that gape by the way. And your poorhouses are full, and your courts and prisons are filled, with the victims of this infernal rum traffic; and your homes and the hearts of your wives and mothers are full of sorrow: and yet the system is tolerated! And, when we ask men what is to be done about it, they tell us that 'you can't help it!' No, you can't stop it! and yet (darting across the platform, and pointing in the direction of the monument, he exclaimed in a voice which pierced our ears like the blare of a trumpet) there is Bunker Hill! And you say 'you *can't* stop it:' and up yonder is Lexington and Concord, where your fathers fought for the right, and bled and died; and you look on their monuments, and boast of the heroism of your fathers, and then tell us we must forever submit to be taxed and tortured by this accursed rum traffic, and we can't stop it! No! And yet (drawing himself up to full height, and expanding his naturally broad chest as though the words he would utter had blocked up the usual avenues of speech, and were about to force their way out by explosion, he exclaimed in a sort of whispered scream) your fathers, your patriotic fathers, could make a cup of tea for his Britannic Majesty out

of a whole cargo, but you can't cork up a gin-jug! Ha!'"

Rev. Dr. Wakeley describes an effort in New York: —

"As a temperance speech-maker, he was very popular in New-York City. I heard him in the old Tabernacle in Broadway. Mayor James Harper presided. Mr. Gough made the first speech: Mr. Taylor followed. He dwelt upon the evil of rum-selling, — of the thousands of slaughter-pens in the city of New York.

"Said he, 'You license a man, and he sells liquor to one, and it maddens his brain, and puts murder into his heart: he murders, and you convict him and hang him. What do you do to the man who sold him the liquor, and made him a murderer? You take off your hat to him, you make a low bow: you renew his license, and, perhaps, send him to the Legislature or to Congress. You hang the effect, and let the cause go. I go for hanging the *cause*.'

"There was a rumseller followed the army into Mexico, and sold the soldiers rum. The first Gen. Taylor knew, a number of his soldiers were drunk. He inquired into the cause, and found that a man was selling them liquor; and he said to him, 'If you do not quit this business, selling my soldiers rum, I'll — I'll kick you into the United States.' Mr. Taylor said he had no objection to his kicking him, for he thought he deserved it; but he had some objections to his kicking him into the United States, for we had too many rumsellers here now. I would

rather he would have kicked him the other way, — kicked him over the Rocky Mountains; and then kicked him on to the shore of the Pacific, and then give him one more kick into the ocean, and then ask him, as the Quaker did, 'Friend, canst thou swim?'"

Rev. W. A. Clapp gives a good description of one of these earlier orations: "In the autumn of 1836, I think, it was announced that Rev. E. T. Taylor would lecture on temperance, in the Congregational Church at Easton, Mass., in a community whose tastes, regarding the proprieties of life, were fastidious, almost to hypercriticism. Coming in his own carriage, he lost his way, and did not arrive at the place till an hour past the appointed time, when the congregation, a full house, were beginning to disperse. Stepping rapidly into the pulpit, he said to the pastor, 'Pray: I'm tired.' Prayer ended, he arose, threw back his coat-collar, rolled up his cuffs, ran his fingers backward through his hair, and, with folded arms, commenced: 'Friends, you have asked me to lecture before you on temperance; but I can't lecture: I haven't time to prepare a lecture, being always in a hurry. I came here in a hurry, I am going home in a hurry, I live in a hurry, and shall some day die in a hurry. Nor would I lecture if I could. Your lectures are all macadamized: they are entertainments, where those go who dare not visit the theatre. I must cross-plough your fine paths. I am no man's model, no man's copyist, no man's agent: I go on my own book; shall say what I please, and you may help yourselves.'

He then announced his text, or motto, Hos. iv. 11 · 'Wine and new wine take away the heart.' This he illustrated by numerous facts, related in his own inimitable manner. One was that of a vessel captured by pirates. The crew and passengers were all destroyed, except a young mother and her babe. None of the pirate crew would molest her. The astonished captain ordered 'grog' to be served, and soon his order for the death of mother and child was obeyed. 'Those men,' said the speaker, 'had a heart till a gill of rum and molasses took it away.' When he had finished his recital of those thrilling stories, that caused the flesh to creep, his manner changed; and, with a cool, almost sardonic smile, he said, '*Shout*, if you want to, and I'll wait for you.' He paused. The silence was painful. 'Nobody says hurrah! There is as much reason for it now as there will be till the monster is driven from the world.' Thus he held them for nearly two hours. As that community had any thing but friendly feelings toward the Methodists, I trembled for the result of his 'cross-ploughing' manner. Much to my surprise, they were perfectly enamoured of the man and his lecture. They thought, and truly, they had never heard his like before."

Rev. William Rice sketches the most powerful in its effect on the audience of his temperance addresses: —

"Those who were present on the occasion will never forget the very powerful address on temperance delivered during the session of the New-

England Conference in Newburyport, in 1851. The meeting was held in the Whitefield Presbyterian Church. Father Taylor was the second speaker, and his address occupied nearly two hours; and yet the audience listened with almost breathless interest to the end.

"I occupied a seat in the pulpit, and found him, at the opening of the meeting, in a very uncomfortable mood. He criticised in a whisper the address of the speaker who preceded him, and declared, over and over again, that he had nothing to say, no speech to make. I suggested to him that we were in the pulpit which Whitefield had occupied, and that he would feel the inspiration of the place when his time came to speak. When he commenced, this uncomfortable mood seemed to be still upon him, and his first utterances led many of his hearers to fear that his address would be a failure. But this fear soon passed away, and the spirit of the grand old pulpit-orator, whose bones were beneath us, seemed indeed to inspire him. His address was far more methodical and logical in its arrangement than was usual with him. He made three points: 1st, The drunkard; 2d, The drunkard-maker; and 3d, The law. His first point was that 'the drunkard was the worst man on earth *except*.' He then portrayed in terrible colors the crime and sin of the drunkard, the disgrace and misery of his family, the destruction of his character, health, and life, and the ruin of his soul.

"On these points he arrayed with great power

against the drunkard the various passages of Scripture which describe his woes, dwelling especially upon the text which declares that 'no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven.'

"Passing from his first point, he said, 'I told you that the drunkard was the worst man on earth *except;* and now I come to the exception, — the *drunkard-maker.*' I cannot give any idea of the burning, scathing words in which he described the heartlessness, the meanness, the more than infernal wickedness, of the miscreants, who, for a mere pittance of filthy lucre, will deal out the deadly poison which withers happiness and hope, and utterly destroys body and soul. He charged home upon the drunkard-maker the crimes for which he is the responsible agent, and in that long list of crimes he found every species of reckless, cruel, and abominable villany; and, in sum ming up, declared 'that Satan would protest against companionship with such miscreants, and would regard it as an additional infliction of punishment to be compelled to receive them within the limits of hell.' His last point was the *law.* 'If the drunkard-maker is such an offender, if his business is the great source of all crime, why should not the law recognize this fact, and punish the rumseller as the great criminal?'

"I have barely suggested the points embraced in this wonderful address, by far the ablest and most eloquent, as a whole, to which I ever listened from Father Taylor. Power lay in its grand and awful pictorial descriptions. These cannot be recalled: I have now only the vivid impression which was left upon

my mind. Indeed, the remark which I once heard from Father Taylor, when requested to furnish for a reporter a copy of one of his speeches, might be made with reference to this address: 'I might as well give you a copy of chain-lightning.'"

Speaking once before the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of a prohibitory law, he cried out, "I want to see the grave of Intemperance dug, and a stone rolled upon it as big as Jupiter." The way he said it brought down the house with great enthusiasm.

In a temperance lecture, delivered in Father Bates's pulpit at Scituate Harbor, speaking of God's displeasure with rumsellers, he said, "I wonder that the angels in heaven do not tear up the golden pavements and throw them on their heads."

At Norwich he described the rumseller as "Pumping thunder at three cents a glass."

Describing the difference between moral and legal suasion, he said it might well be illustrated by the course of a certain Dutchman, who came to this country, bought him a farm, married a matter-of-fact Yankee girl, and commenced farming. In getting in his hay, he hired an old American, whom he kept on buttermilk and whey, and agreed to pay a shilling a day. The countryman began his work; but every time he swung his scythe tardily through the grass he sung very slowly, —

"Buttermilk and whey,
And a shilling a day."

The old Dutchman came into his house utterly disgusted, and said to his wife, "Mine frow, mine grass will never come in. That old fellow keeps saying, —

'Buttermilk and whey,
And a shilling a day;'

and mine grass will never come in."

"I told you so," said his wife. "You must do as we do in this country: you must keep him on bacon and eggs, and give him a dollar a day."

"Well," he said, "do as you please, mine frow."

So she called up the workman, gave him a change of diet, and told him of the change in his wages, if he could earn it. The workman returned to the field, with scythe newly sharpened, and began mowing the grass with great rapidity, singing as he worked,

"Bacon and eggs,
And look out for your legs."

The old Dutchman came rushing in to his house in great excitement, saying, "Mine frow, mine frow! Mine grass is all coming in, and mine bushes too."

"Moral suasion," said Father Taylor, "is like

'Buttermilk and whey,
And a shilling a day;'

but legal suasion, well worked, is

'Bacon and eggs,
And look out for your legs.'"

He disliked those temperance reformers who sought to banish wine from the communion-table. The substitute, which he called "raisin-water," was specially an abomination to him. John A. Andrew used to relate an illustration of this feeling. "Father Taylor, in his old age, had struck a not unusual vein of feeling, and was speaking of his wishes for the government of the Bethel when he should be dead. All eyes were moist with tears, as he spoke of his hopes for the welfare of the Church, and of his faith that he should be allowed to look down upon the brethren. Then he added these words: —

"'When I am laid in the grave, I want the ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered in the very same way in which the Saviour was not too good to administer it. I want the emblems of the body broken and the blood shed just as they came from my Master's hands; and, in my name, cast from this church any man that comes up to the altar with his glue-pot and his dye-stuff.'"

The words, the tone, the gesture, and the countenance feebly expressed his unutterable contempt. He little thought how much of the wine that he thus used is the worst sort of dye-stuff, as every wine merchant knows well.

He got far away from this original righteousness in his later years. The society in which he mostly moved encouraged the use of the wine-cup: the reform grew stagnant through the pressure of the war and the weariness of the people to grapple sternly with the destroyer.

He ceased to lecture on the subject, and even opposed too much effort for its suppression. In this mood of mind he was called before the celebrated hearing of Gov. Andrew in 1867. His friend, the Governor, was not present when he appeared, and Hon. Linus Child, the assistant counsel, did not understand how to draw the fire of the Admiral. There is much wit, if not wisdom, in some of his replies. This is his testimony as reported in the official volume of the State: —

Question (by Mr. CHILD). How long have you been in Boston?

Answer. Oh! not very long; only about fifty years.

Q. Have you had any thing to do with sailors during that period?

A. Yes, sir. From my boyhood I have been linked in with them, and expect to be until the time when we will go aloft together.

Q. What has been your observation as to the progress of intemperance during the last ten or fifteen years?

A. There has been a very great improvement.

Q. What caused this improvement among your people?

A. An increased ardor and obedience to conscience and the laws of God, not for the stronger to leave the weaker to be devoured by the wolves that seek those who are not able to defend themselves.

Q. In regard to the number of places where these wolves are, how has it been during the last five years?

A. Multitudinous. I should think there was about a breastwork from the Square down to Charlestown Bridge. I believe that the rum-houses are scarcely out of sight one from the other. We have a plenty of idlers. Whether they live on air or steam, I know not.

Q. What has the influence of that great number of places been upon the habit of the people in regard to temperance? Do they lead astray?

A. Yes, sir. Every thing that possibly can be done is done. These people are followed from the houses to the ship; and, when no other vessel can be obtained to get aboard the bewitching matter, they will have it in a bladder.

Q. Has there been any diminution of these places since the prohibitory law passed twelve or fifteen years ago?

A. Prohibitory law! I did not know that they had one.

Q. Have these places for the last twelve or fifteen years been constantly increasing or not?

A. I think they have not died with age. They remain, and they are exceedingly plenty. It is painful to the eye to go down our street — North Street — until we get down to North Square, and see both sides barricaded with bottles in plenty, and plenty of loafers lying around them, that cannot get a living honestly, and must take it from somebody else.

Q. Are you in favor of prohibitory law?

A. By no means. I have no right to punish the righteous with the wicked, and I ought, I suppose, to give a reason why. I think, sir, that a hotel is for something else besides setting a table and making a bed. With rapid and hard travelling, getting down to this our unequalled and blessed city, travellers are racked and tortured with their long journeying. When they get here, they are liable, in our sudden changes, to contract diseases; and I believe that no landlord ought to be allowed to keep a house merely for furnishing beef and potatoes, but he must take care of the health of his guests; and while he has nothing in his house to supply them, and while he is sending for a doctor, disease may get beyond recovery. The landlord ought to take care of his lodgers, and should be able to take care of them, until greater wisdom is brought. That is my explanation. I am willing everybody should have it. I have never needed such things myself; but every man was not made with such a hide as I was, for I have seen noble men faint away. It was only four years ago that I was in Canada, where a number of our hard-working business men were getting a little recreation; and they were so conscientious about temperance, that two or three persons lost their lives by getting heated from walking, and then drinking the lime-water that they have there; for lime-water is all through that region. Two or three of these abstainers came to me and asked me what to do. I said to them, "Use a little brandy." But they were so conscientious upon that point that they would not. They soon passed away. This lime-water is in Cincinnati and a good many places, and many a noble young man or woman is taken away from want of wisdom on this subject. Therefore I think it would be out of the question to forbid the use or the sale of spirit in all cases. This prohibitory law shuts us in. Moreover there is something else in this matter. I should not want to deny my God. The good book tells us that wine cheereth the heart of God and man. I should not want to raise my

hand against the hand of God. And I should not want to think that the world was so reduced; and I do not believe we are so lost in the world. Yet, for my own part, I have not had use for these things; but everybody is not so.

Q. (By Mr. SPOONER.) Do you not know that this necessity of which you speak is supplied by the present prohibitory law?

Q. (By Mr. TAYLOR.) What? Have you got a prohibitory law?

A. (By Mr. SPOONER.) Yes, sir.

A. Well, then, it must have a good many pockets. These glass jars, set in straw, are very easy things to carry, and it is very easy to get them filled.

A. I believe they did.

Q. How would a license law restrain it, if it was enforced as it was before?

A. I suppose the effect would be just the same, and just what it ought to be, under a consistent license law, with something at the back of that law to carry that law out; not making a law, and putting it into the cradle, and rocking it with a lullaby; but letting it have a power and force and meaning in it.

Q. I should like to ask you how a license law is going to be enforced against these unlicensed sellers any better than the present law?

A. I should think that people would learn, by experience on this subject, that there is some difference between such a prudent, talented, honest, energetic man to use that fiery concern, and when it is let out to everybody; and perhaps, if a good, clever fellow goes and makes a complaint to-day, he may get in a narrow place to-morrow.

Q. I understand you to say that they do sell it everywhere?

A. I never knew that we ever did have a very restricting law; for it never did work much, and I suppose it was never expected to do much.

Q. Have you known of any attempts to work it in Boston that seemed to you intended to make it worse?

A. I think I have never seen any thing from it worthy of the dignity of a law.

The plea of Father Taylor, that liquor was needed in a hotel, as a medicine for occasional maladies, and should, therefore, be allowed to be sold freely to its guests, and that it should be drunk as a substitute for

lime-water, and that young men should so drink it, shows how greatly he had changed from that Father Taylor, who, from 1825 to 1850, made New England ring from side to side with his burning imprecations on drinker and seller. He still, however, failed not to denounce the men who ruined his boys; and his descriptions of the rapacity of these murderers, digging, as he said, out of their stores through banks of snow ten feet high to get at their prey, their number, and the fact that the city had never attempted to suppress them, made his side see that they had more than they bargained for in this witness. The laugh was against them. Samson, in his blind old age, began to make the pillars and roof of free rum totter over the heads of its advocates, and he was gladly dismissed. He clung to the root of the truth in all his decay, and died, as he had lived, denouncing the rum-murderer, as the vilest member of society.

XVI.

ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

In Prayer. — Intensely Earnest. — Sweep of Language. — Extraordinary Discernment. — Every Mood of Soul finds Expression. — For the Brother who got lost in attempting to preach. — "Ask the Lord for what you need." — "Will teach you to groan from the other Side of your Mouth." — Pulpit on an Ox-cart. — Wrestling with Contrary Winds. — "Sweep his Tracks off the Floor." — On the Appearance of the Cholera. — For President Lincoln, after Gov. Brownlow had preached. — "Don't let them go through the Sheathing of his Integrity." — "Watch when the First Drops fall." — "Who gives a Whale a Tun of Herring for a Breakfast." — Thanks for the Second Part of a Sermon. — "Will wade into the Water up to our Chins." — Pray for What? — Sailors on "a Lark" with him. — Funeral Sermons. — "His Winding-sheet upon his Arm." — "There has been no Murder committed in this House." — Visit to one awaiting Execution. — "I did not know it was you who committed it, my Son!" — The Baptism of Babes. — "Never created to be damned by a Fixed Decree." — "May it never cry for Bread!" — "Devil, go to your own Place! Angels, take the Baby!" — "A Baptism from Heaven." — His Theology agrees with his Feelings. — The Eucharist. — "I have got Something for you, Children." — Dramatic Powers tested by Startling Events. — A Captain murdered at Sea. — "A big Bowlder lays on the Main Hatch." — "Don't you hear the Bells of Heaven over the Sea?" — The Light in the Tent.

IF Father Taylor was at home anywhere, it was in prayer. From the first he abounded in this grace also. His whole soul *leaped* up to his God and Saviour. The descent of the angel to Daniel, who, starting from the celestial courts after his prayer had begun, touched him on his shoulder with the divine

answer before he had concluded his petition, did not surpass in swiftness of wing the flight to the heavens, in his prayers, of this joyful believer.

He was intensely earnest. In his earlier days, at family prayers where he was visiting, he would pound the chairs, and even raise them and bring them down upon the floor with all his might, in the intensity of his devotions. He would raise his voice as well as his chair, and make the region ring with his private devotions.

He was not a loud-mouthed Pharisee in this haranguing of Heaven, nor was it defended on the ground the colored brother put his vociferousness, that "it was commanded, for did not the Bible say, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hollered be thy name'?" He was simply earnest in his wrestlings with God. He loved to talk with him, as friend talketh with friend. He grew as heated and passionate in this discourse as in those he pronounced concerning him before his bar-bound creatures. It could be said of him in those earlier days, as of his Master, —

> "the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

His sweep of language on such occasions was wonderful. The choicest word dropped into its place. The finest figures flew like plumed birds from his brain. Grace was upon his lips. The sea-phrases wove themselves into the language as easily as breezes blow through the sails: their fitness was as remarkable as their freshness. He was at times almost

endowed with superhuman discernment. Putting his hand on a lad's head, who was bowed before him at the altar, he said tenderly, "Joseph, keep out of harm's way." And the boy, one of whose names was Joseph, but not that by which he was known, and he not known at all to Father Taylor, felt a stirring of new life with this strange benediction.

Many are the stories told of his power in prayer; few, very few, the winged words that have been caught and kept. He could be sarcastic, tender, theological, dogmatic, just as he pleased. He preached sermons, administered rebuke, indulged wrath, — such as he thought righteous, — burned in entreaty with souls, flowed in tears. Every mood of spirit found expression in this form. It was often not unlike a cloud, that clings step by step to earth before it floats away into the heavens.

How he helped a young brother out of his distress is thus told by Rev. S. Cushing: —

"In the autumn of 1829 and the following winter, Father Taylor usually attended the weekly lecture in the vestry of Bromfield-street Church, and frequently preached the sermon. I was a member of that church at the time, and have a vivid recollection of the interest connected with those services.

"On one occasion, a young brother, feeling that he was called to preach, had the opportunity of exercising his gift. His text was, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' In the first part of his sermon, while describing Jesus as the Way, he became embarrassed, and, not being able to collect his thoughts,

closed his remarks, and sat down in confusion. Rev. S. Martindale, the pastor, being in the pulpit with him, took up the subject and finished the discourse, to the acceptance and edification of the audience. Father Taylor, who was occupying a seat in front of the pulpit, offered the closing prayer. He prayed for the 'good brother who has attempted to preach this evening.' 'O Lord! the way is so broad that he got lost in it. Lord, may he not be cast down or discouraged, but luff up, take a fresh breeze, and boom away again.' He also prayed for 'the skilful pilot that has taken the helm out of his hands,' that 'he may be able to guide the ship free from the rocks and the quicksands!' He prayed for the 'cold-hearted, false professor and the self-righteous Pharisee, that every rag of their sails may be torn from the masts, and they scud under bare poles to Jesus.' The effect was electrifying on all, but on no one more than on the young brother; and when Father Taylor shook hands with him, and gave him a kind word of sympathy and encouragement, he forgot his discomfiture, and greatly profited by his advice."

He smote down the anti-Masons, as he thought, by a single word: "Lord, make their hearts as soft as their heads." He sometimes tried to overcome his antagonist in this mode of warfare, wrestling in prayer in a different sense than that of Jacob. When a good brother was engaged in prayer in his pulpit, and was making some nice distinctions between various degrees of grace, especially those experienced in the higher life, Father Taylor mutters, "Lord, save us from splitting hairs."

"I am not splitting hairs," rejoins his antagonist, doing battle for his side on his knees.

"If you are not," is the response, "then ask the Lord for what you need, brother," is the reply; and the two men, kneeling together before the audience, conclude their colloquy, and resume the work and word of intercession. This may seem very irreverent to some minds; but to the participants, and even listeners, it had no such aspect. They were in dead earnest, each and all of them. They meant what they were doing. They were *pleading* with God. No mistaken pleas were to be admitted. No extraneous matter was to be introduced. As a client would hold back his advocate if he thought he was injuring his cause before the judge and jury, and would urge his right request with corresponding entreaties, so these godly people groaned and sighed and shouted, and talked right on, each "on his own hook," and all with one devouring purpose. That was what carried forward the mighty revivals, and brought such multitudes into the kingdom. It was the mighty purpose of these men and women that constrained all hearts to attend their meetings, and many hearts to yield. They have since become more orderly, so called; but more powerful? far otherwise.

He could discern between groans; for when Dick Butler, in his drunken estate, began to get up a mock groaning in the rear of "the vestry," Father Taylor detected the half-hypocrisy and half-sincerity of the noise, and cried out, "Come up here, and we'll teach you to groan from the other side of your mouth."

And he came, and was taught both how to sorrow after a godly sort and how to rejoice likewise.

He delighted sometimes in administering rebuke through prayer. Thus, when the First Methodist-Episcopal Church in South Boston had been renovated and re-opened, Father Taylor was invited to pray. The pulpit had not arrived. Vexed that he had not a suitable place to kneel at, he proceeded to ask the blessing of the Lord on every part of the house, — pews, gallery, windows, carpets, chairs, lamps, — and closed with this snap to his long lash, and for which the lash itself was so lengthily woven, "And, O Lord! bless the pulpit which is somewhere on its way hither on an ox-cart;" the slap at its slowness in coming being put into his last word. It was probably in some such mood as this that he prayed after a student had preached and had "a poor time," thanking the Lord for every sort of blessing, which he carefully enumerated, and concluding with, "And now, Lord, if it please thee, don't send us any more Wilbraham students!"

Among the most famous of those prayers that were half-addressed, at least, "to a Boston audience," is one told by Rev. W. C. High of East Boston, who was at that time pastor of Hanover-street Church: —

"A fireman had been killed, and a vast multitude attended his funeral. The ministers of the vicinity were invited to participate in the exercises. As Father Taylor entered the vestibule, he saw in the pulpit one whom he looked upon as a rival, and for that reason especially disliked. He refused to stir unless

this minister was excluded. This, of course, could not be done; and, after much entreaty, he came forward scowling indignation at the good man before him. He commenced the ministerial part of the services by a prayer. For many minutes he wrestled with the contrary winds. He staggered among the breakers, and seemed certain of foundering. That minister was before his eyes, and he could not get away from his presence. He struck here and there in a blind madness of spirit, wanting all the time to lay on his unoffending rival his scourge of wrath, and restrained a little by the proprieties of the case At length, after much conflict in these Symplegades, and great loss of patience and power, he wriggled his way out of the oppressive presence, and left it far behind. Then, under the pressure the very indignation had imparted, he shot into the heavens. He ranged through all realms of providence and grace. He kept his vast audience tossed on the mountain waves of admiration and emotion. Tears and smiles chased each other rapidly, while awe and astonishment filled their hearts. Thus he flew on the wings of the Spirit for half an hour; and when he

'Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,'

there was no more to be said. The ministerial function was exhausted. Everybody was overwhelmed, and the services rapidly concluded with hymn and benediction. The *genius irritabile* of the poet was strikingly his genius; but seldom did

he use it for such grand effects. The unconscious cause of his daring flight probably enjoyed his ascension as well as though he had been aware how much of it had been due to an old man's prejudice against what he deemed an interloper on his domain."

In a better vein and strain was his prayer at the dedication of the Boston-street Church, Lynn, when he said, "O Lord! thou knowest what mischief we ministers do. If any one attempt to sow heresy in this pulpit, or to preach aught but Christ and Him crucified, drive him out of the house, and *sweep his tracks off the floor!*"

Rev. Gorham D. Abbot describes another of these famous talks with God: —

"I was present at the service of Father Taylor in his chapel the first sabbath morning after the announcement of the appearance of the cholera in Canada, in 1832, I can never forget the solemnity and impressiveness of his prayer on that occasion. With that graphic power of imagination for which he was so remarkable, and with an inspiration and fervor that reminded you of the ancient prophets, he personified the scourge as a grim monster, that had just landed on our shores, and was casting the glare of his eyeballs this way and that, over the territory he was about to desolate, and the people he would devour.

"The whole country had then been startled by the reports of ravages abroad, and with the prospect of devastation at home. The audience was in full sympathy with the speaker and with the spirit that

marked his devotions; and those who were present at that crowded service, and shared in those devotions, will probably never forget that extraordinary prayer."

His prayer for President Lincoln, made after a sermon from Gov. Brownlow of Tennessee, has been often quoted. "Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like the old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, piercing, political, slimy, boring keel-worms. Don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity. But the old stuff that is floating off, I haven't much to say about. Amen!"

In one of his prayers he was urging the Lord to shower down grace, and inspire a due penitence for sin. In the midst of the petition he paused, opened his eyes, and said to the congregation, "The command is 'Watch as well as pray;' be on the watch when the first drops fall, for then He has come, or He'll be right off again," and, closing his eyes, continued his prayer.

The Sunday before he was to sail for Europe, in his prayer he was entreating the Lord to care well for his children during his absence, meaning the Church. All at once he stopped and ejaculated, "What have I done? Distrust the providence of Heaven! A God that gives a whale a tun of herring for a breakfast, will He not care for my children?" and then went on, closing his prayer in a more confiding strain.

He described a pious mother in his morning prayer

at the Bethel, as "that morning angel, that noon-day angel, that evening angel!"

When the Ballardvale church was dedicated, Rev. Gershom F. Cox preached the sermon, on the subject "One God and one Mediator," dividing the sermon into two parts: first, there is a God; second, there is a Mediator. Father Taylor followed in prayer, thanking God for the second part of the sermon. "The first part," he said, "is unnecessary; for all know that there is a God. May God bless the second part to the congregation!"

Rev. Dr. Wakeley describes a prayer in his pulpit, May, 1842, during a session of the New-York Conference: —

"Dr. William Capers preached for me at the Seventh-street Church. He, being a distinguished stranger, brought most of the preachers there, besides an immense crowd. He preached a plain, simple, impressive sermon from 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'

"The doctor dwelt upon the importance of making sacrifices, and he illustrated the casting the bread upon the waters by the way they sowed rice at the South. He said, 'They would wade into the water leg-deep in order to sow it.'

"It was a very close-shaving sermon. I saw Mr. Taylor in the congregation. He had come into the city on Saturday evening. I called him up into the pulpit, and asked him to conclude by reading a hymn and prayer. He did so. He began his prayer in this way: 'O Lord! bless the preacher who has

preached to us this morning. We have often read his name in the Minutes, but we never saw his face before. We bless thee that he not only came from a warm climate, but he has a warm heart. O Lord! the minister has skinned us this morning, but save us from skulking, keep us from dodging. Lord, help us to bear it like men, for thou knowest we deserve it. O Lord God! forgive us our *meanness*, forgive our *meanness;* and, if you will only forgive us this time, hereafter we will make all the sacrifices necessary: we will wade into the water not only leg deep, but, Lord, up to our necks, up to our chins; only, Lord, don't drown us, though we deserve it; just spare our lives, and it is all we can ask.'

"Over thirty years have rolled away, since, on that bright morning, I heard that sermon and wondrous prayer, and all is fresh as yesterday. I never heard any thing like the prayer for originality, for adaptation, for power and pathos, in my life. The ministers wept all over the house like little children: tears flowed plenteously: handkerchiefs were in demand. Dr. Capers and Dr. Pitman were in the pulpit with me. I was between them when Mr. Taylor prayed. Dr. Capers wept and trembled exceedingly; and Dr. Pitman laughed and cried alternately, — smiles and tears strangely blended."

He was not always in the praying mood; and once, when asked to pray, retorted, "Pray for what? If there's any thing you want, I'll ask for it. But there's no use praying without you've something to pray for.'

A story of how he conquered by prayer used to be told by a Mr. McDonald, who was for a long time one of his members. He said, —

"In the year 1838, seven of us sailors from the frigate 'Brandywine' came out of the navy yard, all ripe for a jolly time. We drank our first grog in Wapping Street, near the yard; and after we had crossed Charlestown Bridge, and were in Prince Street, on the Boston side, we took our second grog. Then we were ready for mischief.

"'Where can we raise hell most?' said I.

"'I don't know," says one.

"'Let's have a lark with Father Taylor,' I said.

"'Agreed!' say the rest, 'if you'll be spokesman.'

"'Yes,' I said: 'I'll ask for a Bible.' So we bore away for the sailor preacher's, which was only a few score rods down the same street. I rang the bell, and said, 'We wished to see Father Taylor.' He came down; and as he entered the room we were taken all aback, and could not gather headway enough to get out of his way. He run slap into the fleet of we seven. We thought we could touch our hats to our superiors to perfection; but, when he bowed to us so handsomely, it left us shivering in the wind. He kept getting better, and we getting worse. 'Bless you, boys; bless you'! came with such power and sweetness, he seemed so glad to see us, that he captured us all. We began to sweat, and longed for deliverance. I at last plucked up courage to ask for a Bible. That was the worst move we had made. 'A Bible, yes; every one

of you shall have one.' Worse and worse. Oh, if we were out of this scrape, thought we all, we'd never be caught here again!

"'Now,' said Mr. Taylor, addressing me, 'Bub, here's your compass and your binnacle. We need a light in the binnacle. Let us pray.' Down we went on our knees. Such pleading I never heard before, nor since. I melted. The power that came upon me was strange and overwhelming. It was a nail driven home tight. It brought peace to my mind and salvation to my heart."

For a score of years it sustained him; and to his dying day he rejoiced that he ever made that cruise, and got this compass, and light in the binnacle from his "lark" with Father Taylor.

This excellence in prayer blossomed into a double beauty amid those sad scenes, where the especial office of the ministry comes prominently into service.

He began his boy-life as a preacher of funeral sermons. He was always remarkably gifted on such occasions. From far and near he was called to minister these last consolations. His sympathy for the bereaved, his cheerful hopes, his joyful faith, made his words of that happy mixture of grief and gladness, that, despite the depression of the hour, every mourner instinctively craves. He would stand over the dead body weeping and smiling, mourning and rejoicing, in such natural eloquence of imagination and faith as drew all sorrowing hearts closer to the Comforter. In illustration of this faculty, Rev. Dr. B. K. Pierce narrates the following incident: —

"No one present at the memorial service of Rev. Joshua Downing, held in the Bromfield-street M. E. Church, in the summer of 1839, will lose the impression made by the address of Father Taylor on that occasion, although every word of it may have vanished from the memory. Downing died in his young prime, greatly lamented, being but twenty-six years of age. A graduate of Brown College, with a carefully cultivated and brilliant mind, and an earnest address, always delicate in form, and wearing the pale face of an invalid, he made a profound impression upon the young men, especially that waited upon his short ministry, while pastor, for little more than a year, of the Bromfield-street Church. He died suddenly of a hemorrhage from the lungs, longing to live, that he might, as he expressed it in his own dying words, 'set an example to the young men of Boston,' and panting to preach to them a little longer the gospel of Christ, but fully prepared for heaven. Almost his last whisper was a touching message sent by a ministerial friend to his weeping congregation in the church about to be bereaved, 'Say to the impenitent, Repent: I am sent from the grave to tell you. I would say to the church, Be faithful: at the peril of your present peace, at the peril of a peaceful death, and as you value the felicity and glory of the eternal world.' This message was also placed upon his bosom as he rested in his coffin, before his beloved pulpit and in the presence of his people.

"Father Taylor tenderly loved him as a son in the

gospel. His father, who but a short time before had passed into the heavens, was his very intimate and beloved friend. The circumstances were all calculated to touch the springs of feeling in the throbbing heart of one who never was economical in the affections which he lavished upon those whom he received into his great soul, the sensitive cords of which never failed to thrill when the hand of sorrow swept them.

"The church was black with crape, and the congregation ready to weep as the services opened. 'Why have you called me? What am I to do? What mean these weeds of mourning, and why do you weep?' were his opening words at this memorable service. For a half an hour, without reaching the point at which he was aiming, but beating about with many whimsical and more touching sentences upon his lips, he discoursed upon 'Rabshekah's axe,' as illustrating the providence of God. The Assyrian captain and his army overlooked the fact, as he interpreted the story, that he was only an instrument in God's hand, to be used and laid aside as God pleased. So they had no right to weep, and clothe their church in sackcloth, when God took his minister, after his appointed work was done, to heaven. 'I thought Providence had lost Father Taylor for the first half-hour,' said one of the ministers sitting in the pulpit to his friend. But he did not think this in the second or in the third half-hour. He struck a 'level' of pure, golden sentiment, and never lost it until he closed his address, himself bathed in tears, and transfigured with

his theme, and ministers and people fairly sobbing aloud in the pulpit and throughout the house.

" ' God did not wish the dear little man to preach,' he said.' ' He wanted him in heaven; but Downing was so anxious to do some service for his Lord, that his request was granted. When his first year closed, he would have been taken at once to heaven; but you were so importunate to have him come back, that God indulged you for a little while. You had no right to expect he would remain with you. He preached every sermon, as you saw, *with his winding-sheet upon his arm.*' Then he turned upon his ministerial brethren, and poured upon them, including himself in their number, a tide of overwhelming remonstrance for their little service as compared with this frail invalid preacher. He lingered, half-dying, out of heaven to preach when the Master yearned to receive him to his reward, while strong, active men, with robust health and the widest opportunities, entered with a hesitating step upon their work. Finally, seizing the word that was pinned upon the shroud of the departed servant of God, he made such an exhortation to the congregation to *repent* as they had never before listened to, and have not heard repeated since. Everybody's eyes were inflamed; but no one said to his friend, ' Why weepest thou ? ' "

Rev. William Rice tells how he wept with those that wept over the death of a father in Israel: —

" Some years since, one of the patriarchs of our church, full of years and of honor, a faithful Christian worker, passed away in triumph to his rest and

his reward. He was an old and tried friend of Father Taylor, and they loved each other as brothers.

"I visited the family on learning of his death; and, as I approached the house, I found Father Taylor, who was just recovering from a severe illness, alighting from his carriage at the door. We entered the house together, and were introduced into a chamber where we found the widow and a daughter overwhelmed with grief. The scene which followed I shall never forget. The old man seated himself by the window; and taking her hand, he said, 'The thing you have dreaded so long has come upon you;' but immediately, changing his tone and entire manner of address, he added, 'but, Ann, remember there has been *no murder committed in this house;* remember that, Ann. And now,' said he, 'a certain measure of tears is all well enough, the tribute of nature, they cannot be restrained: but, Ann, remember, there must be a limit to tears and to grief; all over and above a certain amount is sheer waste, nothing will ever come of it.'

"He then spoke of death as a change coming in the order of Nature, and by divine appointment, and bringing only rest and joy and blessing to the good man.

"'We drop the seed into the ground,' said he; 'and the rain falls upon it, and the sun shines upon it, and it springs up, first the little shoot, then the tree; and the blossoms appear upon it, and then the fruit; and the fruit hangs and ripens in the sun, and falls off.'

"Then suddenly changing his tone, he said, 'Who would want to hang green upon the tree forever?'

"For an hour he poured forth a stream of his peculiar pathos and eloquence, with figures and illustrations, many of them beautiful beyond any thing I ever heard from his lips, and yet many of them quaint and extravagant beyond comparison. I found myself weeping and smiling alternately and together; and several times during the conversation, I saw a smile upon the faces of widow and daughter, even while they seemed crushed by their new and great sorrow."

This womanliness of soul broke forth in other forms. Thus Rev. Dr. J. W. Merrill describes his melting a murderer into penitence: —

"When I was stationed at East Cambridge, being then chaplain of the penitentiary and jail there, I learned that one of the prisoners, soon to be executed, had formerly been an attendant on Father Taylor's preaching and prayer-meetings. He thought he had experienced religion; but embracing the idea of our Lord's second advent in 1843, and being disappointed, he finally lost his religious feelings, and fell into the awful crime of murder. I obtained his leave, after some hesitation, to invite the venerable man over from Boston to see him. I did so; but Father Taylor, eying me sharply and with emotion, answered, 'No: I have had one such case, and I will never attend another!' But I suggested, should God so bless the effort as to cause the wretched man to repent and be saved, it would set up forever in heaven a monument of the power of divine grace to save the

chief of sinners, and bring new glory to the Son of God. He paused in silence for a moment, and it was but for a moment, as he was pacing his parlor Then, with deep and plaintive tenderness, he said, 'You have conquered me: I will go.' The time was set, and he came to my house. We went down to the jail together. On opening the door of the cell, Father Taylor fixed his eyes upon the prisoner for a whole minute or more, the prisoner meanwhile staring at him, when he commenced in a subdued, melting tone of voice, 'I did not know it was you, my son! I did not know it was you! I heard of the awful murder; but I did not know it was you who committed it, my son! Oh, I did not know it was you!' And he rushed to him, threw his arms around his neck, hugging him to his breast with great emotion, and continued saying, 'O my son, my son! I did not know it was you. I am glad you are here: God has got you now. He has put you here to save you. Had he not got you here, you would have been damned. He has got you here to save you. You had better be saved and go to heaven, by these stone walls and the halter, than to go to hell on a bed of roses, my son!' and the tears fell down his furrowed cheeks. The miserable man broke down, and melted into convulsive weeping."

This same fulness of soul revealed itself, in like warmth of love and tenderness, in his sacramental services. No one who has ever heard him can forget his exceeding richness of imagery and feeling at the baptism of babes. No one ever copied his Saviour more

closely in taking them up in his arms, putting his hands on them, and blessing them. He delighted to preach a little anti-Calvinism over this service, and, holding out the smiling babe, would exclaim, "Is this a child of the Devil? God never created such lovely beings to be damned by a fixed decree." He would then fold them to his bosom, kiss them tenderly, and return them to their mothers. There would be many more observers of this holiest and happiest of Christian ordinances, if the ministers would more faithfully copy this example and that of their common Master.

Once, when one of these little ones cried, the mother being much disconcerted, he calmed her tumult by saying, "It would be a great pity if that child could never cry. May it never cry for bread!"

Rev. Dr. Wentworth thus narrates a most powerful scene of this kind, which occurred at Eastham camp-meeting, and which many ministers talk about to this day: —

"In 1851 I met with Taylor at the Eastham camp-meeting. I was to preach; but just before the sermon Father Taylor was called on to baptize the children of some sailors, and the power with which he conducted the baptismal services was sufficient to put to shame all the rituals of Christendom. His manner on that occasion was attended with storm and lightning, earthquake and volcano. The immense audience swayed in the wealth of his eloquence like a forest of willows or aspens. He was fire and gentleness, invective and sarcasm, wit and sym-

pathy, by turns. We laughed, we wept, we shouted in turns; and finally, finding myself getting utterly unmanned, and rapidly dissolving into tears and brine, I fled the pulpit, and hid myself out of earshot of this extraordinary scene, that I might not be utterly unfitted to preach the sermon that was to follow immediately after. Speaking of the objection some preachers had to baptizing the children of unconverted parents, he took a beautiful infant in his arms, and raising it as he raised his voice, with an inimitable gesture, he exclaimed, with volcanic vehemence, 'Why, if the old Devil himself would bring me a child to baptize, I would baptize it, and say, Devil, go to your own place! Angels, take the baby!'

"The prayer he uttered on that occasion was a miracle of power. It was one of those services which burn themselves into the imagination and memory like hot lava or a branding iron. His utterances were sublime, inspirations such as sibyls, prophets, or Highland seers never had; his manner more tragic than Æschylus or Shakspeare; and his power over the hearts of hearers such as Webster, Burke, Paul, or Demosthenes might have envied."

In "The Poetry of Travelling," Mrs. Caroline Gilman of Charleston, S.C., describes both baptisms: —

"I followed the crowd to the Bethel Church. Mr. Taylor was walking about the pulpit in great anxiety and concern, arising from the fear that the seamen would be crowded from their seats. Leaning over, he stretched out his hand, and called out, with a loud

and earnest voice, 'Don't stir, my brethren! not a seaman must go out.'

"The occasion was one of peculiar solemnity. A service of communion plate had been presented, and this was the first opportunity for consecrating it. Having heard Methodist preaching frequently at the South in its most fervid tone, I was probably not so much impressed by the sermon as a Bostonian would have been. Mr. Taylor's changes, like those of his denomination generally, were rapid, varying from the boldest rhetorical flights to the most common-place expressions. The sermon being over, he descended to the altar, and called two individuals to the rite of baptism. One was a middle-aged seaman; the other a little girl of five years of age, led by her mother. He had not proceeded far, before I saw and felt the power of his natural eloquence: his audience were soon in tears. He grasped the hand of the seaman, and welcomed him as one who, from sailing on stormy seas, had reached a safe harbor. After the usual invocation and form of baptism, he again took his hand, and, smiling on him kindly, said, 'God's baptism be on thee, my brother; go in peace.' Then turning to the woman, he exclaimed, —

"'And the widow did not come alone; no, she did not come alone, she brought her baby with her.'

"He took the wondering but passive little girl in his arms, and raised her so that all could see her. After the silence of a moment, he said, —

"'Look at the sweet lamb! Her mother has brought her to Christ's fold.'

"There was another pause: he touched her forehead with the baptismal element, pronounced the invocation to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and saying solemnly, 'A baptism from heaven be on thee, my pretty dove!' kissed her flushed cheek tenderly, and placed her by her mother's side.

"The congregation were then invited to kneel at the altar, and partake the communion. The seamen went first, file after file, pressing respectfully on, while their pastor addressed to each words of caution and encouragement.

"'Brother, beware, take heed,' he said to one whose face bore marks of worldly cheer: 'the tempter is ever ready.' And to one who looked dejected, he said soothingly, 'Come to the Lord, my brother: the yoke of Jesus is easy; lay your cares on Him.'

"When the seamen communicants had all visited the altar, others followed; and, as circle after circle knelt around, the good man was often obliged to pause in his addresses. Weeping and agitated, he walked the chancel, exclaiming, with broken sobs, 'This is the happiest day of my life, O my God! the happiest day that I have seen since I was born.'"

His view of the spiritual relation and condition of the infant child was in strict harmony with the theology of his church. He recognized the influence of the atonement of Christ. He believed, as she believed and taught, that all souls are born into the realm of grace; that Christ taketh every little one in his arms when it is born, and blesseth it; that every sinner is a prodigal wandering from his

Father's house. To him, therefore, that babe was a babe of God's, —

> "Breaking with laughter from the Lake Divine,
> Whence all things flow."

He saw in it the lineaments of Christ. More than in heaven, the Saviour himself was about it in its infancy; it was not an angel, not sinless in nature or development, but a saved soul, whose smile was the smile of God, and who, with its own co-operation, could always grow in grace, and never need come into condemnation. It was no ingrafted creed, no running over the wall, in wildness of feeling and fancy, but a strict, logical, inevitable conclusion of his daily creed, preached by all his brethren and found in all the catechisms and formulæ of his church. As he looked on the babe he could believingly exclaim, —

> "O child! O new-born denizen
> Of Life's great city! On thy head
> The glory of the morn is shed
> Like a celestial benison."

It was Christ whom he there saw shining in the greatness of His love. Every child was bathed in the blood of redemption. It was blood of its blood; it therefore deserved baptism, the outward sign of this inward state, and a place forever in the Church which includes all His redeemed ones in its holy fold.

The eucharistic services were as remarkable as the baptismal. He had a special word for every

guest of his Lord's. "Here come my boys from between the guns," he exclaims, when a batch of boys in navy shirts kneel at the altar; and then flows forth a most affecting address to these especially tempted ones. Says Dr. Peirce, —

"No words can describe his manner at a sacramental occasion in his own Bethel. It was not so much what he said as himself, — his whole bearing, his impassioned and incarnated sentiment. 'I have got something for you, children,' he once said, as he followed me with the cup: 'it is a present from Jesus, something which He has sent to remember Him by.' He held the cup under his outer coat, pressed to his heart, as if he would suddenly surprise them by bringing the precious gift out before their eyes; then he looked up and burst into tears as he pronounced His name. 'He sends it to you, children, and tells me to say to you, Drink of this in memory of me!'"

R. P. S., in "The Boston Transcript," describes his dramatic powers, tested to their uttermost by startling events. Two sailors had been arrested for murdering a captain. One had been acquitted, and one condemned. It was the Sunday after the trial, and the man that had been released was among the audience. As usual, every spot was crowded to suffocation. "Father Taylor was in his best mood. His heart was fuller than his Bethel. He prayed for the sailors as if his heart would go up with his petition, and tears flowed from his eyes like rain."

"He commenced his sermon rather tamely, as it

seemed, after such a prayer. But he warmed up gradually, as he went on describing the temptations and devilishness of sin, the deeds it prompted, the acts it compelled its victims to, till at last he took us all fairly to sea, and the dark rainy night came down upon the ship and waters. As the night wore on, the captain turned in, and the crew who were off duty had crept down to their bunks. The two on watch pace the deck. One of them draws and looks at his knife; he feels the edge with his finger; he looks toward the cabin-door, he goes toward it, he stands by it; he twirls the knife in his hand, again he looks at it, again he feels the edge; he puts his hand on the door, he listens; he opens the door just a crack, peeps in, sees the captain asleep; he is sleeping soundly; the door is opened wider, he steps in.

"At this point of the description, the house was as still as the tomb, save here and there a deep breathing. The sailors were leaning forward with fixed and staring eyes and parted lips. Every muscle was in highest tension.

"Father Taylor went on with his description, acting it as no dramatist could act, his face the perfect expression of the criminal's hate and deed. He looks at the door; he looks at his innocent sleeping victim; he clinches the knife tighter; he slips like a cat towards the berth, puts out his hand to feel where the heart is; he passes it along until he finds the exact place. He steps back with one foot; he lifts his hand which holds the knife. He strikes —

"There was an audible start through the whole

house; and some of the sailors sprang to their feet, as if to stop the blow. He said but few words more. After the emotion had subsided, he asked the acquitted man to rise; and he closed the services with a fervent prayer for him."

Another, himself a sailor, sends a like vivid portraiture of the same gift: —

"One Sunday he preached to us upon the atonement. His text was, 'Dead in trespasses and sins.' 'Dead!' he exclaimed: 'not only dead, but buried; and you can't get out! A big bowlder lays on the main hatch, keeping it down over your heads. You may go to work with all your purchases, — bars, handspikes, winch, and double tackles; but you can't make it budge an inch. The beef isn't in you! But hark! who is it that has the watch on deck? Jesus Christ. Now, sing out to Him, and sing out loud. Ah! He hears you; and He claps His shoulder against this rock of sin, cants it off the hatch, the bars fly open, and out you come.'"

Rev. E. H. Sears describes, in "The Religious Monthly," a scene of this sort: —

"I first heard Father Taylor early in 1835, in the midst of his sailors at his Bethel in Boston. He was then in his full vigor, the house was crowded, and the pulpit stairs were occupied clear up to the preacher. His eloquence was marvellous; his control over the audience seemed almost absolute. Tears and smiles chased each other over our faces like the rain and sunshine of an April day. Two characteristics gave tone and power to his marvellous eloquence. He

had one of the most brilliant imaginations that ever sparkled and burned. His sermon was all poetry, though it came in bursts and jets of flame. It was like the dance of the aurora, changing all the while from silver flame to purple and back again. But the secret of his magnetic power was not here: it was in his overflowing sympathies, that leaped over all barriers, and had no regard for time or place. There was no wall of formality between him and his hearers any more than if he were talking to each one of us in a private room. He would single out a person in his audience, talk to him individually with the same freedom as if he met him in the street. 'Ah! my jolly tar,' turning to a sailor who happened at that moment to catch his eye, 'here you are in port again: God bless you! See to your helm, and you will reach a fairer port by and by. *Hark! don't you hear the bells of heaven over the sea?*'"

In one of his prayers at Nahant he described our life as a tabernacle, through whose thin walls the lamp of a holy soul shines clearer and brighter as the walls themselves grow thinner; while death is but the stepping forth from such a tent into those glories which have no dimming veil between. To such sanctified natures it is

> "Only a step into the open air
> Out of a tent, already luminous
> With light that shines through its transparent walls."

XVII.

OUT OF THE BETHEL.

Called Everywhere. — "A Fresh Pot of Manna." — Hard Wood on the Church Fire. — "How do you know but I am an Impostor?" — At Middletown, Conn. — The Lord's Poor, the Devil's Poor, and the Poor Devils. — An Acrostic by Rev. J. N. Maffit. — Meets his Grandfather. — "Subject not dry." — "The Flower of the Devil's Family." — "An Earthquake in Hell." — "As Easy to convert Devils as the Actors." — What "Yankee" means. — Rebukes a Slanderer. — Some Ministers like Turkeys stuffed with Garlic. — New York and Texas. — Best to go to Heaven by Way of Boston. — Did not slip up on a Blunder. — "Crawfishing in Georgia." — "Don't flunk from Duty." — "Seventy-four, Keel up." — Doing Wrong for the Sake of Variety. — Calvinism like inviting Gravestones Home to Dinner. — "When did you hear from Jesus Christ?" — How Greek did not meet Greek. — His Devotion to Masonry and Odd Fellowship. — "He did that Last Monday." — "A Bloated Bondholder." — His Visits among the Fallen. — "Nothing too Good for a Methodist Preacher." — Match the Best. — "White Oak and Hickory, White Birch and Poplar." — Pulleys the other Way. — Daniel Webster "the Best Bad Man." — His Trips to Europe. — Pleads with the Sailors. — The Preacher should "take something Warm from his Heart," and shove it into his Hearers. — Reading Sermons like Hunting for Clams. — Rat Terriers and Canes. — A Comforting Hymn. — His Intimacy with Unitarians. — An Interview with Rev. E. H. Sears. — A Reputed Letter. — Gift of a Bible. — "Pharaoh a Hard Drinker." — "Sailing by the Head," — "Bigotry's Funeral." — "They'll change the Atmosphere." — In a Theatre for Christ's Sake. — A Screw Loose. — The Walking Bethel to the Last.

HIS was not a fame or a nature that would be content with any field, even if as broad and high a table-land as that which the Bethel afforded. He had won his fame in country circuits. Little churches, schoolhouses, and kitchens bore witness to

the fervor of his preaching and prayers. Now that he was becoming high, and lifted up, he did not forget them, or they him. He was called everywhere, and went everywhere. The four days' meeting — a popular mode of revival-work in different churches, a sort of church camp-meeting — was a favorite place of labor. The chief day and service were given to him: his eloquence drew crowds, and his skill brought many that listened unto Christ and everlasting life.

Among the incidents occurring in these clerical services, a few have escaped oblivion. Rev. Stephen Cushing, speaking of a weekly meeting of this sort in the Bromfield-street Church, in 1829, says, —

"The sermons of Father Taylor at the weekly lecture were remarkable for their delineation of Christian experience, and their power over the people. Preaching once from 'Waiting for the consolation of Israel,' in describing good old Simeon and Anna, those aged and other devout ones in Jerusalem, speaking of their prayers, their faith, their communion with each other and with God, and urging it as the privilege of all Christians to hold such communion, more than two-thirds of the persons present were in tears. The whole were deeply affected, and it seemed as near to heaven as any place on earth could be. It was a sitting together in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus.

"A similar result attended many of his efforts in that place. His gift of exhortation, his pointed and earnest address, the pathos accompanying it, all indicated a heart deeply interested in the work God had assigned him. His preaching was in the demonstra-

tion of the Spirit and with power. Believers were quickened, and many were persuaded to an active, earnest life of holiness.

"At the first four days' meeting held in Bromfield-street Church, a large number of ministers were present; among others, Rev. Asa Kent, who had been in the hospital for treatment, had partially recovered, and, though scarcely able to come to the church, attended the last afternoon, and addressed a very comforting exhortation to mourners in Zion. It was full of sympathy and affection. Taylor was a great admirer of Father Kent, and followed the exhortation with prayer, beginning 'Lord, we thank thee for a fresh pot of manna right from the hospital.' The altar in the evening was surrounded with penitents, many of whom professed conversion.

"At a general class or monthly church meeting, at the same place, soon after a course of infidel lectures in Boston by Fanny Wright, several of the members, referring to those lectures and the number of sympathizers, — said to be three thousand, — spoke in a very desponding tone, expressing fears for the interests of religion. Taylor arose, and rebuked their fears on this wise: 'Some think, because we have had in Boston a course of lectures which has brought together a large number of infidels, that the Church is going down, and that Boston is to be destroyed; but it was only making them known, like so many diseases scattered all over a man's body, gathered into one place, to die a harder death. Why, the Church was never in a better condition. I have known occa-

sionally a snapping and cracking about the altar, and have sometimes seen fire of shavings; but I never knew the hard wood piled on the altar as it is now. I never knew more union, more deep feeling, and more readiness for hard work, in the Church and among sinners, than at the present time. There is no room for fears: let us thank God, and take courage.'"

This same courageous faith continued with him to the end. When infidelity became more elegant and orderly, with cultivated preachers and crowded congregations, he was still undaunted.

Rev. Dr. Scudder, who afterwards labored with him long in the gospel in the city of Boston, relates a remark of his on his first appearance in Troy, N.Y.:—

"I remember his first visit to Troy, about 1830. His reputation as the famous sailor-preacher, and his genius in the pulpit, had preceded him, and drew a large congregation. His introduction to his sermon was very Taylorish. He read his text, and, with characteristic quickness, raised his spectacles high on his forehead, and, closing his Bible, placed it tightly under his left arm: then, looking intently for a moment at his audience, he said, 'Friends, the Bible tells us of impostors. Now, you don't know but I am one: watch me close, watch me close!' He had his audience at once in his command."

Rev. Dr. Wentworth describes one of his great times at Middletown, Conn.:—

"I entered the Wesleyan University at its second annual commencement, 1835. Father Taylor was

present, and, in the evening, spoke at a missionary meeting. The exercises of the day had been protracted and fatiguing. Dr. Holdich, then just newly elected professor, made the first speech, — chaste and crisp in delivery. I was tired and sleepy, and could not listen, and went off into a doze, saying to a classmate, 'Wake me when Taylor gets up to speak.'

"The precaution was needless. The first note of his ringing voice drove drowsiness and dreams to the land of shades, where they properly belong; and, before he had uttered five of his clarion words, I was as broad awake as if I had never slept. He began by demolishing the professor's speech in the most startling and peremptory way. 'The Asiatic was well enough off under his banyan, the African happy enough under his palm: they did not need the missionary in the frozen North or the sunny South, but in Boston. Knock open your boxes of Bibles on the wharves of Boston, and distribute the Word of God among the sailors. What is the use of sending missionaries to the heathen, unless you first convert the sailors? A single shipload of sailors, in a single visit to a heathen strand, will do more mischief than the labors of a dozen missionaries will undo in forty years.'

"In the same speech he said, speaking of missionary benevolence, 'Drop a dollar in this ocean, and its ripple will be felt on the farthest shores of Eternity!' 'When I die,' said he, 'don't bury me up in the dirty ground: carry me out to my own blue sea, where I may have the seaweed for my shroud,

the coral for my coffin, ocean mountains for my tombstones, and the music of zephyrs and howling storms for my requiem.' "

This last remark was one that he was evidently fond of making.

He began an address in Malden before a benevolent society thus quaintly: —

"There are," said he, "three kinds of poor in this world; namely, the Lord's poor, the Devil's poor, and poor devils. The Lord looks out for his poor, and the Devil looks out for his poor: poor devils have to look out for themselves."

In these early days of his devotion, he often worked in meetings with John N. Maffit. Their regards were the closer, because to their church and clerical affinities were joined those of the order in which they were bold and active members, and which then was in great disrepute. We find a small yellow sheet among his papers, on which, in handsome penmanship, is an acrostic from this friend and brother. It lacks perfect rhythm, but has a ringing trumpet-note, that came from a live soul to a live soul, and made fire kindle fire. It shows, too, the stirring activities of their church in that hour, and reveals the sources of her present power. Only as a church abides in this inspiration will it grow in greatness, or even continue in strength and verdure.

TO MY DEAR BROTHER TAYLOR.

Enter the field with courage high,
Draw boldly Gideon's sword;
Wait not, nor think, nor fear to die,
And shout Emmanuel's word.

Raise Jerusalem's two-edged blade,
Drawn from the hallowed page;

Through earth and hell to glory wade,
Heaven's wars with bravery wage.
On every height and mountain's brow,
Make Christ's banner wave on high;
Plant it on every vessel's prow.
Swiftly let the pennant fly!
Oh! never shrink, nor know alarm:
Nature's God hath clad thee o'er.

Think not thy foes can ever harm:
All their weapons lose their power.
Your heart be strong! your hopes be bright
Lo, victory beams around thee!
On Faith's strong pinions gain the height:
Rest there, and peace surround thee.

Thy Brother Soldier, the Stranger, J. N. M.

At a prayer-meeting in Hanover-street Church, an old minister was present from Vermont, and related his experience, when travelling once on a large circuit. He said, that he "preached in the morning, rode twenty miles, and preached in the afternoon. A young man was present that had followed him from his morning meeting: he arose for prayer, and was converted, and became a preacher, and afterwards Bishop Hedding." Father Taylor arose, and came forward, clapping his hands, and shouting, "Glory to God, I have found my grandfather! Bishop Hedding was my spiritual father, and this old preacher is my grandfather."

In Charlestown, just before he commenced, the sexton brought him a glass of water, "Thank you," said he, "but my subject is not a dry one."

At a quarterly meeting at Weston, in 1815, there was a coach-load of colored people, among them a large woman named Cook. She praised the Lord for His religion in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. "Where did all these come from?" cries young Taylor, all enthusiasm: "they seem the flower of the Devil's family!"

Rev. William McDonald sends the following good things: —

"Once at Father Taylor's, a gentleman called, who did not seem of very sound mind. Among other things, he said a lady had recently appeared in New York, who had resolved to reform the stage and raise the profession, and thus wipe out the reproach which was upon it. He was doing what he could to help her, and she was resolved never to leave the stage until it was accomplished. I remarked, that she had a long job on hand. 'Yes,' said Father Taylor; 'and if the howling of devils, on account of it, does not make the people believe that there is an earthquake in hell, I am mistaken: you might as well attempt to renovate devils.' The gentleman left, not greatly encouraged.

"An Englishman asked him what 'Yankee' meant. 'Do you not know?' inquired Father Taylor. 'No,' replied the Englishman. 'It means,' said Father Taylor, 'invincible, unconquerable: do you know what that means?' The Englishman asked no further explanations.

"At another time, being at Father Taylor's, he showed me a letter, published in a Haverhill paper,

RESIDENCE OF FATHER TAYLOR

No. 4 North Square.

Still standing, but altered, 1901.

describing his person and the place of his preaching, which did not please him. His Bethel was described as located in the most disreputable part of Boston, surrounded by residences occupied by the most abandoned. A young man called on Father Taylor to receive his autograph, which he always refused to give. He was, no doubt, the author of the letter, and asked Father Taylor if he had received a paper which he sent him. Father Taylor took him out to the door, and bade him look around. 'There,' said he, 'is my church, and here are the low dens filled with the wretches so graphically described in the letter. I live in one of them. Do you see them, sir?' As he saw the large and very respectable residences which surrounded North Square, he looked as though he would go up, or down, or in any other direction to get out of sight. 'Well,' he said, 'I did not know that this was your place.' — 'Yes,' said Father Taylor, 'this is the very place, sir; and I want you to look at it.'"

Condemning educated ministers who did not know how to use their culture, he exclaimed, "Oh, there are some that cut eight inches on the rib! but these stuffed turkeys stink so of leeks and onions and garlic, that they must be rotten all through."

Speaking in New-York City, at a missionary meeting, in regard to Texas, when the country was new and wild, and the inhabitants were as wild as the country, he said: —

"The drunkards, the swearers, the defaulters, the gamblers, the murderers, are there. Where did those

villains go from? Most of them from this city. And now, as you have got rid of them in New York, surely you ought to send them the gospel."

If he could condemn New York, he could praise Boston. Addressing the first shipload that left this city for California, he said, "In the common order of Providence, some of you will never return here; but heaven isn't any more distant from California than from this Athens of America: but if God in His providence will so order, that you can come and go by the way of Boston, thanks be to His name!"

Rev. Dr. Akers gives this incident illustrative of his skill in escaping from a blunder.

"The first sabbath afternoon of General Conference in Baltimore, 1840, while beginning to administer the sacramental cup to a long table of Father Taylor's devout communicants, he, having preceded me with the consecrated bread, until the last in order was served, cried with a loud voice, 'Arise, brethren, in the' — 'Brother,' called I, 'they have not yet had the wine!' — 'That is,' continued he, 'let your *hearts be raised up unto God*, for his bread of life.' The unfinished mistake was made to fix a good lesson on many minds."

He inquired of Rev. Mr. Paulson, a chaplain in the army at the time of Sherman's devious movements in his march to the sea, "What do you think will be the result of Sherman's crawfishing down there in Georgia?" Could any word have more aptly described that wide, slow, and careful undertaking?

He illustrated his untiring zeal for the Master

by asking of this brother, who visited him with another minister on sabbath morning, when he was sick at a water-cure establishment, "Who's going to tell the truth to-day?" When told both were to preach, he added a good word for all ministers, however roughly put: "Well, don't flunk from duty."

On entering a long, narrow, high church, with its modern open and timbered roof, he looked up to the ceiling, and exclaimed, "Seventy-four, keel up!"

This story well expresses the structure of his nature. One day he came into the Methodist bookstore in Boston, rubbing his hands, and saying, "I have been doing something wrong to-day. I have done right all my days, and now I have done a little wrong for the sake of a mixture!"

Like all the early New-England Methodist preachers, he had to do battle chiefly with Calvinism. His weapons were sharpened in that warfare. Some of his sword-thrusts are remembered. To one who believed in infant reprobation, he said, "There is no use of talking, brother: your God is my Devil. Give him my compliments."

On another occasion, he summed up the whole controversy as to the inviting those to be saved who are dead in trespasses and sins, and have received no power to even desire salvation, because not of the elect, by declaring, "For Calvinists to invite sinners to repentance is like inviting the gravestones home to dinner with you."

When another of this school was expounding his doctrine of decrees, and the impossibility of salvation

for the non-elect, the old gentleman escaped from the blue cloud that was thickening about him with the shout, "When did you hear from Jesus Christ last?"

When a youth, he trusted to his wit to get him out of scrapes he foolishly ran into. He had a debate with a Calvinist minister in Newburyport upon a text of Scripture; and, as his antagonist felt rather pinched with Taylor's rendering of the text, he fled to the original Greek, and insisted that that favored his views much more than the translation. This got the subject a little out of Taylor's reach; but he soon rallied, and inquired for a Greek Testament. His opponent rose up to get the book, and, after walking the room for a while, somewhat embarrassed, he said, "It is a long while since I have attended to the Greek, and I have grown somewhat rusty. I think we may as well drop the subject where it is." Said a friend, to whom he told this incident, "What would you have done had the Testament been produced?" — "Oh! I would have worked my way out somehow." — "No doubt of that, I presume; for he never got hedged up anywhere," says his old comrade.

Mr. Taylor joined the Corner-Stone Lodge of Free-Masons at Duxbury, and received his degrees, according to its records, March 6, 1820. His friend and brother, Hon. Seth Sprague, jun., was the Master of the Lodge at the time of his initiation. He loved this body to the day of his death. In the troubled days of the anti-masonic excitement, when many lodges were abandoned, when many withdrew from the order, and when members sometimes slunk into

meetings hastily, and with caps pulled down over their faces, Brother Taylor used to strut into the entrance of the hall, with his hat thrust back on his head, hung "on the organ of obstinacy."

When his conference, in order to avoid occasion for stumbling, had adopted a resolution not to participate in any public masonic celebration for the coming year, the young obstinate marched all the more boldly in the processions; and Bishop Hedding, in half despair at his incorrigibility, and that of his comrade in popularity, peculiarity, and devotion to this cause, John Newland Maffit, partly petulant at their disobedience, and partly pleased at their pluck, said, "Eddy and Johnny will wear their aprons in spite of us." His conviction by his conference for this offence and correction in righteousness, and how he came out ahead, is related on a previous page.*

He was afterwards a member of Columbian Lodge, constant in his attendance, and always welcome. His prayer at the opening of this lodge, made when anti-masonic excitement swelled high, has been repeated thousands of times. "Bless this glorious Order: bless its friends, — yes, bless its enemies, and make their hearts as soft as their heads."

He was also a Knight Templar of the Boston Commandery, and took especial pride in its stately array, the rich black uniform and lordly cap and plume making him look and feel most knightly. As he marched in its processions, his step was unusually haughty, even for his haughty nature.

* See page 203.

He loved the Odd Fellows, too, joining Suffolk Lodge at Boston; and, when the oath of allegiance to this order was administered to him, he took it with this qualification, uttered in his sturdiest tones: "Unless this obligation shall conflict with the paramount qualifications of Free-Masonry." In his journeyings in Europe and in the East, these associations were more than once of signal service.

On a sabbath just before his death, he dressed himself in full masonic regalia, and seated himself at the window. Perhaps his mind was wandering, but it wandered among scenes and companions that he loved.

Mr. Taylor was a keen politician, — in his younger days, a Jeffersonian Democrat, made so by his ardent patriotism and by his experience of a British jail: in later days, he was a devoted Whig, an earnest admirer of Daniel Webster and his associates. When George N. Briggs was elected Governor, to succeed Marcus Morton, it became Father Taylor's duty to read Governor Morton's Thanksgiving Proclamation. As he read the concluding words, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," he paused, and added, "He did that last Monday."

During the exciting times of 1850, Father Taylor was, in theory, a follower of Mr. Webster; but no house in Boston would have been a more secure shelter for a fugitive slave than his. He never was in sympathy with the Abolitionists, being disturbed by their attacks on the Church, and cherishing always a kindly feeling for old Virginia.

During the War of the Rebellion, although feeble and broken, he was a devoted and active patriot. In the pulpit, in Faneuil Hall, on Boston Common, he pleaded for recruits; and Gov. Andrew, during these troubled years, often refreshed himself by calling the hopeful old man to the Council Chamber, and by listening to his prayers at the Bethel.

Just after the issue of the "seven-thirty bonds," he consulted a young friend about the investment of a few thousand dollars, which had fallen to him from a bequest. He was told that the Government needed money, and that his example might do good if he bought United States securities; but that, if the Rebellion succeeded, the bonds would be worth nothing. "Put it in," said he: "if the Rebellion succeeds, I don't want to be worth any thing. Put it *all* in; and, if the ship goes down, we'll all go down together." And so Father Taylor became "a bloated bondholder."

His work in one peculiar field is not generally known. Living at the North End, near by the lowest haunts of vice, he was often called to attend the sick-bed, the death-bed, and the funerals of the most wretched and abandoned of women. Protected by his eccentricity and his purity alike from any shadow of suspicion, shielded from all danger by his utter ignorance of fear, he always obeyed such a summons. At all hours of day or night, he visited the foulest haunts of crime in this noble service; never with one harsh word for the fallen, never with any apology for the crime. A record of his prayers on such occasions

would add vast treasures to the wealth of the Christian world. His warnings against trusting to a death-bed repentance were reserved for vigorous and prosperous offenders; but, when the sinner's life was ending in agony, he never forgot that the first convert of his Master's cross was a thief, and that His first promise of pardon was given to a harlot.

He received many warnings, some anonymous, against venturing on such errands. The only notice that he ever took of such warnings was to lay aside his cane, which was elsewhere his constant companion, but which he never took with him when he visited the cellars and garrets of North Street. This was simple courage in the Christian soldier; but it was also the wisest prudence.

Some one in his earlier years rebuking him for wearing gold-bowed spectacles, a great offence to his brethren in those days, he replied, "Nothing is too good for Methodist preachers."

It was in the same spirit, in a later day, that he defended his brethren from an unjust reflection from outside critics. He preferred to keep a monopoly of that fault-finding to himself. So when Dr. George B. Ellis, at a Unitarian meeting, thoughtlessly remarked that many Methodist ministers received only two hundred dollars salary, and were not worth more than that, Father Taylor broke in on the programme, sprang on his feet, shook his fist, cane, and head in the face of his astonished censor, exclaiming, "I will put Methodist ministers against any you will bring forward at any time. I'll match orator with orator,

logician with logician, worker with worker." So he poured on, until a pause came in his breath; a laugh followed on either side, and there was a great calm.

Speaking of his old friend, Lewis Bates, he said, "He was a man made out of white oak and hickory, and not, as they are now-a-days, out of white birch and poplar."

One of his old friends whom he did not recognize spoke to him. "Who are you?" — "One of your 'old salts.'" — "No fear of your spoiling," is the quick retort: "you'll keep all the better then."

A man seeking to sell him a horse, and taking him up to try it, said, as they got into the buggy, "He is a very hard horse to hold: he goes so fast he ought to have pulleys on him." After driving somewhat tediously around the Common, he said to the owner on alighting, "You had better put pulleys on the other way: he needs to be dragged along rather than held back."

Speaking of Daniel Webster, he said, "He was too bad to trust with any thing good, and too good to throw away. He was the best bad man I ever knew."

Father Taylor made three voyages to Europe: the first when his church was building; the second in 1842, when he ran up the Mediterranean and visited the Holy Land; the last in the "Macedonian," a Government vessel sent out with provisions for the relief of the starving poor of Ireland. Of the first of these no reminiscences remain. Of the second one, Mr. Maclean furnishes these incidents: —

"He sailed from Boston in the barque 'Maid of Orleans,' Capt. Wiswell, bound for the Mediterranean. He was very feeble when he went on board, but after a week at sea his health was much improved. He then began to associate with the seamen, frequently lending them a hand to make and shorten sail. When the weather permitted, he had religious exercises on the quarter-deck, which were very impressive.

"He illustrated the truths he desired to communicate by the routine duties of the vessel, showing, however far the captain and officers were removed from the men, they were alike exposed to the same dangers, and were therefore compelled to act in concert. 'It was not,' he often said, 'smooth seas and fair winds that made the sailor; but the hurricane, the lee shore, the torn canvas, and the broken spars, — these called forth all the powers of his mind and body, and made him a hero. So with the trials and temptations of life: they were permitted for a good purpose. A feather-bed sailor, like a feather-bed professor of religion, was a poor tool in the hour of trial. The voyage to heaven is not all plain sailing, and he who thinks it is deceives himself. There are squalls and hurricanes, lightning and thunder, shoals, lee shores, and deadly diseases, on the ocean of life; but he who takes Christ for his captain will weather them all. Without Christ there is no safety. He came to seek and to save those who are lost. He is as potent on the sea as on the land, and was never known to turn His back on a poor sinner that sought

for help. Then,' he would generally conclude, 'come to Him, my lads; and don't continue skulking and sneaking in the wake of the Devil another second. You know what he is by sad experience, a cheat and a liar. Don't you despise a cheat and a liar among yourselves, and curse him up in heaps? how much more ought you to loathe the father of liars. I say, you know the Devil, and you know what I say is true; then why not cut adrift from him and come to Jesus? He knows all the storms of life; He has encountered them all, and has promised to be with us all, even to the end of the world, if we will but give ourselves to Him. Then, in sunshine or storm, we shall feel safe. There is no mystery about religion; a poor unlettered negro can get as much of it as the admiral of a fleet, by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ and obeying his commandments.'

"Capt. Wiswell says that his prayers were regular 'knock-downers;' even he, who never made any profession of religion, often felt his eyes moistened; and as for his crew, they were fairly carried away with them. He managed to make the whole crew better than when they came on board. If they did not get religion, they got something that made them contented and happy. The barque had a pleasant run to Leghorn, and thence to Palermo and Messina, with Father Taylor still on board. In company with Capt. Wiswell, he visited the principal objects of interest in these places. When the vessel was homeward bound, he left and proceeded to the Holy Land, much improved in health and vigor. At parting, the

crew of the barque manned the rigging, and gave him three cheers."

His trip to Palestine he often dwelt upon in his sermons; but no written record of them remains.

Mr. Broadhead reports a story Father Taylor used to tell, of an incident on this voyage which chimed well with his own notions of what constituted preaching. He said, "While standing on a wharf in an Italian port, one morning, looking at a fine English frigate at anchor, a boat with an officer and crew of fat jolly tars was pulled up alongside the pier, when the officer stepped on shore and ordered the crew to await his return. I commenced conversation with one of the 'old salts,' saying, 'You have a fine ship off there, Jack.' — 'Yes, sir: she is as good a ship as floats on salt water.' After inquiring how many guns and men she carried, I said, 'Well, Jack, I suppose you have preaching on board your ship?' — 'Yes, sir, sometimes, such as it is.' — 'Why, you have a chaplain who preaches to you, have you not?' — 'Well, sir, you see, we has a man who comes out on Sunday, and reads to us out of a book; but I don't call that preaching; for if he gives me the book, I can read it myself.' I said, 'Well, Jack, you like to hear good preaching, do you not? What do you want?' — 'Yes, sir, I likes a good thing as well as another man' (and giving his trousers a hitch-up); 'you seems to be a good old man, and I will tell you what I likes: when a man preaches at me, I want he should take something warm out of his heart and *shove* it into mine; that's what I calls preaching, sir. If you're

goin' to read it, give me the book and I will read it myself.' The officer just then returning, the colloquy ceased, Father Taylor giving them his blessing as they pulled away to their ship."

This was in agreement with his own notions; for he himself, on another occasion, described a minister reading sermons as like the hunting for clams by a big fish-hawk that frequents the Narragansett shores, and whose broad wings and bobbing head, diving into the sands, he imitated in irresistible ludicrousness.

In the year "The Macedonian" was sent over to Ireland with supplies for the starving peasants, Father Taylor was sent as chaplain. He was received with much consideration, and especially pleased the Irish by his peculiar manners and eloquence. No Blarney-stone kisser could surpass him in Oriental luxury of compliment, combined with a wit that would make even an Irishman envious, and a cordiality that surpassed both courtesy and joviality.

"On his return home," says Mr. Broadhead, "he came up to the house door on the top of a stage-coach, holding two shaggy terrier dogs, with a chain in one hand, and a bundle of canes in the other, and that constituted his baggage; for, seeing so much misery and suffering, he had given away every thing but what he had on. As I took him from the stage, and received his warm embrace, he said, 'See, I have brought my wife a present from "Auld Ireland," where I have licked the "Blarney stone" all over: they are two splendid Scotch terriers, great ratters; and I shall not have a rat in my house after this. How are you all?'"

On his last Western trip, Father Taylor visited a Kentucky plantation, and was most cordially received at the negro quarters. He used to tell this story: "A prayer-meeting was called; and the class-leader said he couldn't express his feelings of joy and gratitude better than by singing that beautiful hymn, —

'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound.'

"Prayer and speaking followed; and an old aunty, springing in the air, declared that she too must 'spress her feelings, by singing those precious words, —

'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!'

His intimacy with the Unitarians has been frequently noticed in these pages. It began naturally, in consequence of his wanting money to carry out general projects, and they being at that time its chief possessors. The intimacy grew in other and all directions; and he was a frequent visitor at their meetings, and in their private parlors. Rev. E. H. Sears thus describes, in "The Religious Magazine," his good word for the Unitarians, and also touches what every person saw was a point irreconcilable to any mind, and probably was never attempted to be reconciled by his own, — the relations of his creed and his sentiments. He however avows, as all who knew him would avow, his own personal orthodoxy.

"I shall not forget my first introduction to Father Taylor. I had written a little book on Regeneration at the request and suggestion of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, my good friend,

Rev. Calvin Lincoln. Some months afterward I was called upon to preside at one of the morning prayer meetings, anniversary week, — meetings which Father Taylor was fond of attending. We had a good meeting, and the Spirit was with us. After the meeting broke up, and I was passing out of the church, I found Father Taylor had planted himhimself at the door. 'There,' said he, 'I've read you, and seen you, and heard you, and now I want to feel you;' and, seizing hold of me, he did not merely shake my hand, but shook me all over, as if he could not get me close enough into his warm-hearted fellowship. I never quite understood how, with his view of the atonement, which was strictly orthodox, he found an open way for us Unitarians into heaven, and I do not suppose he knew himself, or very much cared: only he felt sure we should be there; for the wide arms of his loving fellowship could not leave us out.

"After his Bethel in Boston had become such a decided success, and the centre of marked influence, his friendship with Unitarians troubled some of his orthodox neighbors. A highly distinguished clergyman of the exclusive school, Dr. ———, called one day upon Father Taylor (this comes to me on excellent authority), and in a remarkably genial mood told him he had come to help him.

"'We feel,' said he, 'a very great interest in your enterprise; we think it is doing great good in the city. Our denomination propose to support you in it.'

"'Thanks to the Lord for anybody who is going to help us,' said Father Taylor.

"'There is one condition about it,' said Dr. ———: 'you must not fellowship the Unitarians.'

"'Dr. ———,' said Father Taylor, we presume with a countenance lighted up with its native fire, 'I can't do without the Unitarians, but I can do without you.'"

Akin to this is a letter of his which Rev. Dr. Freeman Clarke published in "The Christian Register," which, so far as writing a letter goes, is, we think, slightly apocryphal; so long a letter written by his own hand not being extant to-day. The substance is his; for it is on a line with his usual defence of his course in this matter.

"He said to me that there was an article in 'The Recorder' (I think that was the paper) asking why Father Taylor, if he was a Trinitarian, should be willing to associate with Unitarians. 'I wrote to the editor,' said he, 'this answer:' —

"'Sir, — You ask how it is that I, if a Trinitarian, am willing to associate so much with Unitarians. I am ready to answer your question. I associate with Unitarians, because they are the only people I go among where I am in no danger either of hearing my religion insulted, or of having my morals corrupted.

"'Yours, EDWARD T. TAYLOR.'

"'He did not ask me any more questions on this subject,' said Father Taylor."

That he was justified in no usual degree in such feelings, his many benefactions prove. Among them is the incident given by Rev. Dr. Farley in "The Liberal Christian:" —

"While reading law with the late William Sullivan, one of the warmest and kindest hearts that ever beat, he came to the office one Monday morning, full to overflowing of Father Taylor. He was wont now and then to hear that 'great apostle to the sailors,' as he often called him, and was for years one of the generous supporters of his Bethel; but on the evening before he had been specially interested.

"My friend said, 'I observed that Father Taylor had only his little old Bible with him, and that all the worse for wear. I propose he shall have a new one for pulpit use, with fair, large print to help his eyes, and I want you to help me.' He had already drawn up a subscription-paper for 'a pulpit Bible for Father Taylor's Bethel.' Writing his own name against a generous sum, he asked me to show it to a few of his professional friends whose names he gave me, with his request that they would join him. In a very short while the subscription was complete; and from R. P. & C. Williams's, then perhaps the most conspicuous book-

store in Boston, I had the pleasure of ordering a large and handsome pulpit Bible, with a simple and anonymous inscription, as 'The Gift of Friends of Father Taylor to the Bethel.' On the Sunday morning following, it having been arranged to have the Bible on his pulpit cushion without his knowledge till he should find it there, Mr. Sullivan went to the Bethel expecting a scene. He was not disappointed. The house, as usual, was full. Father Taylor entered. As he rose to begin the service the new Bible met his eye. Taken utterly by surprise, he looked at it intently, opened it, and turned over its leaves. The muscles of his face began to move and his eyes to fill. At length, turning and taking up his dear old Bible, he told, in a most touching and tender apostrophe to it, its history: how that it was his mother's gift to her sailor boy when he first went to sea; had been with him, in storm and calm, his constant companion and counsellor; and at last how, lashed to his bosom, it came safely to shore through the rough sea from the wreck, and had served him in public and private devotions ever since. Then, saying his farewell to the first, thenceforth ever to be sacred to the last, he proceeded in the most glowing words of thankfulness to install the new comer in its place; invoking on the givers the choicest blessings of Him who was at once the inspirer of the Holy Book, and of their hearts in this act of reverence and love, and urging afresh on his hearers the paramount claims of the Scriptures upon their obedience and their gratitude."

Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Newport published in "The Transcript" some reminiscences of his in the Bethel, and in his own pulpit at Newport, in his old age: —

"One day when there was an unusual crowding of people of culture and fashion into the front pews, and a good many wrinkled and weather-stained old tars were waiting wistfully at the doors, Father Taylor cried out, 'The *lambs* must be seated first!' Once he turned suddenly to an old white-haired nonagenarian, who sat with bowed head on the pulpit stairs, 'How is it with you, old Father Silver-locks!' Describing the hot chase of Pharoah after the Israelites, he suddenly dashed from his climax, 'Brothers, I don't know what you think about it, but I should say Pharoah must have been a *hard drinker!*'

"Soon after my settlement he came and preached a whole Sunday at Newport. As he sat in the pulpit before service, and looked out right and left, watching the people as they poured in, he reminded me of a

veteran commander peering over the bow of his ship to watch the coming of a hostile fleet. Presently a company of young men, vacant and volatile looking, entered a pew near the door. Father Taylor said to me, in a gasping whisper that might have been heard half across the church, 'There's cavillers in this house: I must get a hook in their jaws!' And the first thing he said after giving out his text (Ps. xxiv. 3, 4, 5) was, turning to the aforesaid corner, 'Of all the stumbling-blocks in the way of religion, the worst is — a cavilling spirit.' On the occasion I refer to, William Sullivan had just died; and there was an ineffable tenderness and fulness of soul in the tone with which Father Taylor exclaimed, 'Boston has lost a prince of gentlemen!'

"One of the last times I met the old man, looking very feeble, I said, 'How are you?' His reply was, with a tap of the finger on the forehead, 'Sailing by the head!' For several years the presence of Father Taylor used to be the great event in our Boston gatherings of Unitarians. Who will ever forget the look and tone with which he said in one of our conferences, 'When *biggitry* is buried I hope I shall be at the funeral'?"

He was not always entirely complimentary to his friends of this school. Being asked one day what he was going to do with the Unitarians, he replied, "I don't know: if they go to hell they'll change the atmosphere."

"The National Sailors' Fair," in which there was deep interest, took place in the Boston Theatre. He was surrounded with "blue jackets." In the course of the evening Father Taylor said, "When I was in Paris I was entreated and conjured to go to the grand opera by my countrymen, they declaring it was such a magnificent show; but I replied that I should not like to die in a theatre: and *yet* I am here; but this is for Jesus Christ's sake."

Of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he said, "If the Devil got him, he would never know what to do with him. There seems to me to be a screw loose some-

where, though I never could tell where ; for, listen as close as I might, I could never hear any jar in the machinery."

" St. Peter," he said, " was the last end of a thunder storm, softened by the breath of the Almighty."

He was the pet of Boston in his later days. No entertainment of a public sort seemed *au fait* without his presence. Perhaps no occasion gave him greater pleasure than on the inauguration of the Franklin statue, when he sailed in a ship that rode through the streets with its crew in uniform, arranging yards and going through manœuvres to the especial pleasure of their venerable admiral. He was the " Walking Bethel," as Everett well said. Out of the Bethel he was as known, admired, and loved as in its sacred walls ; and after he had ceased to minister at its altar, as he still walked the streets, and entered public places, all men did reverence to his noble career and nobler character.

XVIII.

AT HOME.

The Comfort and Contrasts of this Life. — Mrs. Horace Mann's Account of it. — Mrs. Taylor's Home Labors. — His Activity. — Away a Week together. — Drenched with Perspiration. — Her Devotion to his Work. — The First Sermon she heard him preach in Marblehead. — Standing while the Rest were Sitting. — "My Moderation." — Fears of his Escaping from the Methodist Fold. — The Liberality of Unitarians. — Ralph Waldo Emerson. — The Lord's Supper. — His Effect on the Cambridge Divinity School. — His Range of Thought in Preaching. — His Treatment of Public Questions. — "One of his Sermons would make Fifty-Two of any other Man's." — His Widening Influence. — Mrs. Russell's Recollections. — His Reading. — Would not endure a slovenly Pronunciation. — He rebukes in Love. — A Surprise beclouded. — The Green Light in his Eyes. — Gives away a Fifty-Dollar Bill. — "In Heaven a Little Way." — Emerson and Balaam's Ass. — A Chartered "Libertine." — Bishop Hedding's Tighter Grip and his Looser Rein. — Carrying the Poor Children to ride. — Giving away the New-Year's Dinner all at once. — His Children after his Image. — How Capt. Sturgis would have enjoyed his own Funeral. Would not blow the Organ if omitted from the Prayer. — "Did Jesus sell Old Clos'?" — "Enjoy Other People's Religion." — "A Sweet Sinner." — "Marrying a Minister's Daughter to be imputed for Righteousness." — A Guardian Angel sitting on the Back-Door Step of Heaven. — The New Homes after the Old Sort.

THE home life of a rich nature is its truest life. The abandon it affords develops all the traits of that nature to their fulness. Its good and evil are here best exhibited. It reveals both the fire and the fret of genius. It may be a daguerrotype, rather than a painting, which presents harsh as well as comely expressions; but it is still an accurate delineator of the inner man.

Father Taylor had a home as free and vitalized with character as that of his long-time neighbor, Dr. Beecher. The homeless lad, roaming the hungry seas, with hungry heart, found himself, though still a wanderer, in the possession of as happy a nest as falls to the lot of few. His wife, a counterpart and helpmeet of the rarest sort, offset his vehemence with her calm; his strength of daring with her strength of repose; his improvidence with her prudence; his fire with her coolness. Their children were endowed with the wit and independence of the parents; and the household was not a gathering of automata, but of spirits, self-poised, almost self-created. In this jocund group, the house-master dwelt supreme. Four girls and one boy survived, of six children, to grow to adult years. All are married, and living. The eldest daughter has contributed reminiscences of her mother to this testimonial. We add now a letter illustrating this life of home, addressed to her by Mrs. Horace Mann, with whom and with her sister, Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Father Taylor and his wife were long and intimately acquainted.

"My dear Dora, — When you told me that reminiscences of your honored father were to be published, I felt an impulse to add my own, which are so interesting to me, and for which I had some peculiar opportunities of observation. My first knowledge of him was from Mrs. Dr. Bartlett, then Miss Amelia Greenwood. She invited me to accompany her to the Bethel one Sunday, saying that for two years she had been in the habit of going to hear him preach with her brother, who was in the navy, and who always attended his preaching when at home. She had been the only lady out of sailors' families, who had been

in the habit of going, until the Port Society threw open the doors to invite the public in, hoping thereby to obtain aid to build a larger house of worship. The little building was crowded to overflowing: every aisle was full of people standing, the pulpit stairs were full, and every one was transfixed, and I may say transfigured, by that flow of eloquence.

"After church, he invited any one of the sailors who chose to stay to a conference; and he came out of the pulpit and took his seat below, to destroy whatever barrier the pulpit-walls made between himself and others. One man after another rose and told his experiences, — how religion first commended itself to him. Extraordinary confessions, not only of sinfulness in general, but of special sins, were made with the utmost simplicity. Your father would often respond, and would sometimes answer with a fervent prayer, or would invite some one else to pray for the brother who had been speaking. Sometimes the brother would end his experience by a prayer; and such prayers! their eloquence and their pathos were beyond description. I had never heard any thing like this; and I was attracted to go every Sunday, and continued to go summer and winter.

"I soon became acquainted with him, — I do not now remember by what introduction, — and then I knew your mother. Soon the children came to our school; and then I went to the house often, and gradually became quite domesticated there. Your mother's cares were very onerous. The house was very small and uncomfortable: it was overflowed with company. The children were often ill: I became their nurse as well as their schoolma'am; for at that time nothing was so interesting to me as the family. My love and reverence for your mother were unbounded: my enthusiasm for your father equally so. Sometimes I spent weeks there, going home with the children from school; and in this way I was in all your mother's counsels. And such a mother! and such a wife!

"Your father was then at the height of his popularity: no cause could get on without him; and the one that he most favored and never refused to work for was the cause of temperance. He went to every part of the State to attend temperance meetings. He would return from one to find himself expected at another; and often did not sleep at home for a week at a time. Your mother's anxiety was very great; for she feared that even his strong frame would sink under such exertions. I do believe that only such a wife could have kept him alive, but she was always ready.

"He would come home perfectly drenched in perspiration from the excitement of his speaking. The fresh garments, which were always ready (and I have known him obliged to change them three times a day), she got up for him herself, in those days of small things, when small means were the rule. And such welcome, such cheering on in his work, such unvarying sweetness and sympathy!

"He was mindful of her, too, and kept himself informed of every detail about the children's health; and when he could not help her for public duties, he had the spirit of help and care for her which lightened every thing. It was a luxury to be there and to help them. I loved to take care of the children. You were all sweet, lovely little children, never snubbed or neglected, always loved and attended to. I learnt much in that nursery, — which was parlor too, and sometimes kitchen, and sometimes bed-chamber. I knew all the privations and difficulties of the position then, when the salary was small, and much of it went for charity.

"I never saw your mother lose her self-possession or judgment, though she was often very ill. She never complained, or dwelt upon her own cares; for her thoughts were for him and his work. She once told me that she first knew him at Marblehead, where he preached one day. At the end of his discourse, she found herself standing, while the rest of the congregation were sitting quietly! I did not ask her, though I longed to know, how they first met personally; but I was too young then to dare to ask. I could only *learn*, which I did: I learned what a true and noble wife could be under the most difficult circumstances.

"Her broad charities of heart and feeling, greater charities than any almsgiving can be, though of that there was no lack, made her always ready to hear every one's story, to do justice to every one's view, to judge every one by the life, not the creed, as he did. His reverence for her was always apparent. He wished for her opinion at every turn, and she was always ready to enter into the case.

"I remember a sermon he preached one day when I was dining there. He asked her at dinner-time what she thought of his discourse, in which he had been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and had dealt with some doctrinal points. She made no reply at first. He repeated his question. She smiled at him, and shook her head. His whole aspect changed in a moment. When he rose from dinner, he stood at the sideboard leaning his head upon his hand. I do not think they discussed the matter then, for the children were present. But when she left the room, he said to me, 'She is my moderation.'

"One of his hard trials, in the early days of his acquaintance with

other sects, was the visitation of his Methodist brethren who were constantly in fear of his escaping from their fold. They would come and talk with him by the hour together. He said I might stay in the room, and they did not take any notice of me in their earnestness about him, They were jealous of his Unitarian friends especially, and when it came to the good Mr. Dean, the Universalist clergyman, with whom he would exchange in spite of their remonstrances, it came near being tragic; not that there was any danger of their killing him, but only of their putting him out of their fold. However, he was too precious to lose; so they did not do that.

"I cannot, at this distance of time, remember the details of these talks. I only know that I learned *worlds* from them about breadth of charity and of views, and how far he was above every species of narrowness or fetter. I remember his walking up and down the room one day, before two or three of these brethren, and exclaiming. 'Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense!' Often he talked and reasoned with them, but not on that day.

"The liberal sects of Boston quite carried the day at that time in works of benevolence and Christian charity. They took care of all the needy, without regard to sectarianism. Such woman as Helen Loring and Elizabeth Howard (now Mrs. Bartol), Dorothy Dix, Mary Pritchard (afterwards Mrs. Henry Ware), and many others less known to the world, but equally devoted to the work, with many youthful co-adjutors, took care of the poor wonderfully. These women were all Unitarians Mr. Joseph Tuckerman and Robert C. Waterston were successively in the ministry of the poor. The life was the creed your father judged by. He would not hear of any other; and every one stood aside and obeyed his instincts, which showed their divine origin too unmistakably to be gainsaid.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson was settled over the North Society; and all through that experience of his which ended in his leaving the parish and the settled ministry, your father understood him when so many maligned him. Some one used the expression that Mr. Emerson was insane. Your father did not agree with his view of the Lord's Supper, — that it was a thing of the past, and no longer appropriate; for he gave great significance and value to it; but he would not let that suggestion pass: he said, 'Mr. Emerson might think this or that, but he was more like Jesus Christ than any one he had ever known. He had seen him where his religion was tested, and it bore the test.' Surely, there could be no better proof of Christian liberality than his appreciation of one who differed so

entirely from himself in doctrine; but, as he once said with many illustrations in one of his great discourses. 'Religion is one thing and theology another!'

"He made the ministration of the Lord's Supper a very interesting occasion. It was often very personal, — alarmingly so. One day, when I was kneeling among the sailors at his table, he said, when he came to me, 'Sister Mary, take and eat this.' I am afraid I did not go again, for I was shy in those days. But I liked to hear his appeal to others. I think he said something more to me that day, but I cannot now remember what: I remember only the fright.

"I continued for many years to go with him and your mother, frequently, to the Wednesday-evening meetings, which were more private conferences than the Sunday ones became in the later times, when the public frequented the latter so much. He preferred the more private ones, and tried to keep them more exclusively for the sailors. As long as I remained in Boston, the new Bethel was as crowded every Sunday as the old one had been.

"It was a constant haunt of the Cambridge Divinity School. It would be difficult to measure the influence he had in the spread of true liberality and toleration. The sway he exercised was that of a great soul and intellect; it was unquestioned, irresistible. He was well named by his church, 'The breaking-up plough.' He was needed, and called for, wherever new work was to be begun, whether a church or a Temperance Society. He waked up souls that had erst slumbered: he waked them up to themselves, too, not to be followers of himself, but to think originally and independently. He and Ralph Waldo Emerson did a great work together in those days, each working in his own sphere, often encountering each other in souls as well as in charities. Souls understood both better for the work of each.

"The range of thought in his discourses was immense. His knowledge of books was not commensurate with his intellect; but, limited as that had been by circumstances beyond his control, it was wonderful how he had seized the gist of almost every historical fact, ancient or modern. His renderings of mythology were eminently his own, and he often imagined an idea where there was none apparent.

"Among all other things that he touched upon in the pulpit, public affairs were strikingly prominent. He commented upon legislative doings; he knew what went on in the courts, and when sound and when unsound judgments were delivered; he handled public men very freely, never uncharitably, but often unsparingly; he took care of the people

and criticised the officials; he defended the sailors, and blamed the captains in the temperance cause. Only the good captains liked him: he was a sore affliction to the erring ones.

"I once heard an astonishing confession of sins from a captain who had ended a long experience of sin and misfortune and repentance by being insane, and not recovering till he came home again and saw and confessed to your father, who set him upon his feet, 'clothed and in his right mind.' The same evening I heard the confessions of seven or eight sailors, who went through the gates of death with him in the same disaster that shipwrecked him, and brought him to his bearings. I did not know this fact till afterwards, when I learned it from your mother, who was moved to speak that night.

"It was only wonderful that your father's vigor lasted as long as it did: his labors were incredible, and he was not a man to labor moderately. He never rested or slackened till the blow came which sapped the foundations of those astonishing reasoning powers, long before they changed the fervor of his feelings. In those days when, as a hearer once said, one of his sermons would make fifty-two of any other man's, he did the work of half a century on the public mind. And it was an impulse that is not spent, and perhaps never will be; for the circles made by that pulsation of his soul upon society widen ever as they go from the central point, and by a vitality of their own perpetuate themselves. Our New-England society is far more catholic than ever before: it can never be imprisoned by the same bonds that shut it up in exclusive circles formerly. Dr. Channing, your father, and Mr. Emerson were our great lights. May we keep to a good and serene old age the surviving member of that trio, who still utters his own thoughts for our edification, and keeps fresh in our minds the good thoughts of all other thinkers!"

His daughter, Mrs. Judge Russell, adds these interesting incidents: —

"My earliest recollections are of reading aloud to father, when I was so small that the books were laid on a chair, before which I sat on a cricket, while he turned the leaves as fast as I travelled down the pages. In this way, I read Wesley's and South's Sermons; and, although I could not understand a sen-

tence, I was obliged to enunciate with the utmost distinctness, because father would not endure a 'slovenly pronunciation;' and the evident delight he took in every word made me try to appear as if I also enjoyed it. Once, after I had become old enough to appreciate, father asked me what I thought of something I was reading. I was ashamed to confess that I had thought nothing about it; but, in trying to give an opinion that might do, betrayed so lamentably my inattention, that he lost patience, and said sharply, 'Don't be a fool, girl!' I went on, but with a face so scarlet and a manner so snappish, that he at last said, 'Stop! I want you to *see yourself!* You repeat words like a parrot: you are angry because I've found you out' (here he threw me a mischievous smile); 'and because I gave you a little fatherly warning. Now, what are you?' — 'Oh, I *am* a fool, father!' I said. 'Well,' he retorted, 'I sha'n't contradict you: it's a capital thing to know. Now read on!'

"We children soon learned that to distrust him was to make him a tyrant; but to express utter and unlimited confidence made him our slave. Nothing was too much trouble for him, we could not be too exacting, if we only *believed* in him. One day he came in with a triumphant gleam on his face, and one hand hidden behind him. 'What is it, father?' I said, preparing to follow up stairs, for he delighted in wonderful little surprises for us. 'Stay there till I call you, daughter,' was the answer. It seemed such a long time to wait, that I slowly mounted, step

by step until I thought father *must* be ready, and I would just peep in and see. I caught him fastening a paper-bag between the folding-doors; and, as he turned and discovered my disobedience, his frown was fearful. 'Go out!' he thundered; and I felt as if banished forever. Soon we were called, and I crept in, dreading my deserved reproof. Not a word was said; but a cane was given each of us, with which we were to strike one blow every time we marched under the bag, until it was broken.

"Then came a shower of red and white candies, which we scrambled for, — father with us, of course. But I was not happy; for he looked at me as if I had disappointed him, until I mustered up courage to say, 'Was it *very* bad just to come up stairs and look in a little bit?'

"'It was not only looking in a little bit,' he said: 'that was a very small part of it. Your poor father thought he would surprise his little girls, and make them so happy; and then, when he was almost ready, one little girl would not wait, and spoiled all her father's pleasure, and, worse than that, made him vexed, so that he called out angrily, — and his little girls know that it breaks his heart to scold them. And oh! if that little girl had only *believed* that her father wanted to please her, and hadn't forgotten her a moment! But,' he added, as I began to sob, bending on me one of his rare, sweet, unfathomable smiles, 'it is all over now: you are only a little child, and we are all great ones; and we none of us have faith enough in our Father.'

"My greatest delight was in listening to father's conversations with all sorts of people; with foreigners, who visited him from curiosity; students, who came to be taught; and sailors, who depended upon his loving counsel. From my corner in the study, I watched all, and learned to know what every line of his mouth, every curve of his brows, every gleam of his eyes, meant. Often I wondered that people did not understand when they had said enough; and to one youth, whom I considered especially rash, I once whispered a friendly warning. 'When you see that queer green light come in father's eyes,' I said, 'and he lies back in his chair, smiling and still, be sure you've said something silly: you'd better stop then.'

"His reckless generosity was so boundless, that, if it had not been for mother's constant watchfulness, we should not have had bread to eat from day to day. Once, at the beginning of a year, he was sent out with a bank-note of fifty dollars to pay a bill, which he was to bring back receipted. In due time he returned, but with such an expression of anxiety, and such an evident desire to escape observation, that I was convinced he had been 'naughty.' 'Where's the bill, father?' said mother. 'Here, my dear?' The pucker in his forehead became so tremendous, that the truth flashed upon me at once; and I was fully prepared for mother's astonished cry of 'It isn't receipted. *Father, you've given away the money.*' I held him so tightly that he couldn't run; so at last he stammered, 'Well, wife, just 'round the corner I met a poor brother, a superannuated brother, and —

and ' — with a tone of conviction calculated to prove to us all the utter impropriety of his doing any thing else, — ' *and, of course, my dear, I couldn't ask him to change it!* '

" ' Are you dreaming, father? ' I said one day, when he was leaning back in his chair, with closed eyes, and a happy smile playing about his mouth.

" ' I am in heaven a little way,' he answered, without moving.

" ' And what *is* heaven, really? ' I asked, climbing upon his knees.

" ' It is loving God,' he replied, still with the same soft, dreamy tone.

" ' And did you *always* love him,' I persisted ; ' and did you always preach? '

" ' Yes,' he said; ' I don't remember the time when I did not love him, and I think I did always preach ; ' for, when I was a very little boy, I used to kill chickens, so that I might make funeral sermons ; and, when there were no more chickens or birds, I dug them up, and buried them over again. I was very proud and happy, when I could make the boys cry by my sermons ; but, if words would not do, then I whipped them a little, for I had to have mourners.'

" ' People cry now, all themselves, father : what's that for? '

" ' Because they begin to realize how their Father loves them, and they feel that they love him, and mean to more; and a little bit of heaven comes to them, and that is what your father likes to preach for.' "

These traits of home life disclose clearly what all his friends discerned, — the conflicts arising alike

from his position and his own nature. His eulogy of Mr. Emerson — like his remark to an inquiry of Dr. Bartol, "Was there ever anybody as good as Jesus Christ?" — "Millions" — leaped forth in the flash of self-surprise. His "Moderation," who tamed the luxuriance of his discourse, would have clipped also these shoots of praise.

In fact, he himself pruned them in other moments, as when he said, in closer discrimination of this rare spirit, "Ralph Waldo Emerson is the sweetest soul God ever made; but he knows no more of theology than Balaam's ass did of Hebrew grammar." James Freeman Clarke quoted this as a good specimen of the saying, "Where more is meant than hits the ear;" for the gifted prophet was wrong, and the untaught beast was inspired to do right.

His ministerial brethren did not seek to eject him from their fold; for they discerned his exceeding love for Christ and his ardor for souls; but they sometimes lamented a liberality that overstepped, in their judgment, the broad boundaries of Christian courtesy and right. They did not always consider the circumstances under which he was placed by the agreement he had himself entered into with their conference approval. Had they been placed in like situation, they might have been compelled to like conduct. The error was partly in the situation.

That they worried over some features of this free dom is undoubtedly true. That it took certain forms of license which they could not adjust to their meridian is also true. Such illiberal liberalism, perhaps, gave rise to the following incident: —

Bishop Hedding once said to him, "Had I known that you would have slipped away from me so, Edward, I would have held a tighter grasp."

"Ah, Bishop," said he, "if I had known you held me so loose, I would have slipped away long before I did."

And yet he never slipped away at all, or dreamed of slipping away. More, if possible, than in the story told of Gov. Andrew, would it have been true of Father Taylor. Had they turned him out of the conference, he would have clung to the Church; had they expelled him from the Church, he would have hung on to the congregation: to his last days and hours, he clave to his dear old mother. He rejoiced abundantly in camp-meeting, conference, preacher's meeting, and love-feast. Here was his rest. Here he found that fulness of bliss that nowhere else prevailed. His heart was with his brethren and sisters, who became his in that Bromfield-street vestry, where God, for Christ's sake, forgave his sins, and gave him an inheritance forever among them that are sanctified.

The incident his daughter gives reveals many charming traits. The simplicity and sweetness of his excuse, that he couldn't ask his poor brother to change a fifty-dollar bill, surpassed any thing in the character of Parson Adams. Often, when he had a horse and chaise, his family would wait hours for a promised ride, while he was carrying the poor children of the neighborhood to breathe the pure air of the country.

Another amusing example of his impulsive benevolence was shown on a New Year's eve. After the good old fashion, he, with his congregation, had seen the Old Year out and the New Year in; and then, at half past twelve, he was, according to another pleasant fashion of his household, sitting down to enjoy a bountiful supply of fricasseed chicken. Just then a neighbor called, and whispered that Brother Cooper, who had taken a prominent part in the meeting, was in actual want of food, having had nothing for himself or his family since breakfast. Father Taylor seized the "lordly dish" before him. "Take it, — quick; don't stop for compliments — run. Lord, bless Brother Cooper, and all Thy saints, and feed all the hungry, now and evermore." And then the company sat down to a frugal repast, and found it better than a stalled ox.

His children, his grandchildren, and even his children-in-law, inherit much of his wit. The sparkle of mirth and fun is in their eyes, the sparkle of repartee also. When Capt. Sturgis, of the revenue cutter, died, quite a grand gentleman, and very formal in his style, his funeral was attended from the Bethel. It was a big affair: officers and seamen of the naval and commercial marine filled the house and square. The carriages stretched from the church to beyond the head of Hanover Street, a mile almost of stately parade. The whole scene had been very exciting, and was, of course, the subject of talk at the tea-table. The boy, a little fellow, broke in with the remark, "It was a splendid sight, and only

needed one thing to make it perfect." — "What was that?" asked his father. "The old Commodore himself, sitting up in his coffin, and looking on!"

A young grandson, having been assigned the task of blowing the organ, heard his grandfather pray for the officers of the church, members, singers, organist, everybody in particular, but the organ-blower. He was indignant that this important official was omitted, and determined to have his revenge. So, when they rose to sing the next hymn, there was no note from the organ to guide them. The organist touched the keys, but they gave forth no certain nor uncertain sound. After everybody had become nervous, and the preacher especially so, the wind was put on, and the music came out. His grandfather suspected nothing, but asked him at supper why the organ did not play. "Because I did not blow." — "And why didn't you blow?" — "Because you prayed for all the rest, and didn't pray for the blower; and I wouldn't serve, if I was to be treated thus!" We presume the next time that the organist was remembered in the prayer, the "blower" was likewise.

This is as good a story as the more familiar one of the organist, who was proudly boasting of the execution he had achieved. "Say 'we,'" mildly suggested his blower; "for what is the organist without the blower?" The haughty player disdains any such recognition, and takes his seat for a performance. His admirers through the church listen. There is no music in the keys. Lowell's description does not describe it. He raves at his servitor, and orders him

to blow. "Say 'we,'" is the reply from behind the screen. "Blow!" comes from the front. "We!" is the echo. At last the artist yields, confesses it is a joint operation, says "we;" and the labors, if not honors, are fairly shared. The young lad's indignation was not less peculiar, nor his victory less complete.

A grand-daughter, having been taken by her mother through the Jewish quarter on Salem Street, was silent a long time after her return home. At length she broke the silence by asking, "Didn't somebody say that our Saviour was a Jew?" — "Yes, Nellie."— "And did he sell old clothes down here; and *oh!*" with a voice of agony, "*will it smell like that in heaven?*" The child, we fear, was not unlike many of an older growth in thus putting prejudice before piety.

His children by marriage even partake of the family *esprit*. A good brother at the camp-meeting, having asked his son-in-law if he enjoyed religion, was answered, "I enjoy other people's religion." Not satisfied, he asks Father Taylor, "Is your son-in-law a Christian?" — "Not exactly," he replies; "but he's a very sweet sinner."

This same "sweet sinner," who "enjoyed other people's religion," improved, perhaps, ministerial fashion, on this suggestion, when he observed, that, though not a Christian, "his marrying a minister's daughter might be imputed unto him for righteousness."

The youngest grandchild had a habit of gazing into the sky, insisting that she saw little angels floating about upon pink and white clouds, and that they beckoned to her to go up and play with them; and,

particularly after the death of a friend, she would describe minutely the faces and games of these far-off playmates. One day, Nellie stationed herself at the window to see if she, too, could not be favored with such graceful glimpses. "Oh, yes!" she said: "you are not the only one who can see angels. There's a friend of mine up there, see?" "Little Pearl," as she was called, looked *very* far off, making her eyes small with the effort to see any thing so insignificant, and then drawled with an indifference perfectly exasperating, "Ye-e-s; but she isn't *much* of a angel, sitting on the back-doorsteps of heaven, *a-swinging her feets.*"

The idea of such a forlorn position, swinging off into unknown space without even a foothold, completely checked Nellie's skyward aspirations.

When Father Taylor heard how his little granddaughter triumphed, he caught her up in his arms, and hugged her with renewed delight on her relationship of genius, no less than of blood. The family grew in sunshine and shower, as all families must. Independent each of each, and each of all, held by mutual blood, but a blood that did not always march even on its paths, it is not surprising if they should have revealed marked traits of character. It is pleasant to say, that though this home, where those affectionate rulers held sway so long, is broken up, and the house that gathered them under its wings is abandoned, they all dwell in their own homes, and reproduce around their own table the vivacity that glowed about the parental hearthstone.

XIX.

WHAT THE WRITERS WROTE.

Pen Portraits. — A Minister's Natural Blunder. — Miss Martineau's Portrait. — A Homely Jeremy Taylor. — "Magnificent Intellect." — Power over an Insane Man. — "Splendid Thoughts," "Bursts of Tears." — "Give us Water. The Streams are Dead." — "Bacchus and Venus driven to the Ends of the Earth, and off of it.' — Seamen pining for Rest. — The Stomach no Home for the Spirit. — Good Opinion an Easy Trade-Wind. — A Contrary Hurricane. — God's Chronometers lose no Time. — "I will give you Rest." — "Sailors, the World's Seed-Carriers." — A Colored Pew. — J. S. Buckingham's Portrait. — United States Seamen. — Temperance Political Fight. — Preaches on Temperance. — "Thrilling and Heart-Piercing." — The Audience "swelled with Sobs." — "Angel of Light." — Charles Dickens's Description. — The Chapel. — The Prayer. — Text "twisted." — The Bible under his Arm. — "Who are these Fellows?" — "Do they lean upon any thing?" — No Monopoly in Paradise. — Miss Bremer's Sketch. — "A Real Genius." — A Spring Morning. — Effect of a Prayer for a Widow. — "Coldly Moralizing Clergy." — John Ross Dix's Sketch. — North Street. — North Square. — The Bethel. — The Sailors. — Pews crammed. — Reading and Prayer. — "Have we a Scholar in the Desk?" — Passionate Oratory. — Very Energetic. — Tirade against Obstinacy. — Refers touchingly to Old Companions. — Dramatic Power. — An Actor fascinated. — Mrs. Jameson's Notes. — "A Born Poet." — "Doves flying Aloft." — "Rod of Affliction." — "Angel of the Deep." — "An Icicle in the Pocket." — "Touching Starboard and Larboard. — "She drifts to Destruction!" — "Christ is the Life-Boat." — American Notes by Horace Mann, R. H. Dana, Jr., R. W. Emerson, Abel Stevens, and Miss Sedgwick.

HARDLY one of his contemporaries was the subject of more printed eulogium. He sat for his portrait to many a penman. He was not always conscious that this daguerrian process was going on,

and perhaps fell sometimes into the blunder of a brother minister of much popularity, who, beholding an uncommonly attentive hearer, was inflamed to new ardor by the steadiness of his gaze. He had one, at least, interested in his theme, — one who might be won to the true way through his entreaties. So he grew more assured in his appeals and more eloquent in his argument, and sat down, trusting that he had won, that day, one soul to Christ.

The next morning the bell rings, and the gentlemanly auditor is ushered into the minister's presence. "He has come for conversation on the great subject," thought the minister. "I heard you yesterday," says the stranger. "Yes, I saw you." — "I was much interested." — "I am glad to hear it." — "I am a daguerrian. I wish to publish your portrait. I desire you to sit for it; and I especially wish you would look as animated and brilliant as you appeared in the most eloquent passages of your sermon."

How quickly his faith in human nature and in appearances fell before that Yankee business man! Never more could he see an attentive auditor and not feel, "Am I sitting to him for my portrait?"

Father Taylor became used to such spectators, and cared as little for the sketcher as for the sailor. Foreigner or native, high-bred or low, Harvard or Hanover Street, 'twas all the same to him. He was true to his convictions and inspirations, floundered or soared, irrespective of their smiles or sneers.

We find no less than six portraits of him by foreign writers. The earliest of these is by Miss Mar-

tineau, who visited America in 1835. She gives a full description of him, and portrays his original and remarkable power, though she fails to see the source of his power, her lack of his experience preventing this knowledge. By faith alone we see faith in others. Her denunciation of the "colored pew" is worthy of the pen, that, in this same volume, at this early date, portrays William Lloyd Garrison and defends the abolitionists.*

"Of the last class of originals, — those who are not only strong to form a purpose in life and fulfil it, but who are driven by pressure of circumstance to put forth their whole force for the control of other destinies than their own — there is no more conspicuous example than Father Taylor, as he is called. In America there is no need to explain who Father Taylor is. He is known in England, but not extensively. Father Taylor is the seamen's apostle. He was a sailor-boy himself; and at twenty years old was unable to read. He rose in his calling, and at length became full of some religious convictions which he longed to express. He has found a mode of expression, and is happy. He is one of the busiest and most cheerful of men; and of all preachers living, probably the most eloquent to those whom his preaching suits. So it would appear from events. I heard him called a second homely Jeremy Taylor; and I certainly doubt whether Jeremy Taylor himself could more absolutely sway the minds and hearts of the learned and pious of his day than the seamen's friend does those of his flock. He has a great advantage over other preachers in being able to speak to his hearers from the ground of their common experience; in being able to appeal to his own sea-life. He can say, 'You have lodged with me in the forecastle; did you ever know me profane?' 'You have seen me land from a long voyage. Where did I betake myself? Am not I a proof that a sea-life need not be soiled with vice on land?' All this gives him some power; but it would be little without the prodigious force which he carries in his magnificent intellect and earnest heart. . . .

"It seems as if his power was resorted to in desperate cases, like that

* Retrospect of Western Travel. By Harriet Martineau. Vol. iii. p. 240-250. London: Saunders & Otley.

of a superior being; such surprising facts was I told of his influence over his flock. He was requested to visit an insane man, who believed himself to be in heaven, and therefore to have no need of food and sleep. The case had become desperate, so long had the fasting and restlessness continued. Father Taylor prevailed at once: the patient was presently partaking of 'the feast of the blessed,' with Father Taylor, and enjoying the 'saints' rest on a heavenly couch.' From carrying a single point like this to redeeming a whole class from much of the vice and woe which had hitherto afflicted it, the pastor's power seems universally to prevail.

"Mr. Taylor has a remarkable person. He is stoutly built, and looks more like a skipper than a preacher. His face is hard and weather-beaten, but with an expression of sensibility, as well as acuteness, which it is wonderful that features apparently so immovable can convey. He uses a profusion of action. His wife told me that she thought his health was promoted by his taking so much exercise in the shape of action, in conversation as well as in the pulpit. He is very loud and prodigiously rapid. His splendid thoughts come faster than he can speak them; and at times he would be totally overwhelmed by them, if, in the midst of his most rapid utterance of them, a burst of tears, of which he is wholly unconscious, did not aid in his relief. I have seen them streaming, bathing his face, when his words breathed the very spirit of joy, and every tone of his voice was full of exhilaration. His pathos, shed in thoughts and tones so fleeting as to be gone like lightning, is the most awful of his powers. I have seen a single clause of a short sentence call up an instantaneous flush on the hundreds of hard faces turned to the preacher; and it is no wonder to me that the widow and orphan are cherished by those who hear his prayers for them. The tone of his petitions is importunate, — even passionate; and his sailor hearers may be forgiven for their faith, that Father Taylor's prayers cannot be refused. Never, however, was any thing stranger than some particulars of his prayers. I have told elsewhere* how importunately he prayed

* This is the incident referred to. It is found in Society in America, the English edition, vol. ii. p. 264: American, vol. ii. p. 70.

"For many days preceding this fire, the weather had been intensely cold, the thermometer standing at Boston 17 degrees below zero. On the Sunday before (13th of December 1855), I went to hear the Seamen's friend, Father Taylor, as he is called, preach at the Sailors' Chapel, in Boston. His eloquence is of a peculiar kind, especially in his prayers, which are absolutely importunate with regard to even external objects of desire. Part of his

for rain, in fear of conflagration, — and, as it happened, the Sunday before the great New-York fire. With such petitions, urged with every beauty of expression, he mixes up whatever may have struck his fancy during the week, whether mythology, politics, housewifery, or any thing else. He prayed one day, when dwelling on the moral perils of seamen, 'that Bacchus and Venus might be driven to the end of the earth, and off of it.' I heard him pray that members of Congress might be preserved from buffoonery. Thence he passes to supplication, offered in a spirit of sympathy which may appear bold at another moment, but which is true to the emotions of the hour. 'Father, look upon us. *We are a widow!*' 'Father, the mother's heart thou knowest; the mother's bleeding heart thou pitiest. Sanctify to us the removal of this lamb!'

"The eloquence of his sermons was somewhat the less amazing to me from my feeling, that, if there be inspiration in the world, it arises from being so listened to. It was not like the preaching of Whitefield; for all was quiet in Father Taylor's church. There were no groans, few tears, and those unconsciously shed, rolling down the upturned face, which never for a moment looked away from the preacher. His voice was the only sound, — now tremendously loud and rapid, overpowering the senses; now melting into a tenderness like that of a mother's wooings of her infant. The most striking discourse I heard from him was on the text, 'That we, through the comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.' A crew from among his hearers were going to sail in the course of a week. He gave me a totally new view of the great trial of the seaman's life, — the pining for rest. Never, among the poets of the earth, was there finer discourse of the necessity of hope to man; and never a more tremendous picture of the state of the hopeless. Father Taylor is no reader, except of his Bible, and probably never heard of any poem on the subject on which he was speaking: and he therefore went unhesitatingly into a picture of what hope is to the mariner in his midnight watches, and amidst the tossing of the storm; and, if Campbell had been there, he would have joyfully owned himself outdone. But then the preacher went off into one of his strange descriptions of what people resort to when longing for a home for their spirits, and not finding the right one. 'Some get into the stomach, and think they can make a

prayer this day was, 'Give us water, water! The brooks refuse to murmur, and the streams are dead. Break up the fountains; open the secret springs that Thy hand knoweth, and give us water, water! Let us not perish by a famine of water, or a deluge of conflagration; for we dread the careless wandering spark.'"

good home of that: but the stomach is no home for the spirit;' and then followed some particular reasons why. Others nestle down into people's good opinion, and think, if they can get praise enough, they shall be at peace. 'But opinion is sometimes an easy trade-wind, and sometimes a contrary hurricane.' Some wait and wait upon change; but the affairs of Providence go on while such are standing still, 'and God's chronometer loses no time.' After a long series of pictures of forlornness, and pinings for home, he burst forth suddenly upon the the promise, 'I will give you rest.' He was for the moment the wanderer finding rest; his flood of tears and of gratitude, his rapturous account of the change from pining to hope and rest, were real to himself and to us for the time. The address to the departing seamen was tender and cheerful; with a fitting mention of the chances of mortality, but nothing which could be ever construed by the most superstitious of them, in the most comfortless of their watches, into a foreboding.

"Such preaching exerts prodigious power over an occasional hearer, and it is an exquisite pleasure to listen to it; but it does not, for a continuance, meet the religious wants of any but those to whom it is expressly addressed. The preacher shares the mental and moral characteristics, as well as the experience in life, of his nautical hearers; their imaginative cast of mind, their superstition, their strong capacity for friendship and love, their ease about the future, — called recklessness in some, and faith in others. This is so unlike the common mind of landsmen, that the same expression of worship will not suit them both. So Father Taylor will continue to be the seaman's apostle; and, however admired and beloved by the landsman, not his priest. This is as it should be, and as the good man desires. His field of labor is wide enough for him. No one is more sensible than he of its extent. He told me what he tells seamen themselves, — that they are the eyes and tongues of the world, the seed-carriers of the world, — the winged seeds from which good or evil must spring up on the wildest shores of God's earth. His spirit is so possessed with this just idea of the importance of his work, that praise and even immediate sympathy are not necessary, though the last is, of course, pleasant to him. One Christmas Day there was a misunderstanding as to whether the chapel would be open, and not above twenty people were present; but never did Father Taylor preach more splendidly.

"There is one great drawback in the religious services of his chapel. There is a gallery just under the roof for persons of color; and 'the seed-carriers of the world' are thus countenanced by Father Taylor in

making a root of bitterness spring up beside their homes, which, under his care, a better spirit should sanctify. I think there can be no doubt that an influence so strong as his would avail to abolish this unchristian distinction of races within the walls of his own church; and it would elevate the character of his influence if the attempt were made."

The second of these pen pictures is by J. Silk Buckingham, Esq.; a member of parliament, a lecturer of some eminence, and a traveller of more. He describes, in minute detail, the institutions and men of America, putting in his account of the Boston churches this portrait of Father Taylor, the only full sketch of any Boston preacher.

He narrates his last sabbath in Boston, Nov. 25, 1838. In the morning, he heard Mr. Greenwood give a sketch of King's Chapel, and in the afternoon, Father Taylor. This was the day before the municipal election; and it will be noticed how the temperance question at that time, as now, invaded both politics and the pulpit.*

"In the afternoon we went for the third time to hear Father Taylor, at the Mariner's Church, and were more deeply affected by his peculiar and touching eloquence than before. There were recent circumstances which made the occasion one of deeper importance than usual, and these gave him more than his accustomed share of energy and feeling.

"On the Friday before, it happened that five hundred men had been paid off from the United-States frigate and some sloops-of-war forming the Mediterranean squadron, which had returned from a three years' absence. Large as the number was, however, thus thrown upon the stream at once, there were enough of grogshop keepers and other interested harpies to decoy them nearly all into their dens; and, except the few that were rescued from their fangs by the Mariner's Home and the Seamen's Home, they were nearly all intoxicated before night. Some were robbed

* America; Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. Harper & Brothers.

while thus unconscious, by those who made them so for this purpose; and on the following day many were without a dollar, though on the average they had come on shore with from one to two hundred dollars each. Being thus stripped of all their money, and reduced to a state of stupid insensibility by drunkenness, they were, on the following night, seen choking up the streets and lanes by the wharves, so as actually to impede the passage; and the night being intensely cold, the thermometer at 6°, the watchmen were all employed in taking them up from the ground, many of them stiff with cold, and piling them up one on the other in heaps in the watch-houses, to prevent their being frozen to death! This was the fate that befell the brave defenders of their country when they returned to the land of their nativity, and this was the treatment they received at the hands of their fellow-citizens!

"On the following day, Monday, the second election was to take place for the representatives of Boston; and the question at issue between the two sections into which the Whigs had split was, whether the regular Whig ticket, as it was called, which contained in it no less than seven dealers in intoxicating liquor out of thirty-six candidates, and nearly the whole of the remainder were for an unrestricted trade in ardent spirits, should be elected; or whether the Armory-hall ticket, as it was called, on which were thirty-six men all in favor of upholding the recent license law, which prohibits the sale of spirits in a less quantity than fifteen gallons, should be elected in their stead.

"Father Taylor, bearing in mind these two circumstances, took for his text the sixth commandment of the Decalogue, from the twentieth chapter of Exodus, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and made a most powerful and thrilling discourse. He walked up and down the platform just as a sea-captain walks the quarter-deck; behind him were seated half a dozen fine-looking seamen, and the winding stairs ascending to this pulpit on each side, as well as the altar-place beneath it, were filled with seamen also.

"In the centre, or body of the church, the whole space was filled by seamen only, and the side-seats below and in the gallery were occupied by the public generally, the whole number exceeding a thousand persons. He addressed the seamen chiefly as his brethren, and told them that in the face of this commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' many of their shipmates and messmates had been murdered, cruelly and in cool blood murdered, some of them body and soul, by the poisonous drink administered to them by guilty and avaricious hands; and after first poisoning, and then plundering them, they had left their victims to perish in the streets! He asked whether they would look on with indifference while these

scenes were passing around them; and he urged them to rally round the polls to-morrow, and defeat the dealers in the death-inflicting liquid, by preventing their return as members of the legislature, and electing the friends of temperance, who are the friends of humanity, in their stead.

"His discourse was one of the most thrilling and heart-piercing that it was ever my lot to hear. The big tear rolled down his furrowed cheeks when he spoke of the sufferings of his brother mariners as though they were his own children; while the robust and manly frames of the seamen, to whom he addressed his discourse, alternately swelled with sobs and melted with tears as they heard his touching tones, and looked upon his beaming and benignant face. The land part of his congregation were as deeply affected as the seamen, and at times there was not a dry eye to be seen in the whole assembly.

"If the five hundred victims of the avarice and cruelty of the spirit-sellers could have been present, they would have fallen down and worshipped him; for he seemed like an angel of light sent to save them from sinking in the gulf that yawned open its frightful abyss to receive them; and if the voters of Boston who were indifferent to temperance, or legislators of the world who scoff at all attempts to promote it by legislative means, could have heard this powerful and searching appeal, they would have been overwhelmed with shame at their past indifference, and never have rested afterward till they had done all within their power to atone for past neglect.

"At the close of the service, though it lasted till it was quite dark, every one seemed reluctant to leave; and after many friendly greetings, warm prayers, cordial benedictions, and mutual interchanges of tears and good-wishes on either side, — for the two families, Father Taylor's and my own, seemed knit by this bond of common sympathy for the sons of the ocean into one, — we bade a difficult and painful, yet affectionate farewell, and hoped we might meet again."

Charles Dickens comes next in the order of time. Landing late in 1842, the most popular man excepting Lafayette that ever visited America, crowded and even oppressed with favors, he found himself, Jan. 29, 1843, drifting in the crowd that steadily flowed toward the Bethel. He thus describes the hero of our tale on his field of battle: * —

* American Notes. By Charles Dickens.

"The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow, old, water-side streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite to the pulpit were a little choir of male and female singers, a violoncello, and a violin. The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars, and ornamented behind him with painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable.

"The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It had the fault of frequent repetition, incidental to all such prayers; but it was plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a tone of general sympathy and charity, which is not so commonly a characteristic of this form of address to the Deity as it might be. That done he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: 'Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her beloved!'

"He handled his text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life, and was often remarkably good. He spoke to them of 'that glorious man, Lord Nelson,' and of Collingwood; and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way — compounded of John Bunyan and Balfour of Burley — of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm and pacing up and down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Thus, when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with his Bible under his arm, in the manner I have described, and pursued his discourse after this manner: —

"'Who are these — who are they — who are these fellows? Where do they come from? Where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer?' leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: 'From below!' starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: 'From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you came from!' — a walk up and down the pulpit: 'and where are you going?' — stopping abruptly: 'where are you going? Aloft!' — very softly, and pointing upward: 'Aloft!' — louder: 'Aloft!' — louder still: 'That's where you are going — with a fair wind — all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' — Another walk: 'That's where you're going to, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbor — still water there, in all changes of the winds and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea there: Peace — Peace — Peace — all peace!' — Another walk, and patting the Bible under his left arm: 'What! These fellows are coming from the wilderness, are they? Yes. From the dreary, blighted wilderness of Iniquity, whose only crop is Death. But do they lean upon any thing — do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?' — Three raps upon the Bible: 'Oh, yes — yes! They lean upon the arm of their Beloved' — three more raps: 'upon the arm of their Beloved' — three more, and a walk: 'Pilot, guiding-star, and compass, all in one, to all hands — here it is' — three more: 'Here it is. They can do their seamen's duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger, with this' — two more: 'They can come, even these poor fellows can come, from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and go up — up — up!' — raising his hand higher, and higher, at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

"I have cited this, rather as an instance of the preacher's eccentricities than his merits, though, taken in connection with his look and manner, and the character of his audience, even this was striking. It is possible, however, that my favorable impression of him may have been greatly influenced and strengthened, firstly, by his impressing upon his hearers that the true observance of religion was not inconsistent with a cheerful deportment and an exact discharge of the duties of their

station, which, indeed, it scrupulously required of them; and, secondly, by his cautioning them not to set up any monopoly in Paradise and its mercies. I never heard these two points so wisely touched (if, indeed, I have ever heard them touched at all) by any preacher of that kind before."

Still later comes Miss Bremer, and sets up her easel before the preacher. It is the winter of 1850, fifteen years after her elder sister, Miss Martineau, had drawn her sketch. Things have changed in the city. Mr. Garrison is almost a front man now, and not the victim of a mob, as Miss Martineau describes him; and Phillips and Emerson and Parker are filling the city with their fame. The seeds her sister sees in theology and politics have brought forth their diverse fruits. Though political power has not yet passed into the hands of the abolitionists, it is rapidly rushing thither. Still the North Square is the centre of pulpit attraction, and the quaint preacher crystallizes all hearts about himself. Thus she writes: * —

"I went last Sunday with Miss Sedgwick, who is come to the city for a few days, and two gentlemen, to the sailors' church to hear Father Taylor, a celebrated preacher. He is a real genius, and delighted me. What warmth, what originality, what affluence in new turns of thought and in poetical painting! He ought of a truth to be able to awaken the spiritually dead. On one occasion, when he had been speaking of the wicked and sinful man and his condition, he suddenly broke off, and began to describe a spring morning in the country; the beauty of the surrounding scene, the calmness, the odor, the dew upon grass and leaf, the uprising of the sun; then again he broke off, and returning to the wicked man, placed him amid this glorious scene of nature — but, 'the unfortunate one! He cannot enjoy it!' Another time, as I was told, he entered his church with an expression of profound sorrow, with bowed

* The Homes of the New World. By Frederika Bremer. Harper & Brothers.

head, and without looking to the right and the left as is his custom (N.B. — He must pass through the church in order to reach the pulpit), and without nodding kindly to friends and acquaintances. All wondered what could have come to Father Taylor. He mounted the pulpit, and then bowing down, as if in the deepest affliction, exclaimed, 'Lord, have mercy upon us because we are a widow!' And so saying, he pointed down to a coffin which he had had placed in the aisle below the pulpit. One of the sailors belonging to the congregation had just died, leaving a widow and many small children without any means of support. Father Taylor now placed himself and the congregation in the position of the widow, and described so forcibly their grief, their mournful countenances, and their desolate condition, that at the close of the sermon the congregation rose as one man, and so considerable was the contribution which was made for the widow, that she was raised at once above want. In fact, our coldly moralizing clergy who read their written sermons ought to come hither, and learn how they may touch and win souls.

"After the service I was introduced to Father Taylor and his agreeable wife, who in disposition is as warm-hearted as himself. The old man (he is about sixty) has a remarkably lively and expressive countenance, full of deep furrows. When we thanked him for the pleasure which his sermon had afforded us, he replied, 'Oh, there's an end, an end of me! I am quite broken down. I am obliged to screw myself up to get up a little steam. It's all over with me now!'

"While he was thus speaking, he looked up, and exclaimed, with a beaming countenance, 'What do I see? Oh, my son, my son!' And extending his arms, he went forward to meet a gigantically-tall young man, who, with joy beaming on his fresh, good-tempered countenance, was coming through the church, and now threw himself with great fervor into Father Taylor's arms, and then into those of his wife.

"'Is all right here, my son?' asked Taylor, laying his hand on his breast; 'has all been well kept here? Has the heart not become hardened by the gold? But I see it, I see it! All right, all right!' said he, as he saw large tears in the young man's eyes. 'Thank God! God bless thee, my son!' And with that there was again a fresh embracing.

"The young man was a sailor, no way related to Father Taylor, except spiritually; who, having been seized by the Californian fever, had set off to get gold, and now had returned after an interval of a year, but whether with or without gold, I know not. But it was evident that the heart had not lost its health. I have heard a great deal about the

kindness and liberality of Father Taylor and his wife, in particular to poor sailors of all nations."

Another of these foreign writers is John Ross Dix, less known to fame, but a fluent sketcher of men and things. He describes with much fulness the preacher in his ripening age. It was in 1854. He still held all hearts in his grasp, though a flavor of decay stole almost insensibly over his ministrations. He fails to catch that gleam of genius which glowed like "the light that never was on sea or land" over all his finest utterances, and which Miss Martineau seemed most clearly to have caught and limned. Yet his description of the man, his location, and his work, are not unworthy of a renewed memory: * —

"We are now travelling from the fashionable regions of Beacon or Park Streets. We have left State Street in its Sunday silence, — a silence only disturbed by a few danglers about the post-office entrance, — behind us. Faneuil Hall, too, is closed and still, and Quincy Market no longer presents its long arcade filled with creature-comforts and comestibles. Skirting that quaint old gabled building at the corner, we soon find ourselves in the gentility tabooed region of Ann Street, or, as it is now called, after a cardinal point of the compass, North Street, — the stars, however, of *that* 'North' being exceedingly erratic and wandering, and by no means of as true and faithful a character as the mariner's sky or beacon-light.

"Be careful how you walk along these sidewalks; for at every step an open trap-door yawns to ingulf you, and to escape the dangerous depths — more dangerous and deceitful than any which yawn on dismal seas — you must plunge into the foul gutter that lazily flows by, reeking with filth and pestilence. On week days, these dens send forth from their hideous recesses sounds of fiddle and tambourine that mock the surrounding moral desolation, and act as lures to some dance-loving tar;

* Pulpit Portraits of Distinguished American Divines. By John Ross Dix. Boston: Tappan & Whittemore, 1854.

but now a certain compulsory respect is paid to the sabbath day, and for vile music is substituted viler oaths and curses that fall from the lips of men, boys, women, and girls, that lie blinking and blearing on the steps, — their drunken fits of the previous night not being half shaken off. As we proceed, we note at the corners of lanes and courts villainous-looking boys, who eye you furtively, and then, as a police-officer appears in sight, dive back into the gloom from which they had emerged, only to re-appear when the civic functionary is out of sight. Here and there a groggy, coatless sailor is to be seen reeling along with a slatternly wench; and as you pass the barbers' shops a buzz of strange noises issues from the open doors. All around is filth, folly, and iniquity; and were it not for a few decently-dressed people who are walking sedately toward the church in North Square, you would imagine that Pandemonium had here located a colony, so fiendish, foul, and ferocious appeared the face of every man, woman, and child that slunk about within its horrible precincts.

"Having reached a 'fork' of Ann Street, we enter North Square, — the name clearly a misnomer, seeing that it is a triangular space; but what is in a name? Boston is called a moral and a model city, and we have just witnessed what iniquity blackens and fosters in its very heart! In this North Square we know there is a church, but as yet we discern it not: but looking upward, we see from a stunted tower a blue flag waving; and in front of us are open doors, flanked by pillars of rough undressed granite, through which people are passing; and, feeling assured that this is Father Taylor's church, we pause in our walk.

"Just opposite where we stand, the door of a house is opened: a rather striking looking person emerges from the interior, and proceeds briskly along the sidewalk towards the church-door. The people, or some of them, stare at him; but on he goes, heeding none of them. He is of the average height, but spare and wiry, — no superfluous flesh about his iron frame; and he treads the street as firmly as a youth, though more than sixty years must have passed over that weather-beaten figure. His chest is wrapped up in a gray plaid, of a small checked pattern; and — for the air is keen — he muffles up his face with it, permitting us only to see some iron-gray locks that straggle from under his closely pressed-down beaver. But no matter, we shall have an opportunity presently of seeing him to better advantage; for that is Father Taylor.

"After ascending a short flight of steps, we find ourselves in the Bethel Church. It is small and neat, — the only ornament being a large painting at the back of the pulpit, representing a ship in a stiff

breeze off a lee shore, we believe; for we are not seaman enough to be certain on the point. High over the mast-head are dark storm-clouds, from one of which a remarkably small angel is seen, with outstretched arms, — the celestial individual having just flung down a golden anchor bigger than itself, to aid the ship in her extremity, we presume, although there is attached to the said anchor but a few inches of California cable, which for any practical purpose would not be of the slightest use. However, we must not be critical on allegories; and perhaps many a sailor now on the great deep has pleasant recollections of the picture: if so, a thousand such anachronisms might well be pardoned.

"Whilst the choir in the gallery is singing a hymn to the homely tones of a small organ, let us glance at the congregation; and a motley gathering it is.

"There are no affectations in this place of worship, whatever there may be in some others that we wot of. From our pew (into which we were ushered by an old sailor with a patch over his eye and a limp in his gait) we can survey the whole scene. And it is a motley one. The centre of the church is principally occupied by sailors; and in some of the side pews are landsmen, attracted by curiosity perhaps, or they may be relatives of seamen. But, somehow, even many of these have an amphibious air, as though they could, without much effort, cast off their dress-coats and don the blue jacket.

"Sailors of all descriptions are there. Old salts with grizzled locks, short and crisp on the temples, and thin on the crown; 'Jacks,' in the prime of life, with dark hair, or locks bleached by storms and time, with sun-burnt faces, and great freckled hands, and brown necks, and with a free and easy roll in their walk; fine handsome young fellows, coxcombs of the sea, who had come 'capering ashore,' with plenty of dollars and dimes; young lads with frank faces and clear eyes, and turned down blue collars, bordered with white; rough, hairy-looking fellows, in their shirt-sleeves, or red shirts, lounging in the seats uneasily, as though they were sadly out of their element, as indeed they are; and well-dressed captains and mates, with their wives and children, all looking as happy as kings and queens, because 'father is home again.' These, and many others, whom we cannot stay to describe, compose, to a great extent, the honest-looking, hearty audience, who are this morning to listen to Father Taylor.

"But here and there are worshippers of another class. Pale, anxious-looking women, some of whom shudder involuntarily as the wind roars without. And well may they: for their husbands or brothers or sons or

fathers are far out upon icy seas, where, during the long polar night, only faint flashes of the aurora borealis partially illuminate berg and floe; or sweltering in the dreary calms of tropical oceans, on whose long lazy swell are reflected the coruscations of the glorious Southern Cross; or it may be on surf-beaten reefs, where the shipwrecked sailor lifts his tattered signal on his broken oar, and strains his blood-shot eye, in the hope of attracting the notice of some passing ship, — some vessel of Hope, — whose hull never darkens the distant horizon; or, haply, lying 'full fifty fathoms down,' his bones bleaching in ocean-caves, from whence they shall never rise until the sea give up the dead that are in it. And there are ocean widows, too, in that assemblage, not *knowing* themselves to be such, who, in their lonely rooms to which they shall presently repair, have gaudy portraits of their absent spouses on the walls, and strange waifs and strays of the deep on the mantle-shelf, — seaweed and shells, and insect-bored wood, and a model of a ship on a bracket, made by his own hands, and rigged to a rope, and sea-horses' teeth, and old books of navigation and the like; none of which they would exchange for their weight in gold.

"Gradually the church has become full, but 'the cry is yet they come.' The pews are nearly every one occupied, and every now and then Father Taylor rises, and with his long arm waves some sailor to a seat that his keen eye spies out; for he has no idea of space being sacrificed to ease. At length the pews are crammed, and now he calls the fresh-comers to the sofa of the pulpit. With half-bashful looks the tars mount the steps and sit beside the minister, who at length has even his own seat filled. But he rather likes that; for he paces to and fro on the platform, a smile of grim satisfaction playing on his features. At last all are supplied with seats, and the service commences.

"The congregation having 'settled down,' the minister advances to the desk, hymn-book in hand, and, with spectacles pushed up to the summit of his high furrowed forehead, again narrowly scrutinizes his audience. The gray plaid has been flung aside, and you see a vigorous but not fleshy frame before you. The gray eyes are piercing, and filled with energy, and there is vigor and determination in every lineament. With the chin slightly dropping on the chest, he again peers over his glasses into remote corners of the church, and occasionally waves hand or hymn-book as he perceives some sailor without a seat. At length, all being apparently disposed to his liking, he gives out the hymn.

"And he reads it with much feeling, — heart-feeling, I mean. His voice seems at first somewhat husky, but it is perfectly distinct. There is

decision in every tone. Occasionally he indulges in a brief commentary between the verses, and, it may be, requests those who do not participate in the sentiments uttered not to join in singing them. Then, having gone through the hymn, the choir sings it.

"Whilst they are so engaged Father Taylor does not sit down. There seems to be very little desire for repose on his part. With folded arms, and spectacles again shoved up amidst his iron-gray hair, he paces to and fro on the platform, — now with his eyes bent on the floor, and now curiously eying the people below. A hawk's eye has he; and be there a single unoccupied inch of space, you may be sure that it will not escape his notice. By the time the hymn is finished he has resumed his place at the desk; and, opening the Bible with a jerk, he reads a chapter from it.

"As in the case of the hymn, so in that of the chapter, he reads impressively, if not with a due regard to elocutional conventionalities. For all kinds of scholastic restraints, indeed, he has an evident abhorrence. This portion of the exercises terminated, he kneels, and offers up a prayer.

"The spectacles are again on the summit of his forehead; and, as he waxes warm and animated, we confidently expect that they will not long retain their position. But no: they are apparently used to it; and there, spite of sundry shakes of the head, — not over gentle ones either, — they remain. At first his petitions to Heaven's mercy-seat are short, pithy, and sententious; but, as he goes on, the prayer partakes a good deal of the character of an impassioned speech. With eyes rigidly closed, a swaying motion of the body, a grip of the cushion-corners by his nervous hands, and with disarranged hair, he goes on as energetically as any 'Praise-God-Barebones' of the old Covenanter times. And he prays for all, — for his own land and other lands; for sailors of all nations and on all seas; for the whole human race. There is an expansive benevolence in his addresses to the Deity which seems characteristic of the man; nothing of sectarian narrowness, not a particle of bigotry. As may be expected, 'they that go down to the sea in ships' engross a large portion of his petitions; and the earnestness with which he pleads for their special necessities frequently draw tears from many an eye.

"Another hymn, and now for the sermon.

"The text is read twice; then there is a pause, during which the preacher quietly looks around him; then with a sudden touch the spectacles ascend, and in firm, decided tones he commences his discourse.

"Have we a scholar in the desk? Father Taylor gives the meaning of some word in the 'original.' And he does it well, too, though it is not difficult to discern that he has got his information at second-hand. But then, he does not pretend to profundity of learning; he has so lofty a scorn of hypocrisy of any sort, that he would be the last man to pass himself off for that which he is not, — an erudite student. Nor does he require such adventitious aid: indeed he is better without it; for though I yield to no man in my reverence for learning, I firmly believe that many a fine mind is cramped by collegiate training. For nearly every good *writer* amongst our divines, a good *preacher* is sacrificed.

"On goes Father Taylor with his sermon. After proceeding for about a quarter of an hour he gets fairly warmed up to his work; and now, pushing the Bible to one side of the cushion, and throwing up the spectacles, he pours forth a flood of passionate oratory. Every now and then he pauses, rubs the side of the cushion with his long hand, looks as though some strong thought was seething and melting and fusing itself in the crucible of his brain; and now he pours it forth to take form and shape for the edification of his hearers. And quaint and grotesque enough these 'castings' of his thoughts are. Solemn and in earnest as the preacher is, it is impossible to avoid smiling occasionally at his remarks. At one moment he shall draw you a picture of the most touching pathos, so that your eyes will moisten and your lip quiver; and in the next, some sharp sarcasm, or withering denunciation, or scorching satire, shall cause you to wonder at the old man's energy. Touches of true poetry are not unfrequent; and I have heard as pure eloquence fall from his lips as ever the most accomplished and much-lauded amongst us ever delivered. And the glory of all these things was only the more perceptible, because, apparently, so unpremeditated. All things said and done were said and done off-hand, and in a tone that might surely appear gruff, but for the music of sensibility which turned its otherwise hard cadences to harmony: so he bluntly shook out upon his auditors words and illusions which each was a poem. No man that I have seen ever revealed more plainly than Father Taylor how much more he felt and saw than he was able to utter: his eye revealed it. The figure and the phrase were beautiful; but from that rough and careless tongue, yet quivering with sensibility, they became overpowering and sublime.

"Very energetic becomes Father Taylor at times. As he speaks he paces to and fro almost gasping with emotion. Sometimes he stops suddenly, rests his hands on the cushion, stoops forward, and, fixing

his eye on some person or other, exclaims something in this way: 'And *you*, sir, *you*, sir! you think *you* can escape the eye of this all-seeing God, sir, — *you*, a poor worm of the earth, — *you* (rubbing his hands along the side of the pulpit cushion), I tell you, sir,' &c. And then he turns to another part of the building, and in subdued tones, says, 'We are all of us soon to go to God's judgment-seat. Here we're like a balloon, — all filled with the buoyant gas, and ready to ascend into the pure atmosphere — 'tis only confined to the ground by cords — now they're cut, and there it goes — up — up — up — and away it sails in all its beauty and freedom, far from this earth below. Yes, yes (pointing to an old gentleman in the middle of the church), my aged brother, *you'll* soon go; there are but few cords to keep you here; you're nearly ready; the last tie will soon be cut. I can see you, like the balloon, swaying to and fro, impatient to be gone. God speed you, my brother.'

"To such as this would succeed, perhaps, a tirade against obstinacy. And then we are given a graphic description of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, during which we are told that the 'old rascal, when going to Damascus to persecute the Christians, was knocked off his horse;' or to illustrate the process of conviction he would put himself in a shooting attitude, and shoot invisible arrows from imaginary bows right into some of the pews. Now he would, in soft and felicitous accents, describe the beauties of a Paradise morning, and then fly off at a tangent to fling a contemptuous sentence at 'Mr. Fiddle-de-dee up there, who endeavored to account for the miracles of Christ.' One Sunday morning I heard him, when addressing sailors, refer touchingly to his old companions of the deep, which he did something in this way. I have no notes to guide me, and therefore the reader must not expect absolute accuracy; but I will be as nearly correct as possible. He had been preaching a long sermon, and seemed somewhat fatigued; but suddenly he blazed up, and exclaimed, 'Ah! my time is nearly up, I see; but I feel as if I was only just beginning to preach now. Yes, yes, I could keep on for hours to come; but I *must* close. But I can't do so without a few more words to some that I may never see again. I've been engaged in the work many years, and my toil may be most done. Ah! where are all my old shipmates gone, — they who lay in hammocks beside me, and who have fought at the same gun? Gone, gone, they are all gone! No, blessed be God, not *all:* there's one left. [Here he pointed to an old salt with a bald head, a red nose, and a regular man-of-war cut.] Yes, there's old Timberhead! He and I have weathered many a storm together. But he's moored safely now, and waiting for the last bell. [Here poor

old Timberhead began to show symptoms of tears, as did many more, myself included.] The summons will soon be heard, brother. Ay, and many of *you*, my aged friends, will soon hear it to. You are tossed and tempest-driven now, but it's only a little farther you have to sail. look ahead; you'll have only to beat round that last point, and then you'll be safe moored. Yonder's the haven in full view.' And a murmur of 'bless God' concluded the appeal.

"It has been said that Father Taylor gives one the impression of a person who hates the Devil more than he loves Christ. I do not think so. Fierce indeed is the warfare which he wages against the powers of darkness; but not less powerful is he when he dwells on the glories of heaven and the mercy of Jehovah. With such hearers as his, it is necessary that the battering-ram of Truth should be worked by no feeble hand; but happily he can heal the breach after he has made it. No, no: Father Taylor loves Christ all the more for hating Satan so much.

"On one occasion we visited Bethel Church in company with a New-York comedian of high reputation in his walk. Father Taylor commenced by an appeal in behalf of a Sunday-school picnic, and spoke so beautifully of children, and showed how much he loved to see them at their little sports, that he almost seemed himself to grow young again in the recollection of them. The actor was perfectly fascinated; and at an after part of the discourse, while Mr. Taylor was indulging in a strain of pathos, I chanced to look round, and my friend, used as he was to artificial scenes and descriptions, was so affected by the unstudied art of the preacher, that he fairly blubbered behind his pocket-handkerchief."

Mrs. Jameson's notes, though less extended than any of her predecessors, are the more valuable; for they are confined almost entirely to remarks of his rather than descriptions of him. Though one of the first of foreigners to detect his genius, she was almost the last to reproduce him, her memorials not being published until 1854. This is her bunch of remarks: * —

"When I was at Boston I made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, the founder of the Sailors' Home in that city. He was considered as

* A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies. London, 1854.

the apostle of the seamen, and I was full of veneration for him as the enthusiastic teacher and philanthropist. But it is not of his virtues or his labors that I wish to speak. He struck me in another way, *as a poet:* he was a born poet. Until he was five and twenty he had never learned to read, and his reading afterwards was confined to such books as aided him in his ministry. He remained an illiterate man to the last; but his mind was teeming with spontaneous imagery, allusion, metaphor. One might almost say of him, —

> 'He could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope!'

These images and allusions had a freshness, an originality, and sometimes an oddity, that was quite startling; and they were generally, but not always, borrowed from his former profession, — that of a sailor.

"One day we met him in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice, that he had been burying a child, and alluded almost with emotion to the great number of infants he had buried lately. Then after a pause, striking his stick on the ground and looking upwards, he added, 'There must be something wrong somewhere! there's a storm brewing when the doves are all flying aloft!'

"One evening in conversation with me he compared the English and the Americans to Jacob's vine, which, planted on one side of the wall, grew over it, and hung its boughs and clusters on the other side; 'but it is still the same vine, nourished from the same root!'

"On one occasion when I attended his chapel, the sermon was preceded by a long prayer in behalf of an afflicted family, one of whose members had died or been lost in a whaling expedition to the South Seas. In the midst of much that was exquisitely pathetic and poetical, refined ears were startled by such a sentence as this, 'Grant, O Lord! that this rod of chastisement be sanctified, every twig of it, to the edification of their souls!'

"Then immediately afterwards he prayed that the Divine Comforter might be near the bereaved father 'when his aged heart went forth from his bosom to flutter round the far southern grave of his boy!' Praying for others of the same family who were on the wide ocean, he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, 'Oh, save them! Oh, guard them! thou angel of the deep.'

"On another occasion, speaking of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feelings, he exclaimed, 'Go heat your oven with snowballs! What! shall I send you to heaven with such an icicle

in your pocket? I might as well put a millstone round your neck to teach you to swim!'

"He was preaching against violence and cruelty: 'Don't talk to me,' said he, 'of the savages: a ruffian in the midst of Christendom is the savage of savages. He is as a man freezing in the sun's heat, groping in the sun's light, a straggler in paradise, an alien in heaven!'

"In his chapel all the principal seats in front of the pulpit and down the centre aisle were filled by the sailors. We ladies and gentlemen and strangers, whom curiosity had brought to hear him, were ranged on each side: he would on no account allow us to take the best places. On one occasion, as he was denouncing hypocrisy, luxury, and vanity, and other vices of more civilized life, he said emphatically, 'I don't mean *you* before me here,' looking at the sailors: 'I believe you are wicked enough, but honest fellows in some sort; for you profess less, not more, than you practise: but I mean to touch *starboard* and *larboard* there!' stretching out both hands with the forefinger extended, and looking at us on either side till we quailed.

"He compared the love of God in sending Christ upon earth to that of the father of a seaman who sends his eldest and most beloved son, the hope of the family, to bring back the younger one, lost on his voyage, and missing when his ship returned to port.

"Alluding to the carelessness of Christians, he used the figure of a mariner, steering into port through a narrow, dangerous channel, 'false lights here, rocks there, shifting sandbanks on one side, breakers on the other; and who, instead of fixing his attention to keep the head of his vessel right, and to obey the instructions of the pilot as he sings out from the wheel, throws the pilot overboard, lashes down the helm, and walks the deck whistling, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket.' Here, suiting the action to the word, he put on a true sailor-like look of defiant jollity; changed in a moment to an expression of horror as he added, 'See! see! she drifts to destruction!'

"One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of Redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury through all its gradations; then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen laboring in distress, and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped; they spring a leak; the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them; she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper, deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors as they gazed up at him with

their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel as into space he exclaimed, with a piercing cry of exultation, 'A life-boat! a life-boat!' Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep, impressive tone, and extending his arms, '*Christ is that life-boat!*'"

There were less Americans of note who dwelt on the Bethel and its chief, probably because Americans of note do not write much concerning their own men. Horace Mann, in his diary, refers to him in two or three lines, — commending his sincerity and his toleration, but neither describing nor quoting him.* Richard H. Dana, jun., tells, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," how the first inquiry of the far-off California sailors whom he met there was for Father Taylor. Emerson gave him a

"White marble statue in words,"

in his discourse on Eloquence, yet unpublished. Stevens, in his History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sketches the most famous of her preachers. He says, † —

* These are all the references in his published diary (Life of Horace Mann): "*June* 4, 1837, *Sunday*. — Judging from external indications, what do ministers care on Monday, at a dinner-party or a jam, which way souls are sleeping? Let me always except in this city, however, Dr. Channing and good old Father Taylor." — p. 74.

"*July* 2, *Sunday*. — I heard Mr. Taylor this afternoon. How wonderfully rare it is to hear a sentiment of toleration uttered by a man who cares aught about religion! A sceptic may well indorse the right of private judgment on religious subjects; for it is only an error on a topic which at least he holds to be worthless. But for one whose heart yearns toward religion, who believes it to be the 'all,' — for such an one to avow, practise, feel, the noble sentiment of universal toleration, can proceed from nothing but a profound recognition of human rights and the conscientious obedience to all their requirements. Yet such is Mr. Taylor." — p. 181.

† History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, vol. iv. pp. 298–9.

"In a spacious and substantial chapel, crowded about by the worst habitations of the city, he delivered every sabbath, for years, discourses the most extraordinary, to assemblies also as extraordinary perhaps as could be found in the Christian world. In the centre column of seats, guarded sacredly against all other intrusion, sat a dense mass of mariners, — a strange medley of white, black, and olive, — Protestant, Catholic, and sometimes pagan, representing many languages, unable probably to comprehend each other's vocal speech, but speaking there the same language of intense looks and flowing tears. On the other seats, in the galleries, the aisles, the altar, and on the pulpit stairs, crowded, week after week, and year after year (among the families of sailors, and the poor who had no other temple), the *élite* of the city, the learned professor, the student, the popular writer, the actor, groups of clergymen, and the votaries of fashion, listening with throbbing hearts and wet eyes to the man whose chief training had been in the forecastle, whose only endowments were those of grace and nature, but whose discourses presented the strangest, the most brilliant exhibition of sense, epigrammatic thought, pathos, and humor, expressed in a style of singular pertinency, spangled over by an exhaustless variety of the finest images, and pervaded by a spiritual earnestness that subdued all listeners; a man who could scarcely speak three sentences, in the pulpit or out of it, without presenting a striking poetical image, a phrase of rare beauty, or a sententious sarcasm, and the living examples of whose usefulness are scattered over the seas."

Last of all, Miss Sedgwick in her memoirs, lately published, bears testimony to his fame. In her journal, she writes,* —

"*Nov.* 2, 1835. — Went to hear Mr. Taylor at the Seamen's Bethel; and there was something like what the ministrations of the Christian religion should be, — the poor, the ignorant, the neglected, taught rarely and with a glowing zeal. Such men should be the messengers of Christ: they are sent. His heart is full and his lips touched: he does not scourge his brains by midnight lamps, but comes panting with good news from his Father's house to the wandering and wayfaring children."

* Life of Catherine Sedgwick, p. 247.

XX.

MOTHER TAYLOR.

The Time to go up higher. — The name "Mother" long held in her own Right. — Her Deep Devotion to the Common Cause. — Hears Avis Keene while attending Conference at Lynn. — Refreshed on Anniversary Week. — How she preached her First Sermon. — Visits Marblehead. — Hastens to her Husband on hearing of his Attack by Cholera. — Mention of Dr. Stevens. — An Incident in the Death of an Aged Member. — Notes her Husband's Absence from Social Meetings. — Converses about his Biography. — Her Lynn "Friends" at the Bethel. — Records Father Taylor's Reluctance to Resign. — Father Merrill's Services. — Comfort in Old Age "through the dear Unitarian Friends." — Views of Ministerial Work. — Rounding the Port. — Retires from Active Work. — Partial Paralysis. — Still hopes to labor for the Seamen. — "Fifty-nine Years of Salvation." — "Come out from the World." — Christiana going First. — Her Orders for her Burial and that of her Husband. — In Great Distress. — Sees Heavenly Flowers. — Parts with Father Taylor. — Going to a Beautiful Land. — Her Remarkable Beauty. — Gone! — Her Funeral. — Dr. Waterston's Words. — Rev. Mr. Noyes's. — Her Choice Deliberate. — The Old Way sufficient for her. — On Mount Hope.

WE have seen how happy was the beginning and continuance of the home life of Father Taylor. But every earthly beginning must have an earthly end. The time came when his companion of youth and age must go up higher. They had climbed the hill of life together. Together they must go down, "and sleep thegither at the foot." As her journal gave glimpses of her youthful experience,

D. D. Taylor

MOTHER (R.)

so we find in them pictures of maturer days. That calm grace into which she entered when budding into womanhood grew ever calmer and more gracious as she ripened in years. Beautifully did she prove it true in her own increasingly symmetric character that, —

> "Serene will be our days, and bright,
> And happy will our natures be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."

She had long since acquired in her own right the name of "Mother." Not as the wife of Father Taylor did she win the title. Many a rare man's wife is *une femme couvert*, a fountain sealed, that is only revealed by the softness and thickness and greenness of the herbage under which it hides itself. His nature grows mellower, and she is its unknown cause. But Mrs. Taylor, besides doing that true and best office of a wife, besides being his "Moderation" and modulation, was also, by a special and separate grace, installed as a queen in her own seat of equal power and love: king and queen, father and mother, they held joint sovereignty over their small but far-reaching realm. She had not his genius of conception and expression, and, therefore, but for him, would have lived and died unheard; yet, by her relations to him, her own rare qualities became trained to a rare development.

The journal she kept for the last ten years of her life showed how deep was her devotion to the common cause that had employed their common lives.

how fervent her piety, how confident her hope. Our space will allow but inconsiderable mention of these holy exercises.

Attending the Methodist Annual Conference at Lynn in 1859, she stops at the house of a member of the society of the Friends, and hears Avis Keene, an aged Quakeress, preach a sermon that seemed to bear fruit unexpectedly in her own experience only two months after. Returning to their boarding-place, they found twenty or thirty Friends awaiting them; and one of them modestly came to her and said, "Does not thy husband feel to say a few words to us? Our eyes are particularly directed towards thy husband." He was so led, and their thus stirring up of the gift that was in him resulted favorably to them. She falls into their own style, as, in her saintly simplicity, she describes how her eyes were directed towards this "rara Avis" herself. She warms up Quaker calm with Methodist fire. The whole description, including the quaint Quaker language, and her ardent affection for dear old Boston, is worthy of Izaak Walton and more fervid saints.

"*April* 12, 1859. — I had felt a strong drawing towards Avis Keene, the Quaker preacher, for her purity of doctrine and the sweetness of her spirit. We had no personal acquaintance; but Monday, the 11th, before we left, she came in to take breakfast with us: we immediately felt a kindred spirit, and that inseparably joined in heart the friends of Jesus are. We had but little time, as we were to leave in the eight-o'clock train for Boston. We said farewell; and this dear, aged saint threw her arms around my neck, and said, 'Thee will be a living epistle in my heart.' This was very pleasing, as I love to be remembered by my friends.

"I concluded to wait after our conference friends had gone until the

next train of cars, to have a little more conversation with the dear friends to whom we had become much attached. I wanted particularly to see the mother of Mrs. Breed, — Mary Breed, who was in her eighty-seventh year, a very sweet, pure-looking old lady, who had attended church all the winter, except in the extremest weather.

"Nathan Breed came in and said, 'Deborah, thee must not go home this morning: I want thee to ride with Avis Keene to-day.' It was a temptation: the air was balmy, there was excellent company, a beautiful carriage, and a pair of horses; and to me it was a treat.

"I went with Mrs. Breed and her daughters to the Lynn Mineral Springs; then returned, and, with Avis Keene, rode over to Marblehead. I sat by the side of my dear friend, and received counsel from her lips. Who would not love such a spirit? In the morning I felt I must return to Boston, — 'home, sweet home.' I can visit my friends, and enjoy their hospitalities; but Boston is our own field of labor and rest, and I feel a freedom of soul as soon as I tread upon the soil, which belongs to no other place. Blessed, blessed! I envy not the great, nor wish for any other situation on earth. The God whom we serve has chosen our habitation for us. May we improve it to His glory! Amen."

She rejoices also in another assembly, and thus gets refreshed anniversary week in a prayer-meeting.

"*Monday Morning, May* 23. — Attended prayer-meeting at the New North Unitarian Church. Names are only names: I weary of them. I cannot tell when I more sensibly realized the presence of the Saviour. The meeting was opened with 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The next who spoke broke the cloud and came into sunshine, — rejoiced that not only did the glorious earthly sun shine in its splendor, but the Sun of righteousness shone with healing in his beams, and diffused his blessing through the congregation. The speaking and singing were in the spirit, and my own soul felt the blessed influence. I am glad others are going to heaven besides Methodists. I doubt whether there could be any better doctrine than the Rev. Arthur Fuller gave us."

Her visit to the Friends seems to set her heart at work after their fashion; and she narrates how she preached her first, if not her last sermon. As many

still question a woman's right to plead with sinners in the great congregation, perhaps this incident, narrated by herself, may shed some light on these duties. If she could be so led of the Spirit, might not others be equally called to more frequent and more regular services?

"*June* 4, 1859. — An eventful day! Lord, help me to record thy mercy. A ship-of-war reached our Boston shore, and a number of her young men entered our house of worship. I was affected to tears again and again while I looked at them. Brother Barnes spoke from 'Fear the Lord; for consider how great things he has done for you.' I wept and prayed for the young men. I felt almost agony of spirit. I knew their temptations: from home three or four years, believing all those friends who profess to be, they will be led into snares from which they cannot escape by those who want their hard earnings, and would ruin them.

"They are not to be 'paid off' until Friday: they must range our streets, and some will have spent every dollar before receiving it. My heart ran after their mothers, their wives and children. If the mother could only embrace a *pure* son after years of absence, what a comfort it would be to her troubled heart. But, oh! to have them ruined in our city, after they have escaped the danger of the sea and the evil of foreign lands, before they have reached their own homes, led me to cry to God, that if possible the evil might be remedied.

"Mr. Taylor followed the sermon with a powerful, melting exhortation, — just what was needed; and it was felt. Yet, strange to say, I was not satisfied: I wanted to speak to them. I had never spoken on a Sunday in a church in Boston. I felt I must speak: *no mother* had addressed these boys. If it had only been a meeting in the vestry, on an evening occasion, the cross would not be so heavy; but no, this was the time. 'Instant in season and out of season,' was the command; and, saying 'I will,' I sent to the pulpit to ask if I could have five minutes. It was not quite twelve o'clock, and the morning service would not be prolonged beyond the usual time. THE WORK MUST BE DONE. My husband immediately announced it; and, unexpectedly to all, I walked from my pew into the altar, and delivered my message. Strength was given me in the time of need. I tremble as I write, while thinking of what I

was enabled to do. I first welcomed them to the house of God, after their long absence; spoke of the expectation of mothers, wives, and children, then of their own dangers; begged them to fear God, in the words of the text, to love and obey him, and all would be well; and then, turning to the congregation and church of men and women both, enforced their duties as the keepers of their brethren. I felt we each had awful responsibility, and no father or brother before me was to say, 'Oh, never mind, these are only poor man-of-war's men!' but remember, you are your 'brother's keeper:' take him by the hand, lead him to his boarding-house, persuade him to do right. He has a soul, a noble soul, to be saved. May the Lord help us to do what we can, that the blood of their souls may not rest upon us!'

"Truly, I am led in a way I know not. My dear daughter came home much mortified that her mother should make herself so public. I knew my child would feel it sensibly, as I had never done it before. I told her it was not calculated upon. I might do so again; I could not tell where I should have to go, or what I should have to do. My business was to obey; and my daughter must submit to the judgments of others, and remember her father and mother must walk in the path of duty.

"And now, my Father, if thou wilt call such a weak instrument to run on errands, I know thou wilt not send me on a warfare at my own expense. Only let me feel that I am sent by thee, and it is honor enough: I will go at thy bidding. Help me to honor thee, in doing good to some of these poor wandering souls. I owe much to thee, my Father: truly, I should fear thee; for thou hast done great things for my soul.

"Debora D. Taylor."

She had to subscribe this with her own hand, as if a new baptism had come upon her. She felt as if she might be called into more public service. She declares she could not tell but she might do it again. And this solemn sense of a new and higher call coming upon a lady sixty-three years old, of ripest character, of sober manners, of discreet conversation, of fastidious conduct, shows, that it may be true for others, no less than for her, that they are compelled above

themselves to 'walk in the path of duty.' She was too old to follow out the feeling that secured these pledges; but she evidently recognized the possible work they might require, and, had she been of younger years, might have followed her revered friend, Avis Keene, into more public ministrations.

While visiting at Marblehead the next August, among her kindred and the friends of her youth, she learned that her husband had been attacked with the cholera at the Vineyard Camp-Meeting. Hastening to meet him, she takes him, in a convalescent state, to their old friend, Henry Pigeon's, at Gloucester. They spend the sabbath reading Wesley's sermons, and Stevens's History of Methodism, Father Taylor saying, in complimenting the author of that history, "No man ever did Father Wesley justice before. Man of God, well done!" She grows more ardent, and writes, —

"Well may we venerate the more than mortal saint, the founder of our denomination, and adore his God. Such faith, such labors, and such glorious results! With what enthusiasm I have read and re-read, and thank the Lord for such holy men, and for a Stevens, raised up for this very purpose to do justice to these blessed men! All hail, God-honored Stevens!"

She gives an incident in the death of an old member, Father Winslow, who, a few days before he died, said he should go on the 1st of September.

"Thursday came, and he asked what day it was; and when his faithful, untiring wife answered, 'the first of September,' he said, 'I shall die to-day.' There was no apparent change: he continued with perfect composure for a few hours, and said, 'Keep my body until the sabbath day,

and have it taken to the Bethel, where those whom I love and have worshipped with so long may look at me for the last time.' He praised the Lord aloud, that he was going before Father Taylor, under whose labors he had been so often blessed.

"Our aged members are dropping away: a Harlow, Jameson, Butler, these all died in the faith, — the fruits of the Bethel, with many others. To God be all the glory! What joy 'when all the ship's company meet!'"

The next month she makes this minute of an event that was soon to occur frequently.

"*October.* — We miss Mr. Taylor in our social meetings. We have excellent brethren, and Mr. Taylor's 'assistant' is one of the best of men; yet we feel the want of him who has led us so long. True, we cannot have him always, and the God whom we serve will take care of His cause. We are passing away: our Father can do without us. 'Salvation is of the Lord.'"

They have a conversation on his biography; in which he expresses the momentary feelings that come over every strong nature at such mortuary reflections, though with a flavor of his nature enriching the emotions: —

"*October* 17. — I said to my husband, 'There is a piece in the papers about your life, which I do not like. I wish we could have something worth reading, or something to counteract what is so often said, untrue. After you are gone, it will be desirable, for your children's sake.' His answer was, 'You know, my wife, I dislike memoirs. Let my name die when I die. I am mortified in looking over my past life. How little I have done, especially these last nine or ten years; and yet the public are telling about the great exploits! Bury me in a hole: I have done nothing to deserve mention. It is not the truth. The people in Boston have known me for fifty years. If that is not enough, they will never know more. Only one side is written in a memoir. Hide me, hide me, and let not my name become a reproach.' I can but honor my husband's feelings. May his last days be his best!"

Her Lynn friends of last year come to Boston, and have a profitable season : —

"*March* 5, 1860, *Monday Evening.* — Ten 'Friends,' or 'Quakers,' from the good old town of Lynn, wished to come to Edward Taylor's meeting, — a thing very unusual for them, — and hear the sailors speak of the things of religion. One of their number was dear old Father Coffin, who, in his very early days, was a Methodist, afterwards a sailor, and then became a Quaker preacher, and still is very much interested in the sea. He is a saint. His spirit is full of sweetness, his words drop like honey, and his face is full of light from on high. To be in his atmosphere is to be blessed. We all have the same Jesus.

"On this Monday evening our friends came and took tea with us, after which we went into the little vestry. Mr. Taylor was somewhat anxious, as a number of our leading members were sick. I felt none at all. I knew, if the *Master* was with us, all would be well; and if not, we should have a dry time. Who would be there so feeble as I was? I went full of trust, and was not disappointed. The feast was glorious, and we were fed with the bread of life. Our friends, not knowing our order, engaged to leave at nine o'clock, much to their sorrow. They were obliged to take the cars in the height and glory of our meeting: they said they took their bodies away, but left their souls behind. Our meeting was conducted in the usual order, — singing, praying, and talking, as the Spirit gave utterance. All was peace and harmony, because *Our Father* presided at the feast."

They go on ripening. Three years after, we find these words, showing how reluctantly Father Taylor resigned his command : —

"*April* 1, 1863. — The Bethel has been Mr. Taylor's idol; and as long as he can walk from the house to the church, he will be unwilling to become *ex-officio*. He will claim and hold authority; and those with him must allow him to have it, until the powers that gave him the authority request him to relinquish it.

"*April* 12. — Mr. Taylor preached in the afternoon. I wish he could be satisfied to talk to the people, and not attempt to study a sermon That day is gone by for him."

She writes thus of one of the best of men and ministers: —

"*November* 15. — Three sabbaths we have had blessed Father Merrill, who has preached the gospel for more than forty years. A career of holiness! We all love to hear Father Merrill: his name is a sweet savor. His theme was, 'Praise to God for his wonderful mercies.' All can understand, and he is sure to have the devout attention of the people. How the glories of heaven loom up before him, as he puts his hands together, and lifts his eyes upwards, shouting 'Glory to God!' in the prospect of entering that happy place, to go no more out forever and forever! and then, coming back to earth from the visions of heaven, with his sweet spirit he invites the unconverted to come with him, and partake of the dainties provided for all who will receive them."

She finds comfort in old age: —

"Through the dear Unitarian friends, the Lord has abundantly provided for us, what then we never asked or expected: our old age is provided with every needed comfort, and it will be our own fault if we do not go down to the grave fully ripe for glory. I have but one desire, — to do the will of my heavenly Father, honor him in laboring for souls, and hoping yet to see many of Ocean's children coming home to God."

She gives her views on the ministerial work and calls preparative, but has in her tone a touch of age and querulousness, though it has thoughts that deserve earnest consideration: —

"*March* 19, 1866. — A brother, N. D. George, preached the word of life and salvation. He is of the olden stamp. He prayed. What a day we live in, that the boys who come from college and know but little of Christian experience, are preferred to such fathers, who preach the gospel in its purity, and understand the life of godliness! O degenerate race! that know not what they are doing. Lord, have mercy upon us! These young preachers need the old ones by their side. 'But such men are uneducated.' What is education? What does a man need in order

to preach the gospel, — to preach Jesus in his fulness, and willingness to save? To know the love of God by an experimental knowledge; to live Jesus every day; to love souls; to labor to honor the Master in their salvation; to have the power of the Holy Ghost, — that they may give as they receive, the word take effect, and souls be saved. I have no objection to education. I admire a good piece of composition; but I want it with the old-fashioned sword of the Spirit, that cuts as it goes, and makes the hearer feel the Lord is in it of a truth."

She is rounding toward the port of heaven. Here are some of the last notes of her long and faithful voyage: —

"*The Close of the Year*, 1866. — The Bethel has been peculiarly favored in the conversion of the sons of the ocean. Others keep their spiritual children, and nurse them in their own church. We send them abroad in the tottering steps of their spiritual infancy, with the blessed word of the Master and the aid of the Spirit. With the prayers and advice of those who have been long in the way, they go forth to meet the storms of the sea and a tempting 'adversary;' but, as one good brother said, 'Satan is afraid of the sword of the Spirit, and will soon fly.' May the means used to commemorate the birth of our dying and risen Lord be abundantly blest, and many of Ocean's children give their hearts to that blessed Saviour who spilt his precious blood, that all might have life!"

"*Monday Evening, December* 31. — A precious watch-night! Many of the seamen never attended one before. Some rose for prayers, and resolved to be on the Lord's side amid the temptations of life."

"*October* 13, 1867. — Avis Keene left her earthly habitation at the advanced age of eighty-six. The acquaintance commenced in Lynn, during the session of the conference, and continued. My heart was united with hers in Christian sympathy, and the attachment was mutual. I loved her much, have always loved her, and have had sweet communings with her, present and absent. When her only son came to say, 'She had gone home,' I felt her present, and said, 'Blessed Sister Keene! I feel she throws her mantle around me. we are not separated. No; we will mingle our spirits, although not our voices; we will commune together, — she in her heavenly mansion, and I in my earthly home; we will not be separated. She loved me on earth. 'Say, oh, say! do they

love there still? 'Yes: if we are to see as we are seen, and know as we are known, we shall not forget each other. In the joys and sorrows of the present life, I love to think of those who have gone before, and have died in the Lord. Go, sainted sister, go! I would not call you back. I will try to live so as to meet beyond the river, to go no more out forever. Lord, help me for Jesus' sake, to whom be glory and honor. Amen."

She records their retirement from active work: —

"*January*, 1868. — The second Tuesday in January, Mr. Taylor and myself were not present at the yearly meeting of the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society. Mr. Taylor had resigned his labors to his young brother, who had been preaching for nearly two years. A melancholy pleasure; yet we should be very grateful that we have been spared to labor over threescore and ten, and then allowed to resign under the most favorable circumstances.

"As unworthy and as unfaithful as we have been, we throw ourselves on the mercy of our heavenly Father, that he may forgive and accept.

"Surely, goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives, and we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Our employers, under God, a large body of the Unitarians, have been friends and brothers to my husband and myself; and, after providing for him for nearly forty years, they passed the kindest resolutions, and unanimously voted to pay him his regular salary while life remains.

"What shall we render unto God for all his benefits? Here we are, in our own house, with all we need of earthly good to make us comfortable and happy. May our last days be our most spiritual ones! May we rest to grow in grace and our old age be as shining lights!"

She adds, that he still "labors in the social meetings, his heart runs after the sons of the deep, and he is blessed in seeing many of them turn to the Lord."

She notes a sabbath birthday in old age: —

"*March* 15, 1868. — This is my seventy-third birthday. I attended the house of prayer the first time for six weeks. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!' Rev. Brother Upham, of Hanover Street, exchanged with Brother Noyes. 1 Peter x. i. 8: 'Whom hav

ing not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Oh, precious gospel! First, theology; second, the creed, — believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; third, experience. We were fed with the bread of heaven. I have never asked the good things of this life for my dear ones: I have only asked that they may be all the Lord's, in time and in eternity."

The death-blow is struck which in a few months completes its work, and translates her soul to the paradise of God; and she calmly notes the inevitable stroke: —

"*November*, 1868. — Three long months I have been mostly confined to my room. Spasms of the lungs and a touch of paralysis I have had. I was fully sensible, but said, 'O Lord! not my will, but thine, be done.' September and October my speech was altered, and my right hand was nearly useless. I thought I should soon be taken home. My dear children were alarmed, and feared I was about to go to my rest; but hitherto the Lord has helped me. I am really better, and feel I shall again be able to warn the sons of the sea to come home to God. Precious privilege! Help me, my Father, to improve life or death.

"*Thanksgiving Day*. — Fifty-nine years since my sins were forgiven. Happy day!

> 'The gladness of that happy day,
> Oh, may it ever, ever stay!
> Not let my faith forsake its hold,
> Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.'

Glory to God in the highest!"

Only five records more follow the one of Thanksgiving, 1868. The last is: —

'*January*, 1869. — I am oppressed: 'O Lord! undertake for me.' Are not the requirements of our heavenly Father what they were from the beginning? How often is the Saviour wounded in the house of His friends! Lord, pity me! My heart is pained, nor cares to be at rest, till it finds rest in Thee. How many of those who profess to love Thee

ever think that they must come out from the world, and be separate, if they would be Thy disciples? Those who profess great things think that the theatre, the ball-room, and almost any place of amusement, consistent, if only they attend the house of prayer, and by words recommend religion. 'Come out from the world, and be separate,' does not seem to enter their thoughts. Poor souls! they deceive themselves. Lord, have mercy!"

The time was near that Christiana must leave her Pilgrim companion, and cross over. She might have preferred to have seen him safely out of the wreck before taking to the boat herself. Her even-balanced nature would have steadied his trembling nerves. Her equal-throbbing faith would have borne him aloft on its calm wings. But it was not so to be. Perhaps the blessed Saviour, who hath the keys of death and the grave, who alone openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth, through whom alone we triumph over both death and the grave with the faith and life that are immortal, — He may have withdrawn her from her earthly protection, that she might from the spirit-land assist his passage. That gracious soul, "a little while withdrawn, waits on the confines of a nobler shore."

The four weeks that closed her life also crowned it. Such a Puritan was she, that she knew no shadow of turning; and while it was yet day, she worked, — worked through the long twilight into the late evening. When the last attack of illness came, she who lived so near the life beyond knew the messenger who came, and was not surprised nor disturbed.

She sent at once for a daughter, gave her wishes in regard to all business matters, even to the distribution, when the home should be broken up, and then said quietly, "My dear, you will have no display: put a white thibet dress on me; I want nothing better than my poor can have." The daughter answered, "Mother, we would like to see you in black silk, with the lace about your neck, as you have always worn;" and again she said, "You know my wishes: I want nothing better than my poor will have?" Attending, then, to a like coming but not immediate necessity of her husband, after a few moments she added, "Let your father wear a white mourning robe, turn his face upon one side, and tuck his hand under his cheek, as he always went to sleep." From that hour she laid off the armor of work, and gave herself to her family.

To those who were privileged to be with her the most, the remembrance of the twenty-nine days in that border room garners up the blessedness of all the years that had passed, and gives a foretaste of the certainty of the love and delight of the home in our "Father's house of many mansions." That month was a fearful struggle: not one mouthful of food passed her lips. It was death — death of the body — all the way, but the spirit was triumphant. She would have short intervals of sleeping; and, when she awoke, it was always to say something which proved that she had been away resting in her spirit's home. Once it was, "I have been all day with my heavenly Father, and I think he will take me home

to-night. Again, "I have been visiting my mother and sister Martha," both of whom had died forty years before. And another time it was to tell of seeing beautiful flowers, and hearing sweet music.

Sunday, May 30, was a marked day above the others. Her son came in from the morning service at the church, to find his mother sleeping; and he whispered to a sister, "Tell mother, when she awakes, that Mr. Noyes prayed beautifully for her this morning." When this was repeated to her, she quietly said, "I know it." This was a matter of great surprise to the daughter, who knew how grateful and appreciative her mother was for any remembrance or attention, and who expected of course to have 'thanks' to return. After a few moments of resting, from out of the same quiet she said, "Ask Ned to tell Mr. Noyes, that, while he was praying this morning, I saw beautiful flowers." "Did you *see* them, mother, or were they brought to you?" Then her face was as the face of an angel, as she answered, "Why, my dear, I saw them. I went to the spirit-land; and, oh! they were beautiful, so beautiful!" — "Well, dear mother, you will soon have all the flowers you want." — "Yes, my darling, my heavenly Father will give me every thing."

Three weeks after this, the day before her final services, the message was repeated to Mr. Noyes, fearing it might not have reached him with its full significance. . . . He sat with folded arms and bowed head during the recital, then made this reply: "I was never as drawn out in prayer in my life before; and, feeling nothing could be too good or too much to ask for Mother Taylor, I asked for the flowers."

May we not believe that the Divine Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost, the Illuminator, granted this beloved child a glimpse of the banks of the river of the water of life and the flowers that fill it with immortal beauty? If "heaven lies about us in our infancy," much more does it when coming up to the very gates of the golden city, and when already at the borders of the land which is not now, if before time, very far off.

After a while she asked, "Where is father?" — "He is down stairs: shall we call him?" She said, "No; bid him good-by for me." Again she was asked, "Shall we send for him?" — "No: too exciting," was her reply. Her poor husband, in his shattered physical condition, could not be controlled by the Spirit which was in itself strong; but, with a cog-wheel broken here and a spring loosened there, the machinery was out of good working order: and, when he entered her chamber, it was to give way to moans and tears; and a wife's love would spare him.

After another season of resting, she said to a daughter sitting by her, "Talk to me of the beautiful land;" and then, in a few moments, in a voice soft, sweet, and clear, she sang twice over that favorite refrain, —

"Oh, the beautiful land! oh, the beautiful land!"

A few hours later, she opened her eyes to see her husband entering the room. She beckoned him to her, put her hand into his, drew him down to kiss him, saying, "Good-by, my dear! Be satisfied with

yourself! Honor God, and remember you live to save souls, my dear husband." The ruling passion of her girl-life in Saugus and Marblehead, of all her faithful life on the circuit and in the city, was still at its full strength, — save souls.

Then followed some five minutes of rest and silence, when, putting her hand in his once again, she said, "Good-by, my darling." From that hour a quiet "Good-night" was all she ever said to him; and this she said each time she saw him. Her work was done, and she knew no repetition.

One day a messenger came from one who had long loved her, Mrs. Alexander, the artist's wife, bearing a large basket of exquisite greenhouse flowers. They were brought into the chamber; and she feasted her eyes upon them for just a moment, when she said, "Give my love to dear Mrs. Alexander, and thank her: tell her I cannot enjoy her flowers now, but I am going to the beautiful land of flowers, where the inhabitant shall not say I am sick."

Her beauty of face and expression in these hours was far beyond telling. Those who saw it then will see it yet again when their mortal has put on immortality. The mother's eye rested upon a child to call some pet name. The slightest act of attention was rewarded by "Thank you, my darling;" or "Kiss your mother, my precious one," always spoken with a smile, and in tones as if the garnered tenderness of fifty years of motherhood was given then. Not a tear was allowed to be seen in that sacred chamber. The children gave themselves to the holiness of the hour,

and to the worship of their angel mother. To look upon her was a sacrament. In her moments of restfulness, and when the agony came, love did not strive or desire to hold her.

A grandson came in, one noon, and entered the chamber just as his grandmother opened her eyes from sleeping. The fever of dissolution gave the flush of high health to cheek and lip; her face was fair and unwrinkled as girlhood; her hair of silver and dark, in long ringlets, was thrown up over the pillow; and the surprise, delight, and admiration found no word of expression, until the young man, having left the room, turned, saying to his own mother, "Mother, did you ever see any thing as beautiful as grandmother?"

Not a murmur escaped her during all her mortal agony, which was fearful. The burning, consuming heat, which never left her night or day, made the demand for constant bathing with cold water. She could not drink it, because it caused violent coughing, but at one time, with a fulness of meaning and grateful expression which no written word can give, she said, "My Father is leading me to living fountains." At another time, with her face lighted in joy and thanksgiving, she said, "The Purchaser of all this had not where to lay His head, and only see the comforts I have."

One day a daughter said, "Mother, William Bridgett," a dearly loved sailor-boy of Mrs. Taylor, "asked me if you had kept a journal of your religious experience, as he would give more for it than for any

thing else in the world." With a smile she answered, "Like a good many others, I have left it to finish up when I had a clear time: you will find something, my dear, and you will prepare it for me. If I have honored my Master in my life, it is all I ask."

Often she was heard saying very softly and earnestly, "Let me, Let me, Let me;" and when one said, "What is it, mother?" she always finished the line, —

"Let me to Thy bosom fly."

On the evening of Saturday, June 23, 1869, at the age of seventy-four, Mrs. Taylor was released from her earthly house, and entered into the home prepared for her from the foundation of the world, and which the deeds of her own life had so richly furnished through the blood of the divine Redeemer, to her, as here, the Chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely. On the door-posts of that mansion could have been justly written, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" for she, if any one ever did, honored her Master in her life.

Her funeral was attended the Wednesday following, June 23, by Rev. Messrs. Waterston, Merrill, McDonald, and Noyes. Rev. Mr. Noyes offered a tender prayer. Rev. Dr. Waterston portrayed her character, industry, and ability in just terms. He said, —

"She had great knowledge of the Scripture, and was familiar with its language. Never have I heard any one quote its sublime and touch-

ing passages with more marked effect. Her melodious and impressive voice seemed to impart added richness to the phraseology of prophets and apostles; while often there was a felicity in her adaptation of scriptural language which made it come to the mind as a happy surprise. . . .

"She was waiting, ready to go, yet not impatient, — waiting, and ready, in the Lord's good time. Ay, and more; for, while she lingered, her mind often, in intervals of pain, communed with the friends who had gone. As the angels were seen in the patriarch's dream ascending and descending, even so her mind ascended and descended from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. 'All day,' she would say, 'I have been in the everlasting gardens, enjoying the companionship of the blessed. We have been holding most pleasant intercourse together.' And her face would kindle with angelic joy. Even so, in the unclouded glory of a perfect Christian faith, she has passed away.

'Come and see her dying-bed!
Calm her latest moments roll:
Angels hover round her head;
Heaven receives her soul.'

"Shall we not feel, as we gather around this precious form, and look for the last time upon this countenance, that the expression of peace here portrayed is a type of the divine peace she now enjoys in heaven, where, with evangelists and prophets, she stands in the Redeemer's presence, to behold ever higher and brighter revelations of the supreme Wisdom and Love?"

Rev. Mr. McDonald dwelt on her beautiful life as a result of a living faith in the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and very tenderly addressed the family, urging them to lay up a like foundation for a glorious immortality.

The venerable Father Merrill paid a glorious tribute to this "elect lady," rejoiced over the new triumph of our holy religion, and closed with fervent prayer.

Rev. Mr. Noyes preached a sermon on the appropriate text, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Of no one of his myriad disciples was this

truth truer. He spoke of her early and permanent choice. Having chosen Christ and lived Christ, she goes to Christ as the only heaven of love and bliss revealed to human hearts, and shining down upon us above the crossing of death. Happily does he present and enforce the lessons of this heart's life of Mother Taylor: —

"She had followed the Lamb; and where does He lead such but to the bosom of the Father, as the 'redeemed from among men, as first-fruits to God and the Lamb'? She had been 'faithful unto death;' and what next but the 'crown of life' should she receive? 'Has she not a right to be crowned?' significantly asked the venerable Father Merrill on the occasion of her funeral obsequies. 'Most certainly,' all hearts responded; and none will question that for her to die was gain. To her, death meant rest from labor, care, and pain; and she longed to find it. 'Was this weakness?' St. Paul was similarly exercised, 'having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.'

"It was her one prayer. The great life-struggle triumphantly ended; the life-race successfully accomplished; the head-lands, harbor, shores of glory in full view, — who wouldn't shake out every reef, give to the breeze every bit of canvas, and have all in readiness to let go the anchor, and be forever at rest? But death to her meant more than this even: it meant the society she craved. There she finds her peers: patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, saintly and sainted, welcome her to 'everlasting gardens, where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens.' 'Kings and priests unto God' are her company, in full fellowship with whom she finds the satisfaction earth could not afford her.

"'They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And many a martyr-throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked with glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast."

"We have also the same divine grace which secured to Mother Taylor's earthly career so much glory Was she firm, dauntless, faithfu. unto death? We may be like her; for her God is our God, her Saviour our Saviour, her divine Comforter our Comforter. She gave heed to the divine injunction, 'Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for *the old paths*, where is the good way, and walk therein;' and *thus* she found 'rest.' In like manner may we find rest! The old way sufficed for her, as the heaven she sought was the patriarchs', prophets', and apostles' heaven. Faith in the Lamb of God as her atoning sacrifice was the foundation of her hope; and well did she build."

Thus passed away one of the best lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ that He has had on earth. She accepted Him in childhood, hidden from the world's proud eye, among His poor, obscure, and opposed brethren. She had served and loved Him with a devotion that many waters could not quench, nor floods drown. She walks the valley and the shadow of death, and sees it is but a shadow without substance, — a shadow shot through with celestial light. She has lived in Christ, she dies in Christ, she dwells in Christ forever.

In Mount Hope Cemetery her "flesh rests in hope," under a warm covering of running myrtle, while over it a simple headstone, upon which a bunch of ivy and forget-me-nots is carved, bears this inscription: —

"'MOTHER TAYLOR'

WENT HOME

JUNE 19, 1869,

AGED 74."

XXI.

TO THE HARBOR.

Growing Old. — Not in his Real Nature. — He ministers to the Ministers. — A Poor Vine. — Tries to put down a Preacher, and does not succeed. — "What will become of my Children?" — "Not dead yet." — Retires from the Quarter-Deck. — Does not know Bishop Janes. — His Politeness at his Wife's Funeral. — His House Companions. — His Retort Uncourteous in a "Blessing." — Where Heaven is. — "Angels are Folks." — "I'll stay while there's a Bit left." — Willing to forgive those he offends. — Defence of Orthodoxy his chief Anodyne. — "No getting Unsound Mixtures down his Throat." — His Favorite Hymn. — "Some Summer Morning snatch me to Thyself." — A Hard Dose. — Penitence "only in Spots." — Limits the Atonement after his own Fashion. — "God never wants one to tumble and sprawl in his Sins." — "Poor Humanity Numb." — In the Slough of Despond. — Delivered by Prayer, and leaps as far the other Way. — Hard to put to Bed. — Harder to keep there. — Smooth Sinning. — His Last Parade. — Preaches to Himself. — "Don't know enough to be saved." — His Latest Breath for Christ. — Known Jesus. — "Precious." "Certainly." — His Last Conscious Act Characteristic. — Going out with the Tide. — Makes the Harbor.

WE have cruised with our captain over many waters. We have seen him in storm and calm, in wandering youth, glowing manhood, revered, beloved age. Like all things mortal, he must fade as a leaf, and all his power consume away like the moth. "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men." No matter how wide he sails, he must ever come to this port.

> "Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
> Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
> Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet
> Clear of the grave!"

The order "Return to the dust out of which thou art taken" fell on Father Taylor many years before it was accomplished. Not less than ten years was his leaf in withering. Journeys and other reliefs delayed its fall; but it gradually ripened, despite all attempts to prevent it, and its autumn richness of color betokened its decay. He had many helpers in his pulpit, and one or two colleagues, before he consented to abandon the quarter-deck: even then he would play captain to these captains, and, sitting in his pulpit, nod defiance or approval, or, if his dislike rose still higher, would tell the congregation in plain terms not to mind the words they had heard. Some of these interruptions are more amusing to read than they were to hear, especially by those who were their victims. Thus, as a venerable and especially beloved friend, who relieved the vacant hours of a superannuated ministry with the cultivation of grapes, announced as his text, "I am the true vine," and began by saying, "There are some vines that will not bear good grapes," "That's so!" breaks in Father Taylor: "you sold me one of that sort."

A young minister, Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, relates, that, preaching for him on the text, "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," in order to catch the most sceptical fish, who run out the longest lines, he

granted the fact that a man's belief was all that was necessary to his salvation. The old man, surmising that the boy was going to leave out the essence of truth, and make any belief salvable, shook his head, fist, and cane at the preacher; and, as he went on developing this thought, he wriggled, frowned, and at last shouted forth, "Sit down! Sit down!"—"No," said the self-composed youth, "I'm skipper of this craft now." He then changed his tactics, and showed, that, under this very law, only a right belief produced a right character, and that faith in Christ is an absolute necessity to true spiritual life. The quick eye behind him saw that he was off the breakers, and

"Out to sea the streamers flew;"

and he shouted, "Open sea! Up sail and on!"

To the last he allowed no one, of his school at least, to utter any but the most orthodox truths to his congregation. One of his last sermons is thus described by Rev. Mr. McDonald. "It was from the text, 'Where is your faith?' He touched every chord of the human heart: now he denounces sin in the most awful manner, and then weeping over the sinner as though his heart would break. At one time he pictures the world of woe in colors so dark that one almost felt the blackness of darkness gathering around. And then the gates of heaven are thrown wide open, with angels and spirits of just men made perfect; with golden streets, trees of life,

crystal waters, harps and harpers, crowns, robes, and palms, in full view, until every heart was ready to sing, —

'When shall I reach that happy place?'

but every thing broke down when he, with face bathed in tears, exclaimed, 'O God! what will become of my children?' meaning sailors. 'My life has been spent with and for them. I have stood, in my boyhood, with them at the guns, amidst blood and carnage. My manhood has been devoted to their interests and welfare. And now I am old, and must soon depart. O God! preserve my children.' There was a general giving up to tears.

"Here he changed his tone of voice, and expression of countenance, and exclaimed, 'I am not dead yet.' Then turning to me, he said, 'You have heard that I was dead; but I am not, nor do I expect to die soon. Just now I begin to feel young again. Glory to God! I am able to fight a little longer."

But this fighting was not much more than shouldering his crutch, and showing how his old fields were won. He was contented with saying, "I can do it," as Jupiter, in Lessing's fable, made himself the superior marksman of Apollo by simply saying, "I could beat that if I had a mind to." The mind did not come to the Greek or Boston Jupiter, who had, in the latter case, been Apollo also. He descended from his deck, and accepted fate. He confessed that

"It was time to be old,
To take in sail:
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to him in his fated rounds,
And said, 'No more!'"

He turned his vessel's prow towards the harbor of earth and time. He formally resigned the leadership in 1868, and retired from the front. Still he felt this resignation was not final nor complete; and, whenever and wherever he pleased, he broke in upon the regular governors with criticism and censure, and even orders, that showed he wrestled hard with himself in accepting, after so many years of sovereignty, the place of a subordinate. His memory broke up by degrees. Calling on him with Bishop Janes and Dr. Harris, about three years before his death, he greeted them, as was his wont, with a kiss of affection, as if he knew them perfectly. Saying to him, "We have brought the bishop to see you," "The bishop!" says he, "where's the bishop?" And yet no one knew him better or loved him more than this reverend father in God. Being re-introduced, he of course went all through his salutation again, his kiss of love included.

His wife's death, almost two years before his own, found him far in the realm of second childhood. He wandered up and down the house, a half ghost himself, whether in the body or out of the body he could not often tell. He seemed hardly aware of the painful event, and more like a child than a man he passed through this sad experience.

At her funeral he was full of smiles and tears, bowing, weeping, rejoicing, altogether. On the ride to the grave he kept up that politeness of manner which never deserted him, and bowed gracefully from his mourning coach to some poor Irishwomen on the curb-stone, not knowing them, and showing that he retained his courtesy after his consciousness had largely gone.

The days of life grew shorter, darker, and stormier. He became almost as helpless as a babe, yet with an obstinacy, shrewdness, and wit that belonged to the ripest of men. Three of his daughters, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Russell, and Mrs. Barnes, were kind and attentive to all his wants; but the chief charge devolved upon his wife's niece, Miss Sarah Millett, and his old sailor friend, Capt. Bridgett. This gentleman was his constant companion for over a year and a half, caring for him by day and by night. It was very proper that one of his "boys" should lead him down into the deep waters, until he was received by the Master Boatman on the other shore. His niece accepted his reverse compliments with calmness, and helped him quietly and kindly down the steep places of life, which he was stumbling over in his tottering steps. A great debt of gratitude is due to her assiduous care. It was to her, and of her, that he shot forth that unjust stroke of wit. He would never light the fire in his study with a match, but always persisted in the oldest fashion of carrying a shovelful of coals up three

pairs of stairs, when he wanted a fire. "Sally," as she was called, protested against this practice, as exceedingly dangerous to himself and the house. But the more she protested, the more he would do it. And so he tottered up his stairs, day by day, with this shaking pan of live coals. At last she spoke to Mrs. Taylor; and "the head of the house" had to obey its superior head, as so many husbands find is their fortunate fate.

But he had his revenge on "Sally." Being seated at the table, he was glum and silent. After due pause, he is requested to ask the blessing? He refuses to speak, or to recognize the request. Again she asks, and again there is a sulky silence. Hunger at last getting the better of anger, on the third mild request, he breaks forth, "O Lord, save us from conceit, deceit, and tattling, amen!"

He thus evidently kept a good share of his brains about him, to the very verge of his dissolution, as another incident better illustrates. Rev. Mr. Waterston, father of Rev. Dr. Waterston, met him about a year before he died, both very old. Father Taylor, in his usual ardent way, caught and embraced him, saying, "I am as glad to see you as I should be to see St. Paul!" — "Ah!" replied Mr. Waterston, "we must go to heaven if we would see St. Paul." — "Wherever," replied Father Taylor, with his grandest emphasis of voice and manner, "wherever the truly good man is, *there* is *Heaven*." Never was a better thought better spoken.

Equally keen was his remark to a well meaning

sister who sought to console him in his decline by the stereotyped phrase, "There's sweet rest in heaven!"

"Go there if you want to," responds the tart old man.

"But," persists the consoler, "think of the angels that will welcome you."

"What do I want of the angels?" he replies: "I prefer folks;" and then, with rarest insight, he adds, "but *angels are folks*."

He got the better of his fate through his faith, and did not sink down as that Englishman did, who, lamenting on this last journey, that he must leave so lovely a paradise as England, was told, for his solace, that he was going to a better country. "Yes," he replies sadly; "but it isn't England!"

Father Taylor's double-winged faith and reason conquered this sense of separation between angels and men, and reduced that foolishly painted, weak-faced, broad-winged, white-grained creature of fancy, to a bright-brained, warm-hearted child of God, and dweller in the heavens, full of "comeatableness," of dependence, of touches of weakness and winsomeness. "Angels are folks" is the best picture of heaven ever painted.

He fought hard for life.

"How pleasant it must be," said a good woman, "for you to leave this worn-out tabernacle, and go to a better home!"—"I'll stay while there's a bit left," is the stubborn reply; and he kept his word.

His chief companion, Capt. Bridgett, relates many interesting incidents connected with the breaking up

of this old ship of fourscore years. He knew all his humors. He had resisted him more than once to his face, because he was to be blamed. After the old gentleman had given him a tremendous overhauling, on one occasion, he saw he had done wrong, but confessed it after the usual manner of non-confession. Going across the square from the Bethel, Capt. Bridgett offered him the keys. "But," says Father Taylor, "you are willing to be forgiven, ain't you? If you are willing to be forgiven, I'll forgive you the whole of it. Take the keys home with you. I don't want them at my house."

The last few months of his life he was exceedingly restless and nervous. No bed could hold him. He would wriggle himself out of the clothes and out of bed. He seemed to be squaring off against being driven out of existence, as Dickens says babies double up their tiny fists at their birth, as if squaring off against existence itself. "Wearisome nights were appointed unto him." Not so much suffering as uncontrollable nervousness. His watcher sought to relieve this by getting him away from himself. He would advance heresies to set the old fighter again on his disputatious pins. Never could he get any consent to any thing but the stiffest Methodistic orthodoxy from his lips. He would mix up quotations, right or wrong, to bother his head, and take him away from himself; but he would answer, "'Tain't right. I don't know why. Can't get my cocoanut to it; but it isn't right." If he should quote Wesley or Fletcher, he would instantly say, "That's it!" His old instinct

never failed him. As his companion says, "Asleep or awake, at no time of day or night could you get any unsound, mixed-up stuff down the old man's throat."

He loved to hear lines of familiar hymns, and especially delighted in that happy strain which he would dream over for hours in his study and in his chamber, —

> "Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
> How sweet thy entertainments are!
> Never did angels taste above
> Redeeming grace and dying love."

How full of old camp-meeting revivals, love-feasts, and other "chaste, holy, spiritual delights," were the memories that condensed themselves into such precious musings! Months before he died his attendant heard him, one morning, praying. He was pleading thus with God: "O Lord! what am I here for? I am of no use to any one. The love of my friends for me will soon be gone: my love for them will soon be lost. I can't do any good. Now, Lord, *some summer morning snatch me to thyself*." This is a vein of fancy and familiarity more beautiful than the like phrase in Charles Lamb's "Hester," of which he had probably never heard,

> "My sprightly neighbor gone before.
> To that unknown and silent shore,
> Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
> Some summer morning?"

Only Father Taylor's was a word to his Lord, and a

word that was answered. Ere the summer came he was snatched away to heaven and home.

He was a hard case to manage. A few nights before his death, Mr. Bridgett was going to give him some hydrate of chlorial. He refused to take it. When he refused, he refused. So Mr. B. was compelled to use gentle force, and he had to open his mouth, when down went the dose. Gasping out of his hands, his eyes full of fiery indignation, and his feeble fists doubling up, he exclaimed, "You rascal! I had hopes of you all along; but you'll be lost, I know you will." — "The Lord don't cast us off," meekly replied Brother Bridgett. He doubled up his fists again, and retorted, "Ah, that's the way thousands of such fellows lose their souls." Mr. Bridgett, having secured his end, made due and humble confession for his sins. The old man heard his confession, raised himself up, and, half doubting his sincerity, said, "You rascal, if I thought you was honest I would take back every bit of it; but I'm afraid it is only *in spots*." A reply fully equal to that given by Peter Cartwright to an over-censorious and sensitive bishop, who, to rebuke his overflowing spirits, said very solemnly, "Brother Cartwright, are you growing in grace?" — "Yes, bishop, in spots."

Of like sort was his retort on his making some petulant remark to Mr. B., who said, "Well, you know you said Jesus died for all of us." — "No, I never said He died for you. Never!" exclaimed the witty, wrathful old man, limiting the atonement in a

manner totally foreign to his creed, but in accordance with his momentary impulse.

Bridgett, defending a poor fellow who was always yielding to temptation on the score of his being born so, Father Taylor indignantly denied any such false teachings. "It's because he wanted to do it. God never wanted him to tumble and sprawl so in his sins." Thus to his last he clung to man's freedom as the only basis of his responsibility and of the love of God.

Another night, he lay in bed and began to preach sermons. "O Lord!" he mutters in a half-whisper, "where has poor humanity got to? The pith and marrow and power of the gospel don't reach poor humanity. It's numb. If something can't be done for it, then I'm afraid they'll all be lost. How's that, brother?" he cries out to his companion, still wanting the auditor's response to the last feeble flicker of his oratory. "It's numb," is one of the best descriptions of "poor humanity," and showed the flash was after the old sort in quality, though sadly less in quantity.

One of these last nights he had fallen into a complaining mood. "Lord," he cries piteously, "here I am all alone; no money, no friends, and in a strange place. What will become of me?" — "O Father Taylor!" interposes his companion, "you are in your own house." Said he, "I know better; no such thing." Then Mr. B., who had often caught him with this guile, began to quote his favorites, Wesley, Fletcher, Webster, to get him away from himself;

he saying, "That's good, that's clear! Where did you get it?" But now these all failed. He still sank in the Slough of Despond, which is as often near the Celestial as the Wicket Gate; so Brother Bridgett began to pray the Lord "to have mercy on this poor backslidden Methodist preacher, who is ungrateful, fault-finding, and every thing else bad." The old man fired up in a minute at such a reflection on himself, went at his friend with every sort of biting epithet, piled on the fire and brimstone, and utterly forgot his own low state in this old-fashioned, half-earnest fury of his soul.

The next night he was exceedingly nervous, and had to be put into his bed eight times in half an hour. After getting him in the eighth time, his nurse got on the outside to keep him in. "What are you doing here, sir?" said he. "Haven't you got a bed of your own over there? My liberties are curtailed. I won't stand it! Go to your own bed, sir." He began to tell him a smooth story to quiet him. Up he came, and threw the bed-clothes over him, in his determination to get on to the floor. Mr. Bridgett held his wrist loosely in his fingers to keep him down. As he was holding him thus, the old man lifted himself up on his elbow, and said, "Do you know how smoothly you are sinning?" — "No, sir: I a'n't sinning, father." — "Oh," said he, "you think the Devil don't know you are sinning! but he does, and he'll find you out. Any sinner that can sin as smooth as you can, the Devil is sure to get him." Mr. B. had to yield him his bed; but exhausted by his efforts,

and gratified in his whims, he pronounced a benediction over his "smooth sinner," now a brother beloved, kissed him, and told him to go to sleep.

The Sunday but one before he died, he dressed himself in his full masonic regalia. He had often walked in the handsome dress of knight-templar. one of the handsomest in the procession. With his cap, plume, and sword, he fought the old battle for his beloved order over for the last time in that stately uniform.

The most pathetic of these incidents, and most characteristic, as illustrating at once his ruling passion in all its strength, occurred about ten days before his death. Rambling across the room, as was his wont, he passed the glass. His eye caught the figure of a tottering old man. He instantly stopped, turned, and made the aged stranger his very best bow, and began to preach to him.

"My dear sir," said he, "you are old; you are infirm. But Christ will save you. Come now, my dear sir, come now! He will, he will save you now." Exhausted by his talk and his long standing, he sank on the sofa, and lost sight of the figure. He called Sally to him. "Sally, come here. That old man don't know enough to be saved. He didn't stir a peg while I was talking to him."

Two days after, passing along, he saw the old man again. He made a most exquisite bow, and renewed his exhortation. "It is a very late hour," he said, "but Jesus will save you. Make the venture." He sank down again, and calling Sally, said, "That old

man is an infidel. He won't have salvation at any price." Mr. Bridgett, to see if he was in earnest, in a few minutes said, "Father Taylor, who is that old man about here?" He replied, "There is an old man about here; but nobody knows who he is or where he comes from." So he fulfilled a request he had often said and sung, even to an image, and that an image of himself, —

> "Happy, if with my latest breath
> I may but gasp His name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> Behold, behold the Lamb!"

He is fast nearing the port. The last Sunday morning, only thirty-six hours before he drops anchor, after he had been washed and dressed, he appeared very weary. Mr. Bridgett told him he would get rested soon. "I don't know," he replies. "Oh, yes! you will by and by." — "No," says he, tired; "I don't know any thing." — "Don't you know Jesus?" With his old smile, full of significance, lighting up his face, and his familiar punch in the ribs, he replies quick, wide awake as ever, "Yes, yes, yes! I know Jesus." — "Is he precious?" With a look full of his old fire he whispers joyfully, "Why, certainly, certainly!"

This was his last word. Jesus he knew to the last, and Jesus was precious. What more could he say? His life experience and life work were summed up in this last articulate breath.

> "On His breast he leaned his head,
> And breathed his life out sweetly there."

He continued restless, but not conscious, all day and night, wriggling off his mattress, which, for several days, had been placed on the floor, because of this uncontrollable activity, — a hulk that still tossed on the waves, though lying so near the wharf of heaven.

The next morning, his last, being again dressed and laid on his bed, he instantly hitched down the bed. Lifting him up gently, his attendant straightened him out, and placed him back on the pillow. Indignant at this interference with his liberty of action, he doubled up his fist in his old familiar way, and shook it smilingly at his nurse.

This was his last conscious act. Down he went among the billows of death, and never lifted his head again above the waves. He lingered till nine minutes past midnight, when the weary one was forever at rest.

He had fulfilled his promise. He had not surrendered while a bit of life remained. He had shown his strong traits of nature in his last deeds, his good-natured pugnacity, mirthfulness, and sportfulness. He had shown the higher traits of grace in his last trustful and joyful words. He could leave his quarter-deck, and go ashore in the heavenly port, and report to the Captain of his salvation, whom he had so long and so faithfully served. Never did a previous sailor rejoice more on making that blessed port. Never has one more passionately loved that city, country, and king. He has reached

> "The happy harbor of God's saints,
> The sweet and pleasant soil."

It was a noticeable event, to the sailors especially, that the man they loved above all men should have gone out with the tide; thus conforming unwittingly, in his death, to those very peculiarities of his "boys" by the employment of which he had won so much of fame and love.

It was just at the turn of the tide, in the dark of that midnight morning, April 6, 1871, that his spirit floated off "this bank and shoal of time," and made the happy harbor for which he had so long and faithfully sailed.

XXII.

THE BURIAL.

His Death a Surprise. — Lying in the Bethel, and visited by Large Numbers. — Roman Catholic Children pray for the Repose of his Soul. — Good Friday. — An Ocean Day. — Rev. Dr. Waterston's Remarks. — His Position. — "The Ocean of God's Love. — His Devotion to his Work. — "Carry not the Seed-Basket and Sickle to the Field together." — An Artist. — A Poet. — A Wit. — A Man of Genius. — He was Jeremy Taylor, John Bunyan, Great Heart. — "Would not wear a Chinese Shoe." — "Touches Starboard and Larboard." — His Greeting on the Other Shore. — Rev. Mark Trafton's Remarks. — No Mourning. — "May you have Paul's Eyes." — Touch me not. — A Ship-of-War, — Feeding His Doves. — His Sermons published Everywhere. — His Study the Wharf. — A Curiosity Shop. — The Old Ship stranded. — The Orange-Seller. — His "Long Home."

FATHER TAYLOR had been so long decaying, that he had become largely withdrawn from the public eye. But, when it was announced that he was dead, a thrill of sadness shot through many hearts. His conference, in session at the time in the Winthrop-street Church, in Boston, adopted resolutions expressive of their feelings, and appointed one of their number to deliver a eulogy at their next session.

His body was carried to the Bethel, and lay there two days, visited by many people, anxious to see the features to which death had restored the grand expression that had sometimes been missed during the

hours of sickness. Among others, little Roman Catholic children and young women, kneeling by the side of the coffin, prayed for the repose of the soul of the dead. One of the children being asked why she did this, answered that Father Taylor knew her, that he always spoke to her in the street, and that in him she had lost a friend. So, indeed, she had, and so had all children, and all the poor.

On Good Friday the funeral was attended by large deputations of clergy, masons, odd fellows, sailors, managers of the Port Society, and other friends and admirers. It was a raw, rainy day, a breaking-up day, when Nature seems to sorely resist the beneficent change that is coming over her. Not that soft, dropping April day, when the warm, wet air is full of flowers in solution; but the rude ocean air, dripping with salt sea-spray, that so often makes the spring the least lovely of the seasons. Yet it was not inappropriate to have an ocean mist enshrouding this spot, where, as nowhere else in this or any land, for half a century, that ocean had been depicted in storm and calm, and those who went down upon it were plead with to escape from the temptations that swept over their souls greater than all storms of sky and sea. If Neptune ever could be properly personified, he should have been the chief mourner at that funeral.

The first address was by Rev. Dr. Upham, the companion of his youth, who had travelled with him on his first circuit, who had tried to teach him a trade, and had been taught by him that greatest of trades, the calling of men to repentance. He dwelt on his

early life, his circuits, his prayers, his gifts of persuasion, and his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Rev. R. C. Waterston then pronounced a very tender eulogy, in which he said, —

"As the disciples, when separated from the Great Apostle whom they so much honored and loved, 'sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more,' even so do we sorrow, now that we are called to look for the last time upon a countenance which has been associated through many years with all goodness and Christian love. That presence, how did it always impart a consciousness of strength! The grasp of that extended hand, how many has it solaced and cheered! That face, with its radiant smile, how often has it shed sunlight through depressed and sorrowing souls! That voice, now silent forever, how, by its fervid eloquence, has it kindled multitudes by its power, or melted them by its pathos!

"The very mention of the ocean kindled his enthusiasm. The sound of the sea was like melody to his ear, and the murmur of its waves seemed ever around him. He looked upon every sailor with paternal love. Sea-faring men, wherever he went, were always the objects of his thought and care. Was temptation around their pathway, he would shield them. Were they in sorrow or trouble, he would comfort them. Were they without a home, he would find for them a shelter. What sacrifice would he not make for their elevation? What effort could be too great to promote their welfare?

"It is the privilege of an hour like this to recall the precious memories of the past. My mind goes back more than forty years. I remember first hearing him in a little simple edifice, where at that time he preached. The quaint and unpretending building was situated down among the shipping, in a narrow lane then known as 'Methodist Alley.'

"As I entered the diminutive church, I found that every corner was packed, yet still the crowd came flocking in. At length each standing-place was occupied, the aisles even to the door, and the pulpit stairs to the very top. All had a nautical look. There was a strange intermingling of blue and red shirts, with faces bronzed and weather-beaten by ocean storms. When the preacher stretched forth his arms inviting all to unite in devotion, it seemed as if he would take the whole congregation in his affectionate embrace, and lift them upward to the Hearer of prayer.

"In his earnest pleadings, his sympathetic voice trembled, and tears moistened his cheeks. His discourse was full of beauty and power. The most striking originality was united to an eloquence unsurpassed. His descriptions were so graphic, that what was portrayed stood before the mind as in bodily form. At times, there was an almost feminine tenderness, and then a masculine strength, which swept all before it like a mountain torrent. The audience were rapt in breathless attention. Now and then sobs might be heard. Men who could stand unmoved amid the tempest were melted here. It was evident that every hearer was firmly held in the preacher's grasp. I remember well, now that nearly half a century has gone by, one passage in which he besought his hearers not to cling to the world. 'Why will you hug so tenaciously the rocky shore, where there is perpetual danger from breakers and quicksands? With sail full-spread, push bravely out into the deep ocean of God's love.'

"Emphasized by his expressive voice and manner, this was a wonderful passage, profound in its depth of feeling and true spirituality, filling the mind with a consciousness of the absolute infinitude of divine love.

"Thus did he labor for years, zealously promoting the best interests of seamen; breaking up, as far as was in his power, those haunts of evil which decoy them to their ruin, surrounding them with elevating influences. Intrepid and fearless, in the midst of threats and opposition, courage never forsook him. To do his Master's work faithfully was his fixed determination, and in doing this he sought no outside reputation. His discourses in that little out-of-the-way chapel were as remarkable as those which awakened wider attention in after years. I have sometimes thought those were the very best sermons I ever heard from him.

"The new Bethel was dedicated 1833. It was my privilege to be chosen the first superintendent of the first Sunday-school here established. This important office I filled for five years; not only having charge of the school, into which the children of the seamen were gathered, but having also a separate religious service for the young, adapted to their wants. These duties brought me into long and intimate intercourse with Father Taylor. During this time I had ample opportunity of witnessing his devotedness to his great work.

"He lived like an apostle consecrated of Heaven to this high vocation. Laborious to the last degree, sparing himself in nothing, yet always fresh and genial in his feelings, and habitually making remarks worthy

to be treasured through life for their originality and wisdom. Often do I think of his friendly counsel as I entered upon my work full of hope and expectation. 'Carry not,' he said, 'the seed-basket and the sickle into the field together.' Do not anticipate too great results at once. Give the seed time to germinate. Spring and harvest cannot be crowded into one. Protect the bud from blight; the fruit will follow in God's good time. How beautifully was all this expressed in that one sentence, 'Carry not into the field together the seed-basket and the sickle!'

"Such was his style of conversation, and such his manner of preaching. His mind was full of imagery. Types, figures, and symbols came to him with prolific prodigality. There was a newness and richness in all he said. His remarks were a constant surprise. An auroral light played around his words. To him it was no effort to speak in similitudes and parables. There was a tropical luxuriance in the development of his thoughts.

"He was an artist, needing neither marble nor canvas: he painted with words. While he preached, the ocean rolled and sparkled, the ship spread her sails, the tempest lowered, the forked lightnings blazed, the vessel struck, her disjointed timbers floated upon the waves. It was all pictured to the eye as positive reality. You could hardly believe afterwards you had not actually witnessed the scene.

"He was a poet, even as the psalmists and the prophets were poets. The very soul of beauty lived in his thought. His expressions had at times an exquisite delicacy, and the felicity of his language was often very extraordinary.

"He was a man of penetrating insight, of quick and clear perception, of a strong reasoning faculty.

"He was unquestionably a man of genius, of marked originality, of spontaneous and creative energy. There was an individuality about whatever he did. He was in all things himself and not any one else. I am sure all who hear me would testify that in this community, and in this generation of living men, there has been but one Father Taylor.

"In several important particulars he resembled that great English divine, Jeremy Taylor. They had very many characteristics in common. The same abounding fancy and brilliant imagination. Similar acuteness of thought and quaint originality, united to a like fervent glow and natural eloquence. What the one found in books, the other found in life and in Nature. Our Father Taylor quoted no Hebrew or Greek; but he gave in the place of them what his eye had seen and his heart had felt. The pure gold coined from the mint of his own nature.

"But beyond all intellectual power was his ready sympathy, his broad catholicity, his unfailing love. As he might be called in very truth the John Bunyan of the pulpit, so he was himself the 'Mr. Great Heart,' of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"There was through his whole nature the most generous liberality of thought and feeling; firmly established in his own religious opinions, he was ready to grant the right of private judgment to others. He claimed no monopoly in Christian truth. He 'would not wear,' as he said, 'a straight jacket,' or 'Chinese shoes!' By education and conviction a Methodist, he was still more a Christian. No sect could put limits to his far-reaching affections. He was positive without narrowness, and zealous without bigotry. No element of cant mingled with any thing he said or did.

"Can any person wonder that such a man was attractive, and that his discourse should be electric? Is it any matter of surprise that men of the highest position and the rarest gifts gladly gathered around him, listening to his words with delight? Here in this church, where the poorest ever found a welcome, and where seamen from every clime were made to feel at home, here the most illustrious scholars, the most distinguished statesmen, the most eminent citizens, came. Strangers visiting the city from distant parts of the country, or from lands beyond the ocean, felt they had not seen the best thing to be found here, till they had seen and heard Father Taylor.

"But however eminent the strangers who came might be, they must be contented with side seats. The sailors must have the best places before the pulpit and through the body of the house. On one occasion, in denouncing luxury and vanity, he said, 'I do not mean you before me here,' looking at the sailors; 'you have sins enough of your own to account for, but I mean now to touch *starboard* and *larboard* there!' stretching out both hands, with the forefinger extended, and looking at those on each side till they quailed. The sailors knew that in him they had an unfailing friend. They flocked to him from every side, and when they went upon on distant voyages they carried with them the influences here gathered. It is doubtful if there is a port on the globe where some result from his labors has not been carried.

"Thirty years ago, when Richard H. Dana, jun., went his "two years before the mast" round Cape Horn to the then almost unknown western coast of this continent, along the Pacific shore, he says, 'Arriving at San Diego, one of their first inquiries was for Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston.'

"So deep and so wide, so abiding and so universal, was the influence of this devoted and gifted Christian.

"His labors on earth are over. Thousands among the living can testify to his fidelity. Thousands who were tried and tempted speak with ceaseless gratitude of rich consolations by him imparted, of timely rescue and guidance, while thousands who have gone bear witness in heaven to the efficacy of his ministrations.

"The vessel that ploughed the sea so bravely through many years has at length come to her desired haven. Landed in safety, he now walks through the city of the Great King. How joyful must have been his meeting with the companion who shared with him the joys and sorrows of his laborious years! What greetings there must have been from the many who had entered the kingdom through the gospel message he had imparted! In the presence of angels and archangels, of apostles and prophets, his voice now joins in the triumphant song of the redeemed."

Rev. Mark Trafton spoke feelingly: —

"There are no mourners here: tears there are, but tears of affection and gratitude; there may be regrets, but they are for ourselves.

"Do we mourn when the ship comes into port, her paint defaced by the beatings of a thousand billows, 'sails rent, seams opening wide, and compass lost,' if all the crew are safe?

"Do we mourn when the old hero returns from the war, with the scars of a hundred battles, if his honor is untarnished, and his courage unquestioned? Do we mourn when the ripe fruit falls from the tree, as when an untimely frost nips the early blossom? Nay, we give you joy! 'My father, my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' I wonder if he saw them, if the cloud which has so long settled down upon him was lifted a little in his last moments, so that he saw the messengers and the escort? But the battle is fought, and the victory won, and the old hero lies at rest.

"My acquaintance with Father Taylor has been long and intimate. In 1834, I came to Boston on a visit, and having heard so much of the famous sailor preacher, went to hear him. How it happened I cannot tell, but he took me into the pulpit. He was to preach a memorial sermon for one of the patrons of the Port Society; and his text was, 'Verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my sayings he shall never see death.

He described the closing scene in the life of Paul, carried him up into the third heavens, and entered him without a sight of death. But, after this sublime flight, the next thing was to bring the people down again. He suddenly paused, turned, and bent his full gaze on me to my great terror for a moment, it seemed to me an age, then quietly remarked, 'Brother, *may you have Paul's eyes!*' and then resumed his discourse. It was a gentle letting down from the great height to which he had lifted them.

"Father Taylor seemed to a stranger, at first, distant and repellant; but it was only seeming, — none had a warmer or more sympathetic heart. If he appeared to wear upon his brow the motto of the Scotch coat-of-arms, 'Touch me not,' it was only on the surface: within, all was sunlight and warmth. In his character there was an element of resistance, a pugnacious spirit, which always threw him on the defensive, and gave him the appearance of a man-of-war. Indeed, he was not a merchant ship, or pleasure yacht, painted in gay colors, and covered with flaunting streamers. No man was ever more fitly symbolized by a ship-of-war, with a heavy armament, shot in the locker, and full magazine; but let the chase throw out a friendly signal, and instantly the ports were closed, the battle signals hauled down, and you were at once taken into his cabin; and were you ever in a place so warm and cosey? His sympathies were wonderful. Who that has seen him at a funeral but can attest this: he literally wept with those who wept.

"His emotional nature was very powerful; his brain seemed always at a white heat; he constantly carried all the steam he could bear; and none can tell to what extent, and to what result, these tremendous forces would have driven him but for the grace of God, and that firm hand that was always upon him, his faithful wife, Mother Taylor, a name pronounced by the rough sailor with the greatest veneration. Indeed, the twain were one, and he is not to be estimated justly without his wife. Eve was not more certainly made for Adam than was Deborah Millett for Edward T. Taylor. His deference to her was wonderful as his love; her power over his excitable nature was immense, and much of his success was doubtless due to her wise counsels and faithful instruction.

"His love of Nature was a prominent trait in his character, and animal natures seemed to respond to his appeals. His beautiful doves, which found a secure home in the tower of his church, recognized in him a friend and provider. In the early morning, you might see them alighting on the sill of his window, pecking at the panes with their purple bills, as if

saying, 'Father, breakfast!' And then to see him standing bare-headed on the sidewalk, with a dish of grain in his hand, while a cloud of these beautiful creatures came swarming about him, lighting on his head, his shoulders, his hands, clamorous for their morning repast!

"Father Taylor's sermons were never written or reported, and yet they were published as no sermons ever were before. In the forecastle and on the deck of every ship that ever came into the port of Boston, his sermons, and Mother Taylor's exhortations, have been discussed and repeated. In his preparation, he never wrote a line. He has left not a scrap upon paper of all the beautiful things which fell from his lips: they are traditional only. But though he did not write, he thought out his discourses. Having his theme and text, he, with his cane in hand, starts out to walk, up to the Common, down about the wharfs, among the sailors and the ships, and, finding his illustrations and arguments, lays them away in their appropriate places until wanted. Stepping along behind him, you would hear him muttering to himself, arranging his general plan, to be filled up when the time came for its delivery. This was only casting the shell; the explosive matter not being put in until ready for the discharge. But though he did not write, he read voraciously, and luxuriated in the rare old works of Jeremy Taylor, Howe, Baxter, and South. His study was another 'old curiosity shop,' rich in its contents, but chaotic in disorder; but though the tools were in disorder, there were forged terrible bolts.

"His voyage is ended at last. But why this poor hulk should have been doomed to drift about so long after the commander had been relieved, the armament removed, and the light in the binnacle extinguished, is a sad mystery. It would be almost safe to conclude, that when the orders were issued from the department to put this old ship out of commission, and break her up, this last clause was lost from the original order, and so the hulk drifted around in an aimless and useless manner for long weeks and months. 'I am good for nothing,' murmured the old hero, a few days before his final release. How I wish that he could have gone down after one of his tremendous broadsides, shaking the ship from keelson to truck, every spar quivering, and her colors nailed to the mast! or that a spark might have reached the magazine, blowing her in a moment to invisible atoms! or that in one of his adventurous flights to the upper regions, in full career, 'putting spurs to lightning,' in his own startling phrase, he could have slipped in out of sight while we stood gazing after him, like the prophet of old.

"But it is all right: he drifted out on the first turn of the tide; thus

avoiding rocks and shoals, drifting, on a full tide, to the glorious hereafter.

'Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Dear spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath;
Soul to its home on high:
He who has seen thy smile in death
No more may fear to die.'"

While Mr. Trafton was speaking, an old Irish woman came in with her basket of oranges on her arm, in her poor, soiled dress, walked up the aisle, leaned over the coffin, gazed long and tenderly on the dead face, and then turned and went out, paying no attention to speaker or audience, all of whom were attent on her. It was characteristic of him; and it seemed as if he ought to have smiled and nodded responsive to the affectionate old orange-seller, as she thus carried out to the last the freedom that had marked the whole history of that house and its service.

He lay in his white dressing-gown, and on his cheek, as his wife had requested. Above him hung an anchor of fragrant flowers. The crowd gazed their last on his serene features, majestic in their last repose, all weariness and decay gone, and only his spiritual greatness floating around his countenance.

A long procession bore his body to Mount Hope Cemetery, on the southerly edge of the city, where he was laid by the side of his wife on Ocean Avenue, in a large enclosure belonging to the Port Society, with grand trees standing about, and a pretty lakelet

lying in a hollow among them. He had often said that he wished to be buried near or in the ocean. This prayer was answered, as the prophecy to Henry IV., that he was to die in Jerusalem, the chamber where he met his fate having been called by that name. So the ocean he desired to be buried in is found in this avenue, whose name bears that pleasant memory.

Two mounds covered with myrtle, with a neat headstone at each, and "Father Taylor," "Mother Taylor," upon them: these are the "long homes" of the faithful and famous man and woman. A gray granite monument, with pedestal and obelisk, erected by the liberality of the Port Society, stands before them, with an anchor and their names upon its opposite sides.

Here rest, in joyful hope of a glorious resurrection, the beloved forms of these two laborers in the Lord.

THE SOCIETY'S LOT, OCEAN AVENUE, MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY

Autumn, 1900.

XXIII.

THE EPITAPH.

Scatter Lilies from Full Hands. — Warm Words the Best Epitaph. — The Tribute of Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke. — His Benefit to the Unitarians. — Rev. Dr. Bellows. — "Logic on Fire." — A Tropical Soul and Faith. — The most Original Preacher. — An Incredible Myth. — Dr. Bartol's Gift. — "My Pulpit has no Doors." — No American a more Impressive or Unique Reputation. — He stands for the Sea. — Known where the United States is not. — Possessed with his Intuitions. — A Diamond Burning. — The Best Example of Genius. — "Accommodation a Part of Religion." — A Gem in every Phrase. — "Walked Large." — Did not like Spiritualism. "A Wilderness of Souls." — "I'll pick it up Next Sunday." — His Praise a Medal. — "You can't see him, he is behind his Master." — Courteous to Woman. — "I've Lost my Nominative Case, but I'm on my Way to Glory." — "Laugh till I get Back." — "Go tell your Grandmother that you have seen a Ghost." — "Original in Every Nerve." — Only Methodist Truth and Zeal. — "It would be Too Hot for you to hold." — "More Fuel for such a Fire." — William Broadhead's Word. — "A Heart like a Sunflower." — "There never was but one E. T. Taylor, and there never shall be another." — Rev. Mr. Dudley. — "Preaching in Glory." — Rev. Dr. Neale. — "A Perfect Original, like Melchisedek." — Rev. George S. Noyes. — Devotion to the Bible. — Interest in others' Preaching. — "Give it to them." — "You've got 'em." — Pantomime and Poetry. — Liberal over much. — Straightforward and Orthodox to his Sailors. — "Brings up Pearls sometimes, sometimes Mud." — "I'll make it up this Afternoon." — Beecher, Taylor Educated. — A Happy Christian. — "Not Two Inches off of Heaven." — A Laughing Christian. — "When you die, Angels will fight for the Honor of carrying you to Heaven on their Shoulders." — Forever with the Lord.

IT was a custom in ancient days, and is yet in some countries, to cast flowers on the beloved body as it paused on the threshold of the grave. There were

many full hands that hasted to scatter fragrant flowers on this beloved memory. From their choice words of friendship and praise we gather this contribution, — the best epitaph that can be placed on his monument.

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The master's requiem,"

save when the untutored words of loving hearts are heard. These are the truest requiem. His death brought forth a multitude of such. We have scattered along the previous pages some of these memorabilia. Others deserve record. The lodges to which he belonged certified to his virtues and their bereavement. His conference and preachers' meeting held special services, and wrought their grief into befitting phrase. Pulpits made him the subject of eulogy in Boston, Plymouth, New Bedford, and other cities. Descriptions of his oratory and gatherings of his sayings were scattered through all the leading journals of all denominations.

The chief of these were in his own church, and from among those who had aided him with their means, and with whom he had been so warmly identified in many good works, social and philanthropic. "The Methodist," "The Christian Advocate," "The Independent," "Zion's Herald," "The Christian Register," "The Liberal Christian," and contributions in "The Boston Transcript," made him the subject of extended eulogium, while other journals liberally quoted his traits and words.

Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke bore testimony in "The Christian Register," to his genius and to his influence upon his own denomination.

"To no one whom I have ever heard speak could that much-abused word 'eloquence' be so well applied. Few of our great speakers are eloquent. Orators are numerous; good thinkers are not few; but a truly eloquent man is one of the most uncommon of the creations of God. Such a man, however, was Father Taylor in his best days. He was filled 'with a surging, subterranean fire,' he was illuminated by an inflowing divine light. His speech was a pure cloth-of-gold. His words came, like airy and nimble servitors, from the ends of the earth. Each one was a figure in itself; each made a picture by itself. No one could ever remember them or report them, for all the common associations of language were absent: he seemed to create a new language for himself. Any report would be sure to drop out of each sentence some of those original untranslatable phrases which no other man had ever put together. With this was connected that magnificent picture-painting which brought up before us the stormy sea, the ship tossed on the great shattered waves, the men fighting like heroes in the darkness and tumult with these terrific forces of nature; for, in all his pictures of nature, humanity was also present, with its tenderness and its courage, its sin and shame and glory. He always reminded me of Jeremy Taylor, unlike as they were; for, though destitute of the culture and the gorgeous learning of that great master of rhetoric, he could paint just such pictures as recur in the sermons of Jeremy Taylor. And, had any one been able to report him, we should have had from *his* speeches also a collection of those

> 'Jewels, five words long,
> Which on the stretched fore-finger of old Time
> Sparkle forever.'

"I think that the extreme acuteness and penetration of his intellect was often veiled by his gorgeous and amazing rhetoric. We did not always notice how clear the thought was behind the language. He seemed to be wandering on amid a tropical wilderness of flowers, without rule or art, aim or purpose. But he was steadily pursuing an object all the time; and, when he had finished, he had directed the minds

of his audience exactly as he wished. I often noticed this in our Unitarian conference meetings, to which he constantly came. After others had spoken, Father Taylor would rise, and, without seeming to contradict any speaker, would quietly correct any divergence, supply any omissions, and guide the thought in the right direction. He had a fondness for Unitarians, of whom he once said, 'You Unitarians are an awfully honest people.' But he supplied our conferences with an infusion of hopefulness; he added to our preaching of the law and our stern sense of responsibility the joy of faith in a God of pardoning and redeeming love. Where our talk about duty, effort, struggle, abounded, there his faith in a divine grace did still more abound. Without a word of controversy or theology, he inspired the element which was most needed. He loved the sailors as a man loves his children or his wife. Once, when I went with him to Hingham, to attend some meeting, we were riding together, when he saw two ragged, forlorn-looking old men tottering along. He leaped from the carriage, crying out, 'There are two of my boys,' and directly was seen walking between them with his arms around their necks. Grand as was the wealth of his gorgeous imagination, the treasures of his heart were greater still."

Rev. Dr. Bellows, in "The Liberal Christian," painted a portrait with more fulness of pencilling. It is also noteworthy in his remarks, as in those just quoted, that he acknowledges the value of this servant of the Lord Jesus Christ to his own people, and especially his own preachers, in the fulness of experimental love and faith that glowed in his every word and tone, and that led all with whom he came in contact to glorify the grace of God in him.

"Thirty years ago, there was no pulpit in Boston around which the lovers of genius and eloquence gathered so often, or from such different quarters, as that in the Bethel at the remote North End, where Father Taylor preached. A square, firm-knit man, below the middle height, with sailor written in every look and motion; his face weather-beaten with outward and inward storms; pale, intense, nervous, with the most

extraordinary dramatic play of features; eyes on fire, often quenched in tears; mouth contending between laughter and sobs; brow wrinkled and working like a flapping foresail, — he gave forth those wholly exceptional utterances, half prose and half poetry, in which sense and rhapsody, piety and wit, imagination and humor, shrewdness and passion, were blended in something never heard before and certain never to be heard again. It is difficult to say how far the charm of his speech was due to his uneducated diction and a method that drew nothing from the schools. He broke in upon the prim propriety of an ethical era, and a formal style of preaching, with a passionate fervor that gave wholly new sensations to a generation that had successfully expelled all strong emotions from public speech. He roared like a lion, and cooed like a dove, and scolded and caressed, and brought forth laughter and tears. In truth, he was a dramatic genius, and equally great in the conception and the personation of his parts. With much original force of understanding, increased by contact with the rough world in many countries, he possessed an imagination which was almost Shakspearian in its vigor and flash. It quickened all the raw material of his mind into living things. His ideas came forth with hands and feet, and took hold of the earth and the heavens. He had a heart as tender as his mind was strong and his imagination Protean; and this gave such a sympathetic quality to his voice and his whole manner, that, more than any speaker of power we ever knew, he was the master of pathos. Who can forget how rough sailors, and beautiful and cultivated Boston girls, and men like Webster and Emerson, and shop-boys and Cambridge students, and Jenny Lind and Miss Bremer and Harriet Martineau, and everybody of taste or curiosity who visited Boston, were seen weeping together with Father Taylor, himself almost afloat again in his own tears as he described some tender incident in the forecastle, some sailor's death-bed, some recent shipwreck, or sent his life-boat to the rescue of some drowning soul?

"The Unitarian denomination owes Edward Taylor a more serious debt of gratitude than the romantic love which he had for it, and was always so brave and so full in avowing, has naturally called forth. He gave many of its young ministers their first lesson in natural eloquence. In him they felt what Demosthenes meant when he described eloquence as logic on fire. He made the gospel they had seen handled only with gloves quiver with the touch of the naked fingers. He brought back the passions, long banished from the pulpit, and made the truths of that Oriental religion which the chill of the Western reason commonly

blights and mutilates, or starves and bites down to the roots, take on their native proportions and colors and foliage in the warm climate of his tropical soul. How many men in our body gained their first emancipation from formalism and moralizing in hearing him! How many hearts first felt the power of the gospel as a religion of spiritual passion in his presence! It is a comfort now to think how well the Unitarians always loved him; how welcome we made him to our assemblies; how deeply we valued him; and how much he enjoyed our love! The Boston merchants of our faith looked well for forty years after his temporal support. Methodist as he was, nobody ever wished him any thing else. It was his charm to us that he brought his Methodist fervor and phraseology with him, and gave us a complete change of spiritual diet. But he was too large a Christian to be pent up in any denomination. He belonged to the Church universal by right of his apostolic simplicity, his utter devotion to human souls, his courageous plainness of dealing, his broad sympathies with goodness and with all truth, labelled or not, his hospitable nature and princely breadth of being! One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, and one touch of grace the whole Church one. And he had a thousand touches of nature and grace joined on somewhere to every thing and everybody. We honored and loved him, and it is a great pleasure to fling these few leaves upon his fresh grave. Unique, a man of genius, a great nature, a whole soul, wonderful in conversation, tremendous in off-hand speeches, greatest of all in the pulpit, he was, perhaps, the most original preacher, and one of the most effective pulpit and platform orators, America has produced. And, alas! nothing remains of him but his memory and his influence. He will be an incredible myth in another generation. Let those of us who knew him well keep his true image before us as long as we can."

We would fain believe he is not to so utterly and speedily evanish. His own words may save him from such a fate, though no record can re-animate that pulpit presence and platform power.

Chief, however, of the contributions from this source were the words of Rev. Dr. Bartol. More than any other of his school he had been in intimate relations

with his friend and "father." They had often eaten and drank, talked and travelled together. He had watched his genius in their conversational hours, had seen it glow with a brightness far above the brightest brightness of the sun at noon, had absorbed into his own spirit this rare affluence of a rare nature, and, out of the abundance of the heart, brought forth his inscription for his monument. His sermon had as its motto, 2 Kings ii. 12, "My father! my father!"

The following are its chief passages: —

"In the year 1833, with a fellow-student from the Divinity School in Cambridge, I walked to Boston to attend the dedication of the Seamen's Bethel. The instant the minister appeared in the pulpit, I felt he was such a man as I had never seen before. His omnipresent glance, taking in the whole assembly; his swift step, glowing look, voice strong and mellow as thunder or a breaking wave; his gesture lively and expressive as the elder Booth's, as he beckoned up into the open desk — saying, 'My pulpit has no doors' — such as could not find seats below, told me very plainly that no pompous ecclesiastic, droning parson, or straitlaced bigot was to discourse that day, and be primate and bishop of that establishment.

"Last Wednesday morning, at the age of seventy-seven, that human form, so long aflame with zeal at its busy, restless task, fell quietly into that sleep to which the sweetest slumber we know before is but uneasiness.

"Knowing and loving Father Taylor as I did, perhaps as well as any one did outside his immediate circle, my duty is my desire to speak of him. Yet I hardly dare, scarce have right, feel 'tis vain to try, that praise is disrespect: yet I must; for to few am I so in debt.

"No American citizen — Webster, Clay, Everett, Lincoln, Choate — has a reputation more impressive and unique. In the hall of memory his spiritual statue will have forever its own niche. What is his peculiar place? He belonged to no class. In any dogma he was neither leader nor led. He is the sailor's representative. Those were landsmen. He stands for the sea, the greatest delegate the ocean has sent upon the stage of any purely intellectual calling, at least in this part of the world; and his fame has been borne into thousands of ships, by almost millions of

mariners who have christened him Father, into every port and commercial city of the globe. The sailor says he has been in places where the United States had not been heard of, but not where Father Taylor had not; while the universal eagerness of all other classes to hear him has been scarce less than of the navigators, who make so great a division of our fellow-men.

"How account for this phenomenon? We had here a case of that authentic genius, whose office and warrant is to speak intelligibly to people of every sort, span every social gulf that yawns, and bring all that oppose or differ to be of one mind. I must risk the charge or suspicion of extravagance, and call him the only man of my acquaintance to whom the term genius absolutely belongs. I recognize in others perceptions as keen and clear, a glance deeper and stronger in some directions, a judgment more harmonious and broad. Some have held the telescope spiritual things are seen through with a steadier hand, have analyzed more closely, like the matter of the sun, the substances their mental spectroscope surveyed, and weighed more coolly and justly the relative value of diverse principles and thoughts. In many, imagination, that eye of the soul, has been as wide open; comparison to detect material and moral correspondences as thorough and exact; and combination of old elements into new ideas, or maxims to start from, even more masterly and pure, — he not being a philosopher of the patient and reflective school, to discover new planets in the inner firmament. But I have never in my life known one who was with his intuitions so possessed and carried away. It was mere insight with him; his vision was passion too. Like an engine, it made a train of his faculties, and swept his whole being on.

"'When he enters company,' it was said of one, 'he leaves the scholar behind: I see in his study he is a different man.' Mr. Taylor never left himself behind anywhere, but was himself everywhere. Like the creature Wordsworth describes, 'that moveth altogether if it move at all,' his casual talk was as good as his public performance. He put on no robe; he sang without any singing-garlands. Meet him at the corner of the street, he was just as eloquent and just the same as addressing a throng. He was natural; for Nature was too mighty in him that he should be aught but that. He carried his sublimity into his trivial conversation, and his homeliest humor into his gravest discourse. He would provoke irresistible laughter in a congregation, or wet your eyes with the way of his private greeting; put you in church with the little touching sermon of his grace at table, or make an April day of smiles and tears at his

evening vestry, or overcome you with his solemnity in your house: so that one said he was like a cannon, better on the Common than in a parlor. But that was a mistake. In your sitting-room he could be a flute; no maid more tender and soft. How often I have seen him, in the most accidental encounters, melt hard-faced persons with his pathos, or surprise the despondent into good cheer with before undreamed-of consolations!

"He was an improvisator, the finest specimen ever in this community. He was an extemporaneous speaker, more condensed, with more fiery combustion, and less watery dilution, than any beside I have known in that order. I have seen many a human diamond shining; in him was the diamond burning. So I set him down for my best example of genius, because his genius — as always, I suppose, happens where genius is supreme — was his master, used and ordered him round, and did its manifest purpose with him as its servant and apprentice for life.

"The spirit of this prophet was *not* 'subject to the prophet.' What distinguished his communication was, not only its brilliant orginality in the idiomatic raciness of the language, or the substance of what he would convey, but the marvellous suppleness of every fibre and organ to his conception, which made his whole body a tongue. . . .

"An actor he might himself have been, surpassed or equalled by none celebrated in his day. He did not believe in preaching from notes; and I have seen him take off a brother-clergyman confined to his notes, looking from his manuscript to his hearers, gazing one way, gesticulating another, his *tableau vivant* being good as a play, throwing into comic convulsions all who witnessed it. If he had read sometimes, he would have done better. Once, at my table, he impersonated an Oriental dervish, through all his spinning raptures, with an ease and perfection I cannot imagine Garrick or Kean could match, though we noticed after the inspired exhibition he seemed greatly fatigued.

"His style and accent, in the most ordinary proceeding, could not be withstood or forgot. 'Move a little,' he said, to some who took too much room in the crowded seat; 'accommodation is a part of religion;' and, as though his request conferred a privilege or a favor, they moved. But this acting was no illusion, or superficial trick, he practised on others; but his essence, perfect nature, and so perfect art. He could not, like the dramatic teacher Delsarte, have picked out the muscle to express heaven or hell. He knew not how he did it, more than you knew; but it was done, as Delsarte cannot do it.

"It was said of a great orator, he used to make a study of his motions

in a glass. But here was a face ignorant of mirrors Some inward sculptor had carved its thousand seams and wrinkles, which he could use by turns for the mouth for every emotion, to make you merry ; or, as was said of Mr. Choate, 'cant his countenance so as to fetch tears out of you in two minutes.' What was the secret, but a sympathy raised to the highest power, so as to exceed all we conceive under that name, so that he saw out of people, as well as into them? He put on their eyes for his eye-glasses, looked at the world as they did, and they found and felt him in them, at the core and centre.

"His distinction from other superior men was, there seemed nothing calculated or elaborate in his most wonderful display. His was not their slowly crystallized thought: it was not a gem or a flower, but a meteor and aerolite, a flash and a bolt. I heard Dr. Channing and him preach the same day: it was the difference between reflection and spontaniety. He preached as the birds sing: he could not help it any more. He was an actor who enacted not only law, or truth, but the beauty of God. Like the character in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' it mattered not what part he took, he could do all equally well.

"It was said of Prince Esterhazy, he was so gorgeously dressed he could not move but a pearl or a diamond fell. All his words gleamed as they dropped. The reason? Because a love, like Shakspeare's, for all humanity was at the bottom of his impersonations. His mountain stood on fire: it was a volcano. A Southern heart married a Northern brain at his birth.

"He entered into every nature he touched. The pigeons swarming round him, lighting on his head and hands from the dove-cot in North Square, only figured the more numerous human creatures that flocked to him for nobler food than grain of barley or wheat. Once, walking with him in the Public Garden, a little bird flew startled from its bush away. He stretched his hand after it, and spoke to it, saying, 'I would not squeeze or hurt you;' and I almost thought the bird would come. What was this sympathy, but the root of his liberality? He was a Methodist, but Methodism was neither his gaol nor goal. He was superior to sect, belonged to no party, but, like the Indian on the praire, said he *walked large*, — no man ever larger.

"He did not like what is called Spiritualism, perhaps could not do it justice, and told me several times with some complacency, as of an exorciser, 'The spirits never stay after I come; can't get them to do any thing; they are afraid, and run away as fast as they can go.' When the clergy of the Methodist circuit, in which he formerly had toiled so

terribly, were, at a meeting of the Unitarian Association, described as paid, though poorly, some two hundred dollars, all they were worth, who, that was present, but must remember how his battery blazed! 'All they are worth? I will put the humblest of them foot to foot, eye to eye, with any of you,' he cried, 'with a Bible in his hand and a wilderness of human souls before him, and see who will beat!' . . .

"There was something so inimitably quaint and grotesque at times in his repartees, you might have thought of Punch and Judy, or Harlequin, but you did not because of the earnest meaning he always conveyed. A young man, rather rationalistic in his views, who preached for him in the Bethel, having accidentally upset the Bible, and stooping to pick it up, 'Never mind,' said Taylor to him, 'I can put it up well and easy enough myself next Sunday!' In the vestry of this church, at a morning prayer-meeting, he, talking as a revivalist, and crying out, 'How long shall we compass this Jericho before the walls fall down?' I answered, 'Conversion cannot be completed on the spot; let us eat not mince-pie of praise, but humble-pie of repentance.' He, being displeased with my contradiction, left in haste, a little hurt, and hot. But the next time I overtook him in the street he threw his arms round me, gathered me to his bosom, and gave me the kiss of peace, as whenever and wherever we met, in the room or on the sidewalk, he always gave me that of love. Never was such a placable enthusiast, such a charitable devotee. There was room in his heart for all men, as well as God. He kept the second commandment, as well as the first. He would have been a fanatic, but that he could not help his love. I think he looked on Transcendentalism with a half-serious, half-humorous mistrust, as a curious compound of good and bad, to the last. 'It is like a gull,' he said to me, 'long wings, lean body, poor feathers, and miserable meat.'

"I can afford to quote the wit with which I do not quite agree. His condemnation was like a sentence of death; but though his rebuke was like a broadside from a frigate, or a lion's roar, deeper good-humor was his trait; seldom or never any thing bitter or biting in his speech. He was sorry to wound, but had no choice, could not help saying what he did: it came to him, and were sacrilege to reject it or withhold. 'Too far off,' I heard him bluntly say to a speaker in his conference: 'the King's business requires haste.' He named the talkers, one, 'Pure Hebrew;' another, 'North of Europe;' a third, 'Salvation set to Music.' His praise was like a medal, or badge, or the freedom of the city in a gold box, it had in it such solid value or precious stamp.

"At my house Dr. Channing inquired about a famous Methodist preacher then in town. 'Oh, I should like to see him!' added Dr Lowell. 'You can't see him,' Taylor immediately answered: 'he is behind his Master!' Could Shakspeare do better? He would have been a sort of spiritual glue, a mere sympathy, but for the military hand ready to throw the gantlet: so that we must be thankful for the iron resistance in him that prevented mental dissipation, else I know not where he would have gone, or what become of him. His exceeding, immeasurable tenderness, combined with his purity of heart — the eye in him to see God — to make him at once so cordial and courteous to women. Affection for them was a great deep in him, surging like his beloved sea. But never billow lapped the beach more softly than his untaught delicacy treated the other sex. He was demonstrative; but his demonstration was a drop to the heaving gulf behind. His manners were royal, king that he was. I have seen him touch his heart, head, and lips with his hand in such a style it seemed a salutation too much for me, but meant for and worthy of the universe. This marvellous force, like the demon of Socrates, that seized and wrought through him, not being always present, but like a detached locomotive, explains his occasional failures and flounderings to the disappointment of strangers, and friends who hung their head. Once, in his confusion, he said, 'I have lost my nominative case, but I am on the way to glory.'

"He was a great observer, a continual muser. When the woman fore-ordained from all eternity to be his wife, who also called him not husband only, but father, asked him why he went round, muttering so to himself. 'Because,' was his loving retort, 'I always like to talk to a sensible man.'

"His tenets were but shrouds to the ship, that he might better spread to the wind of the Spirit every sail. Disappointment, deciding to appeal to God, is one condition of surpassing mind or character. God, like man, taxes us on the amount of our property. Yet he was a blessed man; said he never had an unhappy day; and found in Boston the crown of his joy. How dear to him the 'Port Society'!

"'Laugh till I get back!' I remember as one of his farewells: 'till *we* get back,' we might now say. He hated gloom, and told me of a dismal theologian, that he seemed to have killed some one, and wanted him to go help bury the body.

"He had a sentiment for the little fish he caught and threw back into the sea, saying, 'There, little one, go tell your grandmother that you have seen a ghost!' The chaise he once owned was always full of

ragged children; so that he could not take his own family to ride. I wish he had owned it always.

"He was no borrower or quoter, but original in every nerve. In all his soaring was common sense, — weight, not of a sparrow, but an eagle. His fervor had a natural, real tone: all affectation he despised. In the noble Methodist, no jot of Methodist cant, but only Methodist truth and zeal. Methodist let him be: I claim him only as a universal man. The seven-year old girl knew his temper, that knelt and prayed for him on his bier, saying to those who would understand her act, 'He was *my* friend.'

"His last audible prayer was, 'Lord, what am I here for? What am I doing here? I'm no use to anybody. The love my friends have for me will soon be lost. The love I have for my friends will soon be gone. Now, Lord, some morning suddenly snatch me to thyself.'

"The Lord heard, the Lord did, last Wednesday morning, very early. The sailor went out, as a sailor would, with the ebb-tide, just at its turn. It was flood-tide somewhere! That death was a great birth! Such a soul is to us and itself, beyond miracle or prophecy, the best proof of immortality. A brother once asked him for a subject. 'It would be too hot for you to hold,' he said. 'Tis marvellous such a flame burnt so long; and now the fire has not gone out, but the mortal fuel. There must be more fuel — must there not? — for such a fire."

Warmer yet, because not written in the public eye, is this word from the longest and most intimate of his Bethel friends, Mr. William Broadhead: —

"We walked and rode and fished together, wept and prayed, sang and laughed together, and I knew him as few knew, — even his interior life; for we were one. He was one of those great natures which are seldom found; of a warm, ardent temperament, full of sympathy and love, strong in his attachments, quick and impulsive, full of mirthfulness, wit, and humor; his heart, as he used to say about some of the good men of Boston, 'was open like a sunflower' He drew all men to him. Some of my brightest, happiest, best days were passed in his company. I have heard him preach for years, in the full strength of his manhood, to crowded houses, with such pathos and power as few men possess.

"Many an evening I have passed with him in his study reading to him till a late hour; and on one occasion, when he had been exceedingly

striking in his ways and words, I said, 'You are a strange mortal.' — 'Well,' said he, 'I have made up my mind, there never was but one E. T. Taylor, and, so far as I have any thing to do with it, there never shall be another.'"

Rev. Mr. Dudley of Milwaukee sent this goodly word: —

"MILWAUKEE, April 8, 1871.

"MY DEAR MRS. BRIGHAM, — We have just learned from the papers that your grand, venerable father has passed on. The hero of many battles, always victor; the weather-beaten god of many storms, never stranded; the anointed king of thousands of loving hearts, — he has anchored at last in sunny seas, and wears the crown inside the veil. Father Taylor in heaven.

"We are all voyagers. Sometimes, in the great watches, we can catch the undertow of billow and storm, and we think it a good time to catch the key-note of the great rhythmic score writ in life and death; sometimes, when the lull comes, we catch a ravishing strain or cadence intoned from the music beyond the sea. Then two worlds chord, and all things begin to be ours. Mother passed on, father passed on; altogether there, yet more than ever here. Think of your father preaching in glory! Think of the multitudes there, and of the multitudes that will roll up to greet and to listen!"

Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale, his very true friend and neighbor, adds his contribution: —

"I am happy to hear that a memoir is to be published of the excellent Father Taylor. I have known the good man for many years, and only to respect and love him. His character, like his physical features, was uncommonly marked and obvious. Whoever had seen him once would know him ever afterwards; his look, his walk, his laugh, every thing about him, was peculiar. His preaching, and even his religion, were emphatically his own. He was indeed a noble man, and a priest of the Most High God, but a perfect original, like Melchisedek, without father and without mother, without beginning of years or end of days; and then he was so genial, that, however open to censure, it was impossible not to like him. His pulpit oratory conformed to no rules, and his theology, I should judge, to no creed. Yet he preached, as we all know,

with unsurpassed impressiveness; and those who have known him longest and most intimately will, I am sure, bear unhesitating testimony to his Christian spirit. He was full of youthful enthusiasm, and a remarkably good hearer. It was good to see his kindly smile and approving nod when listening to the efforts of others. A good sentiment he enjoyed with a keen relish by whomsoever expressed. I have often noticed him in the public assembly, bowing and smiling, and saying, 'That's so,' in such a way as greatly to encourage and inspire the speaker. I do not believe he ever tried to be odd, for he was always honest and perfectly natural; but he could not help being eccentric. I once heard him preach on the world, the flesh, and the Devil. His plan was what ministers call textual. After dwelling at length and with much earnestness on the first two divisions of his subject, he continued by saying, 'Having touched sufficiently, brethren, on the world and the flesh, I now pass on to the Devil.'

"Many laughable anecdotes are told of him, some true, and some probably fictitious; but, having been near him in the ministry so many years, my memories of him have reference to his personal friendship and character. He met me with kindness in my youth, and was affectionate and confiding to the last. He never spoke or seemed to care about denominational differences; but his heart was always full and overflowing with love to God, and love to man, like the Saviour he adored."

Rev. Mr. Noyes, his successor, and a son whom he truly loved in the gospel, pronounced a eulogy on him the Sunday after his burial, in which he glanced at his character and career. He then properly depicted his debt to grace, devotion to the Bible and the Church, detestation of the Devil, and other noticeable traits.

"Nature did much for him, but grace more. It brought him out, and made him shine with a lustre which no mere earthly brightness could rival.

"It gave him home, friends, position, power, and intimate communion with Him whose mighty arm was his reliance, and whose inspiration carried him out of and beyond himself; revealing to him things unutterable to ordinary mortals.

"Next to his conversion, his veneration for the Bible largely contributed to his greatness. Father Taylor was anchored to the Bible; and *his anchor never dragged.*

"You have heard him, in strains impassioned, graphically portray its excellencies; you have seen him press it to his bosom with affection glowing in every lineament of his speaking countenance; you have heard him, with biting sarcasm, satirize, as only Father Taylor could do, the paltry efforts of its defamers to destroy its power.

"He prized the Bible; he loved it; he venerated it. To him it was indeed a book most sacred. As to creeds, and forms of faith, though, in the fundamentals, true to his church, yet he was not at all rigid, and sometimes even questioned as to their force and foundation.

"But the Bible, the old chart, and its claim upon us as to faith and conduct as a divinely-given revelation of God's will to man, he never for a moment questioned. It was to him the voice of God speaking by prophets and apostles; and upon it he built his hopes for time and eternity.

"He loved the gospel when preached in its purity and power. A better, more interested, more appreciative, more flattering listener to preaching, I have never known, nor could I wish. As I have known him, it scarcely seems possible that he ever sat as critic upon the gospel. He was sometimes severe upon the opinions of men as expressed in the pulpit, and was occasionally rather caustic upon the manner of speakers in the pulpit; but when the pure, fresh gospel was presented, he fed upon it, and was delighted with it. His earnest 'That's it,' 'Now you've got them,' 'Give it to them;' his rapid changes of expression as he followed the discourse, and sympathized therewith; and his affectionate 'Well done, my child: God bless you!'—rendered him a very interesting and pleasing companion in the pulpit. Sometimes his ludicrous expressions were rather a severe draft upon self-possession, as with a single significant remark he would lay out the imaginary antagonists of the speaker.

"His antagonism to the Devil,—for, though he did not believe *in* the Devil, he fully believed *about* him,—his hatred of sin, his love for God's Word, his attachment to Christ and devotion to his cause, his admiration for purity, his marked respect for the true Christian soldier, his regard for the Church, and his living faith in the resurrection and final triumph of the Christian over death, hell, and the grave, were always apparent.

"The glorious gospel he had so long and so eloquently preached, he loved to hear; and he received it with gladness of heart.

"The great theme of his meditations and his conversations was salvation through faith in Christ. Upon this he could be aroused when no other subject could recall to consciousness; nor did he ever appear wearied therewith.

"His fellowship with Christ and his Church was significantly indicated by his frequent exclamation of 'The Lord Jesus and the brethren! With them in his days of activity, he was with them still, and hoped to live and reign with them forever."

Well did he conclude his eulogium with a prophecy that is history written beforehand.

"Brethren, he told us often, and with emphasis, that he was not going to die. Nor has he died. Driven by a superior force from the field where he has waged glorious war with sin and Satan, he has only retired to await the final overthrow of the enemy. And when the last enemy shall have bit the dust, and the victims of his merciless reign shall come forth to life and beauty, we shall again see the loved form of Father Taylor, with a glow of holy triumph suffusing his transfigured countenance, as with majestic tread, with his loved consort by his side, at the head of a little multitude of his redeemed sailor-boys, take position among the glorified, and, with shout and song, enter the gates of the celestial city."

But few words are necessary to complete this epitaph.

A medium form was his; wiry, supple, slightly stooping, increasingly so in later years, with a gait half-shambling, half-floating, like a ship in shallow water, gliding and scraping along. A cane had been in his hand so long, that it had seemed a part of himself; and glasses stood on or above his eyes for a like period, and with a like effect. The face was as full of wrinkles as the sea; so that Tennyson might have gathered his simile from this sailor's face, as described

to him by some Boston or London admirer, when he said of the eagle, —

> "The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;"

save that these wrinkles were full of mirth; so that Homer's epithet was more truly his, — "The laughing sea;" * a youthful sight, the Grecian's blinded eyes never forgot. Those eyes planted above that wrinkled sea of cheek and chin might not inaptly typify the eagle itself; save that the corrugated forehead surpassed all the rest of the face in the multitude and vivacity of these waves of the soul. These burning orbs

> "Pried through the portage of the head
> Like the brass cannon."

How they darted their lightnings, playful and harmless, yet seemingly most deadly! They were like Emerson's eyes of Cupid: —

> "Undaunted are their courages,
> Right Cossacks in their forages;
> Fleeter they than any creature;
> They are his steeds, and not his feature;
> Inquisitive and fierce and fasting,
> Restless, predatory, hasting.
> And they pounce on other eyes
> As lions on their prey;
> And round their circles is writ,
> Plainer than the day,
> Underneath, within, above,
> Love, love, love, love!"

* "Οἰδμα θαλάσσης ἐγέλασσε." Æschylus puts this even more happily: "κυματων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα," "the innumerable smiles of the waves."

The soul of love leaped from their black abysses, never vengeful, often indignant, always affectionate.

His sermons were not orderly affairs, as some men count order. A text is read, and he is off in a twinkling. Like Wordsworth in "Peter Bell," he leaps into his balloon, and is up and away above moon and stars. The text suggests something, that something else, and they something more; and so, by geometric progression, he is instantly in a sea of fancies, a sea of glass mingled with fire, of crystal thoughts, and burning passion. Tears flow, and smiles. The audience responds in tears and laughter. Hits at current follies, blows at orthodoxy and heterodoxy, strikings out from both shoulders at once, passionate entreaty, magnificent description. Every sail spread, every inch of steam on, he ploughs through the sea, dashing the spray over you, and comes at last careering into port, gently and sweetly as a June sunset.

It has been thought that the great defect of his life was not to have stenographic reports of his sermons. But what reports could give them? They were not connected, dry, homiletical affairs. They were not spoken entirely. They were pantomimic. Gough is the nearest approach to him in speaking with his coat-tails; but Gough is not original in wit and thought. He is an actor, not a poet. Father Taylor was both. So, with his face and finger and voice and posture preaching with especial unction, the fancy and humor that streamed from his tongue floated on a river of co-ordinate thought which could not be translated into types. He never wrote a sermon, not

a skeleton, hardly a text. It was not easy for him to write. His hand would swell if he put it long to paper. He could not bind his free nature to such a restraint.

He was a man of a jovial irascibility. His love was of the torrid type; and, like that, bred storms with exceeding suddenness and fury, but also of exceeding brevity. He was a laughing Jupiter, hurling mocking thunderbolts of wrath and love.

He was liberal to a fault. His heart overflowed his brain, and prevented sometimes just judgments of the truth. He was broader than the broadest, without metes or bounds. No radical could keep step with his stride then. He would shake off all bands of opinion, like a horse freed from his harness, and run about the field of theology in the wildest spirit of dogmatic fun. Every attempt to catch him and harness him to a creed would only provoke a snort and a flourish of heels; and away he would fly to the remotest corner of the orthodox pasture, nay, far over into the herbageless commons of heterodoxy. Coming at last to his cooler moods, and getting relieved of these superfluous spirits, he would gladly put on the harness of the Cross, and preach the great central gospel truths with such pungency and power as would draw all hearers to Christ; for he was a very successful revivalist. His earlier days were full of these rewards and proofs of his ministry. His labors with the sailors were always straightforward, orthodox, and effectual. The terrors of the law had no more faithful preacher. The need of repentance, and faith in

the Lord Jesus Christ, was pressed upon them with every talent at his command.*

* Both his faith and catholicity were happily shown in an ingenious certificate of membership, which was lithographed, and given to the church-members as they sailed. It was made like a compass, circular, with mottoes running round, the letters growing finer as the circles grew smaller. In an open circular space in the centre stood a cross also made up of mottoes. The sentences and the central cross were as follows: —

This certifies, that is a member of the Mariner's Church, in Boston, Massachusetts, and is hereby recommended to any branch of the Christian Church in the four quarters of the globe.

EDWARD T. TAYLOR, *Pastor.*

Whosoever doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven,
The same is my brother and sister and mother;
For we being many are one bread, and one body,
For we are all partakers of that one bread.
One is our Master, even Christ Jesus,
And all true Christians are our brethren.
We have no artificial national meridians;
We have no sectarian lines of latitude:
The Saviour is our safe Navigator,
And our altar a penitent heart.
Truth is our meridian and equator:
The Bible is our compass and chart.
Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain.
Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.
Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
Thou shalt not worship images.
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Thou shalt not steal.
Honor thy father and thy mother.
Thou shalt not kill.
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
And thy neighbor as thyself.
Thou shalt not bear false witness.
Thou shalt not covet.
We have all sinned, and
Come short of the glory of God.
For by the deeds of the law
Shall no flesh be justified.
Having therefore, brethren, boldness
To enter into the holiest
By a new and living way,
Let us draw near with a true heart,

He was unequal. All men of genius are, therein differing from other men in one particular only: the latter never, like the former, soaring, though they both may sink to a like depth. "Sometimes," said Mrs. Taylor, "when he dives, he brings up pearls, sometimes mud." Yet even the mud was pearline. There was a gleam in his feeblest words of "the light that never was on sea or land." He never sank so low, but that he carried his wit with him. The smile, the illuminated wrinkles, the contortions of expression, mirthful if wrathful, themselves were humorous, while the word fitted itself to this clothing of expression, and was translated out of its orderly into a more orderly shape for genius and wit to work in. Thus when the audience gathered to hear him begin to scatter as they saw the grave face of a

---

Let us come to the altar, and
Worship in the beauty of holiness,
With repentance towards God,
And faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sailors here by land and sea
Bend the penitential knee,
Here in flames of incense rise
Prayer and praises to the skies,
With one accord,
Unto the Lord
I E H O V A H.
To Him all praise
Devoutly raise,
Through the blessed Saviour's name,
By whom our salvation came,
HALLELUJAH! PRAISE BE GIVEN
TO THE GLORIOUS GOD OF HEAVEN.

Through the lines separating the compass into four quadrants runs this sentence: "Many shall come from the E.[ast], and from the North, and from the West, and from the South."

neighboring preacher in the pulpit, Father Taylor holds them by his glittering eye and more glittering tongue, as, half rebukingly of both them and the minister, he says, "Hold on there! Listen to the good preacher, and I'll make it all up in the afternoon." He made it up then, and his hearers rested content with his promise already fulfilled.

These gifts did not always give thought; and a rattling of bright jokes is as powerless as the crackling of thorns under a pot, unless solid opinion and purpose go with it. This liberty he did not always have; and therefore under the strain put on a minister, and especially a popular minister, to do his best every time he speaks, he of course sometimes broke down. This variation, or eccentricity, of his orbit was increased somewhat by his lack of early and systematic training. One of his most intimate associates for years, residing afterwards in Brooklyn, and attending on Henry Ward Beecher's preaching, said, "I hear Father Taylor every Sunday, educated." This smoothing of rough points and command of cultured phrases, the air of the schools, indescribable, but ever felt and potent, kept the one genius from as evident barrenness in his unfruitful moments as the other.

But the spurts of wit and imagination may for the same cause never shoot so high in the trained as in the untrained. The very necessity laid upon the latter of relying on his own resources gives a power to his spring in these exigencies of debate or discourse which better-prepared natures do not feel. We only

put forth our powers according to the demands of the hour. If a penny buys what we want, we do not give a guinea. So the demands are greater upon untutored than developed genius, and its consequent outburst grander.

His life was a steadfast, honest, sturdy work. His imagination was a sabre-stroke, his vehement desire a cavalry charge, but not for field-days, but for war. He never faltered in his aim and effort. The fires kindled at the Bromfield-street altar in his youthful breast burned unto the end. His first known words were in prayer and praise; his last, in praise and prayer.

Such steadfast aim is a sign of a steadfast nature, and proves that all his gifts were only tributaries to his real being. The imagination all compact, which made Emerson truly say that Daniel Webster and Father Taylor were the two greatest poets in the United States; an intuition as swift and relentless as a star-beam; a flow of affection that rose, like the Deluge, fifteen cubits higher than the highest peak in the nature he loved, — these were but parts of his ways, instruments of his soul, which employed them all in her daily, sacred, solid work for God.

In him was Rabbi Ben Ezra's prayer beautifully fulfilled, —

> "But I need now as then
> Thee, God, who mouldest men;
> And since, not even while the whirl was worst,

Did I — to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

"So take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim.
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same."

Father Taylor was a happy Christian. "I'm not two inches off of heaven!" he exclaimed in a burst of boyish enthusiasm at an early class-meeting. He rarely ever got farther off than that. His moods of spirit varied; his faith was a fixed star. He lived in joyful hope of a glorious immortality. Of the old fashion of his Church, of the oldest fashion of the true Church, he exulted in the God and Rock of his salvation. David did not even delight more in hallelujahs, nor Isaiah in hyms of triumph. His "two inches off" became an unobservable hair; nay, he broke over the line, and revelled often in the upper glories. A sour Christian was rebuked by his cheerfulness, a dull one stirred by his enthusiasm, a half-one convinced of his lack by his fulness. He was what one of our shrewdest humorists calls the highest type of a man, — "a laughing Christian." It was an easy matter for him to die cheerfully. He had lived thus. He went naturally from the pleasant company of earth to the pleasanter company of heaven; from the folks here that are angels to "the angels" there who "are folks."

Many men of power will arise to bless the Church, but no one will soon appear of rarer genius than this polished gentleman, this warm-hearted brother, this brilliant wit, this most sympathizing nature. How often were his arms thrown about those he loved! How often did his kiss seal his embrace! Rarely before, in a large congregation, was the kiss printed by men and women, not relatives, upon the marble dead. Yet it seemed most natural and even necessary there. All were his kindred. He was father to the multitude. They could not let him go without his blessing. Everybody that knew him said, "My father!"

He once, in his high fancy, gave this grand compliment to Channing, "When you die, angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders." So may it be said of him! What must have been the pleasurable strife among his old tried associates for that holy honor! If his funeral was a festival, what must his heavenly admittance have been! Those whom he had loved and served so many years; those over whose couches he had wept, and over whose coffins rejoiced in tears; his sailors, rescued to God by this skilful fisher of men, who had gone up from wind and storm, in harbor and on the deep; his fathers and brothers in the ministry and membership, with whom he had toiled and triumphed in so many fields of earlier and later conflict for Christ; Hedding, his own spiritual father, who had begotten him in the gospel; Pickering, his wise helper; Binney, his liberal patron; a multitude of smiling faces

and shouting lips, that filled the upper heavens with hallelujahs over his ultimate and eternal re-union; philanthropists, who had seen Christ in the forecastle, and had sacrificed rest and luxury joyfully for His deliverance; his babes, and his companion, smiling, calm, and tender, her deep eyes fixed on his in perfect oneness of soul with soul, — all these fancied but more than probable salutations, lost in the sight of the Lamb in the midst of the throne, who had redeemed him to Himself by His own precious blood, and made him a king and priest, on earth and in heaven: that sight blots all other radiance, and he sinks adoringly at His holy feet.

We leave him there, out of sight to us, in the sight of Christ, his Lord and his God, whose he is, and who is his forever and forever!

THE BOSTON PORT AND SEAMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society was incorporated in 1867, by an act of the legislature which united the two societies then known as the Managers of the Port Society of the City of Boston and its Vicinity and the Seamen's Aid Society.

The older of these constituent societies had its beginning in the month of November, 1828, when a few members of the Methodist Episcopal Church met together in Boston, and formed themselves into a society "for the moral and religious instruction of seamen." This society they called the Port Society of the City of Boston and its Vicinity. In February, 1829, its managers, fifteen in number, chosen from the society at large, were incorporated by an act of the legislature.

Rev. Edward Thompson Taylor, afterwards widely known as Father Taylor, having been a common sailor on a Spanish sloop of war, and also on a privateer against the British in 1812, became interested, on his conversion, in the religious welfare of sailors; and it was to enable him to preach and work among seamen that the Port Society was established.

Quoting from the earliest publication of the Society: —

The object of the Boston Port Society was the *moral and religious instruction of seamen.* As to the kind of instruction to be given, and the person whose duty it should be to impart it, the founders of this Society held opinions which deserve to be stated. They believed that the only instruction efficient to do good to seamen was one into which no system of creeds, no confessions of doctrine, and no formularies of faith found entrance.

With sectarianism, accordingly, its form, features, or bearing, open or disguised, they had nothing to do; and the Society's corner-stone, as originally laid by them, now rests upon a foundation as enlarged, as liberal, and as comprehensive as the great purpose which the Society is designed to accomplish.

One of the By-laws adopted at the very outset provided that the Society should never directly or indirectly, in its object, influence, or tendencies, have in any degree a sectarian character; and it was this policy, and Father Taylor's faithful adherence to it, that saved the Society at its most critical period. The annual contributions, for current expenses, in the city of Boston, fell off from three hundred dollars, during the first year of its existence, to forty-four dollars for the fourth year. Father Taylor had made a trip to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and the larger cities on the Hudson, soliciting funds for the

work, but the debt for current expenses, which was over a thousand dollars a year, continued to increase; and it was clear that the work must cease, or an appeal must be made to the merchants of Boston for its support. The latter course was decided upon, and a public meeting was held in the meeting-house of Rev. Dr. Channing. As a result of that meeting, Hon. William Sullivan and Judge J. G. Rogers having vouched for the non-sectarian character of the work, a committee of merchants was appointed to make an appeal for funds. The committee consisted of William Sturgis, William Sullivan, Abbott Lawrence, Nathaniel Curtis, Thomas Lamb, Frances O. Watts, and N. A. Barrett.

A liberal response was made to the appeal of the committee; and over $20,000 was received, which was expended for land and in the erection of a House of Worship in North Square.

The second printed report of the Society was issued four years after the first, in 1836, and was a much more hopeful document than its predecessor. It is interesting to note the "institutions" mentioned as having been organized in connection with the work of the Port Society, namely: —

1. The Seamen's Bethel.
2. The Bethel Reading-room.
3. The Bethel Union.
4. The Bethel Temperance Society.
5. The Bethel Nautical School.
6. The Seamen's Aid Society.
7. The Savings Bank for Seamen.

The last-named institution is the well-known Suffolk Savings Bank for Seamen and Others, founded under the joint auspices of the Boston Port Society and the Seamen's Friend Society in 1833, and whose treasurer, — for the last forty-three years, — Charles Henry Parker, has been the treasurer of the Port Society, and its successor, for more than fifty years. *Serus in coelum redeat.*

The work of the Port Society was, however, mainly religious, the special feature of which was the preaching of Father Taylor, whose originality and power attracted all classes; and the Bethel, with a seating capacity of some five hundred, was too small to accommodate the congregations.

The Society was not unmindful of problems which are still under discussion, and are still unsolved. The annual report of sixty years ago lamented "the deterioration of the sailor class, from the operation of causes which Bethels and religious societies may mitigate, but which they cannot remove"; and it enumerated as such causes the great increase in the number of foreign over American seamen, the system of shipping crews by collusion of landlords and shipping masters, and, finally, the "detestable landlord and boarding-house system."

Father Taylor felt very early in his ministry that his efforts were, to a great extent, counteracted by the paralyzing effects of rum-selling boarding-houses; and he finally started a sailor boarding-house in Ann Street, unaided by others, in order to furnish better

ROOM FOR A CREW. (Seven Beds.)
Mariners' House.

surroundings for sailors whom he was beginning to interest in morality and religion.

Fortunately, he was able to secure the co-operation of the ladies of the Seamen's Aid Society in his project; and that was the beginning of what has gradually developed into the present Mariners' House.

After the experiment had been fully tried, the Port Society undertook the establishment of a temperance boarding-house, or sailors' home, as an essential agency in the moral and religious improvement of seamen.

An appeal was again made to the merchants of Boston for assistance; and the response was so generous that land was bought in North Square and a building erected, at a total cost of about $40,000, and its management was placed in the hands of the Seamen's Aid Society.

The Seamen's Aid Society, already several times referred to, was formed in 1833, exclusively of women, to assist Father Taylor's wife, in his absence, in relief of the poor, or, as stated in its Constitution: —

1. To assist in relieving the sick and disabled seamen and their suffering families.

2. To afford aid and encouragement to the poor and industrious females belonging to the families of seamen.

3. To co-operate in the exertions of the Boston Port Society for promoting the education of seamen's children.

The Aid Society at once opened a clothing store in

connection with the Bethel, and furnished work to the families of sailors; and the garments made up by the poor women were sold to sailors or given away, as occasion required. This charity was carried on successfully, and a few years later the Aid Society was operating two clothing stores. As has been stated before, the members of the Aid Society took an early interest in Father Taylor's sailor boarding-house, and finally assumed the active management of it. They were then carrying on two clothing stores and a boarding-house, and for business reasons they became incorporated in 1846. After the Port Society had completed the Mariners' House in North Square, the Seamen's Aid Society hired the whole building for $1,500 a year, moved their clothing store into it, and used the rest of it for a sailors' home. The Port Society used the rent toward the support of the Bethel work. The two societies co-operated in this way until 1867, when it seemed wise to have all the departments of work under one management; and the two societies were incorporated as one, under the present name, the Managers of the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society. The managers of the Port Society were men, fifteen in number; and the managers of the Aid Society were women, nine in number. The new charter, therefore, limited the number of managers to twenty-five, of whom not less than seven should be women. It will be noticed that the new charter authorized John Albion Andrew, one of the incorporators, to call the first meeting of the new

THE MANAGERS' ROOM IN THE MARINERS' HOUSE, 1904.

society. He had been one of the managers, and recording secretary of the Port Society for twenty-one years, including the time when he was "War Governor"; and he had written twenty-one annual reports for the Society, which were as carefully written as were his State Papers. His death occurred in October, 1867, just six months after the first meeting under the new charter.

Father Taylor had been in failing health for some time, and an assistant was chosen to labor with him in the spring of 1867. At the following annual meeting Father Taylor felt obliged to withdraw entirely from the work, having served fully forty years, including the few months' preliminary work before the original incorporation.

Services continued to be held in the Bethel for sixteen years after Father Taylor's resignation, when it became necessary either to expend a large amount of money in repairs or to give up the use of the building.

It was found after Father Taylor's death that the Bethel, which had been too small to accommodate those who came to hear Father Taylor, was altogether too large for those who came to hear the Gospel preached. Besides, the population had greatly shifted, and the Bethel had come to be in the centre of the Italian quarter, whose denizens did not care for Protestant ministrations. After long and careful investigation it was decided to be unwise to repair and continue the establishment at an expense altogether

disproportionate to the number who would be benefited by it. The Chapel in the Mariners' House, on the opposite side of the Square, was sufficiently large for all religious services; and it was therefore renovated, adapted for preaching services, and used in place of the Bethel, which was sold in 1884.

The Mariners' House, several times enlarged, steam-heated, with its Reading-room and Chapel, its lectures and entertainments, its cleanliness and quiet, and, above all, the refining influence of the families of the Superintendent and Pastor, has more than justified the expectations of its founders and supporters, as a great moral agency, and has come to be the Society's centre of operations.

JOHN ALVIN BENNETT,

January, 1896. *Recording Secretary.*

THE CHAPEL IN THE MARINERS' HOUSE, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN.

AN ACT

To incorporate the Managers of the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society, and to unite the Corporations called the Managers of the Port Society of the City of Boston and its Vicinity and the Seamen's Aid Society.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

SECTION 1.—Albert Fearing, John A. Andrew, Charles Henry Parker, Benjamin Thaxter, Nathaniel A. Barrett, William Perkins, James M. Barnard, William G. Weld, Henry Pigeon, William Rogers, Edward T. Taylor, Catherine C. Fearing, Deborah Taylor, Abby Rhoades, Ann E. Coffin, Nancy Fairbanks, Helen E. Tracy, Deborah Brigham, and Margaret Fiske, their associates and successors, are hereby made a Corporation, by the name of the Managers of the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society, with power to hold real and personal estate to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of improving the moral, religious, and general condition

of seamen and their families, in Boston and its vicinity; of relieving sick and disabled seamen and their families; of affording aid and encouragement to poor and industrious seamen, and promoting the education of seamen's children; and the said Corporation may appoint all such officers as may be convenient for the management of their affairs, and may fix their compensation and define their duties and obligations, and may make and adopt such by-laws and regulations as may be necessary for the government of the said Corporation, not repugnant to the laws and constitution of this Commonwealth.

SECT. 2.—The number of Managers shall never be more than twenty-five, of whom at least seven shall be women, and of whom nine shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; and all vacancies in said Board shall be filled by election by the remaining members of said Board. And the Supreme Judicial Court, on petition of a majority of the Board, shall have jurisdiction in equity to remove from office any Manager, when, from any cause, he shall have become unable or unfit, in their judgment, to discharge the duties of his office.

SECT. 3.—Said Managers shall keep a fair record of all their proceedings, and a correct statement of funds in their possession, and of their income, receipts, and expenditures. They shall receive no compensation for their services as such Managers; but the Corporation may make reasonable compensation for services rendered by the Secretary and Treasurer in the performance of the duties of their offices.

SECT. 4.—The two Corporations now known by the

names of "The Managers of the Port Society of the City of Boston and its Vicinity," and "The Seamen's Aid Society" are hereby united and merged in the Corporation established by this Act.

SECT. 5.—The Corporation established by this Act shall have, hold, possess, and enjoy all the franchises, property, and estates which now are or may be held and enjoyed by either or both of the said former Corporations, and all gifts, legacies, and devises which have been made or shall be hereafter made to either or both of the said former Corporations; and it shall be subject to all the duties, restrictions, obligations, and liabilities to which the said Corporations severally are subject, so far as the same may be consistent with this Act; and all suits at law or in equity, all proceedings before any tribunal, which may be pending, to which either of said former Corporations is a party, may be prosecuted and defended by the Corporation established by this Act, in like manner, and with the same effect, as might have been done by the said former Corporations, or either of them, if this Act had not been passed.

SECT. 6.—The Corporation established by this Act shall never be perverted to sectarian purposes; and, in case of such abuse of the corporate property of the society, the Supreme Judicial Court, upon information filed by the Attorney-General, may inquire into such abuse, and may make all proper decrees needful to correct the same.

SECT. 7.—Said John A. Andrew is hereby authorized to call the first meeting of the said Managers, by giving notice of the time, place, and purpose of such meeting

at least seven days before the time of holding the same, by publication thereof in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," and by a copy thereof in hand or through the mail to each Manager.

House of Representatives, February 7, 1867.

Passed to be enacted.

JAMES M. STONE, *Speaker.*

In Senate, February 28, 1867.

Passed to be enacted.

JOSEPH A. POND, *President.*

March 1, 1867.

Approved.

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

Secretary's Department, Boston, March 2, 1867.

A true copy.

OLIVER WARNER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

OFFICERS.

The officers of the corporation shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, an Assistant Treasurer, a Recording Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, and a Corresponding Secretary, who shall be elected by the Managers from their own number, by ballot, at the annual meeting, and shall each hold office for one year and until a successor is chosen.

ARTICLE II.

THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President, and, in his absence, the Vice-President, shall preside at the meetings of the corporation. In the absence of both at any meeting, a President *pro tempore* shall be chosen.

ARTICLE III.

THE RECORDING AND ASSISTANT SECRETARIES.

The Recording Secretary, and, in case of his absence or disability, the Assistant Secretary, shall notify the Managers in writing of the time and place of all meetings of the corporation, and shall keep a fair record of the proceedings thereat. The Assistant Secretary

shall perform such additional clerical duties as may be required.

ARTICLE IV.

THE TREASURER AND ASSISTANT TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds of the corporation, and shall keep correct accounts of all moneys received and expended by him; shall pay all salaries and other sums voted by the corporation to be paid, and only such bills or orders as shall have been approved or signed by one of the Board of Managers; shall keep the corporate seal and execute all instruments authorized by vote of the Managers; and shall make a report at the annual meeting of all moneys received and paid by him. The Assistant Treasurer shall perform such additional duties in relation to the collections and disbursements as may be required.

ARTICLE V.

THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the corporation.

ARTICLE VI.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

A Committee on Finance, consisting of the Treasurer and two other Managers, shall be appointed each year by the Managers at the annual meeting, and shall have the supervision of the finances of the corporation.

ARTICLE VII.

HOUSE AND VISITING COMMITTEES.

There shall be a Monthly House Committee, consisting for each month of all the ladies and two gentlemen of the Board, which shall meet at the Mariners' House on a stated day of each month, and shall have the general supervision of the management and needs of the House, and of all minor details connected with religious worship. Five members of the Committee shall constitute a quorum. One lady and one gentleman of the House Committee shall be a Visiting Committee for each month, and shall meet at the House weekly to consult with its Superintendent; and shall, at the close of their month, examine the accounts of the Superintendent, audit the bills of their month, keep a record of their doings and report the same, with an account of the month's receipts and expenditures, to the House Committee. The bills of the month, approved and signed by one of the Visiting Committee, shall be paid from the receipts of the House, as far as possible, without passing through the hands of the Treasurer. But, in case the House receipts should be insufficient therefor, the Visiting Committee may draw on the Treasurer for the deficiency.

ARTICLE VIII.

SUPERINTENDENT.

The Superintendent of the Mariners' House shall, under the supervision of the House Committee, have the general charge and care of the House, its supplies,

stores, and servants, and of all moneys received for board and lodgings; and shall keep correct accounts of all expenses incurred by him concerning the same and of all receipts. He shall at the annual meeting make a report of the condition and doings of the House during the past year, and of all his receipts and expenditures.

ARTICLE IX.

OFFICIATING MINISTER.

The officiating minister shall be appointed by the Managers, shall hold office during the pleasure of the Managers, and shall make a report of his work at the annual meeting. The Managers, with the officiating minister, may invite clergymen of any and all Christian denominations to assist in religious services and official labors.

ARTICLE X.

MEETINGS.

The annual meeting of the Managers shall be held on the last Wednesday of January; and an annual public meeting of the members of the Society may, at the discretion of the Managers, be held at such time and place as they shall determine by vote. Special meetings may be called at any time by the President, Vice-President, or upon the request of any five of the Managers.

ARTICLE XI.

BUSINESS AND QUORUM.

All the business of the corporation shall be transacted by the Managers and the officers, agents, and

committees appointed by them. Nine of the Managers shall constitute a quorum, and no Manager shall be allowed to vote by proxy.

ARTICLE XII.

VACANCIES.

The Managers shall have power to fill any vacancy in the Board, or in any of the offices of the corporation, at any regular meeting, when the proposed action shall have been notified in the call for the meeting.

ARTICLE XIII.

NEGLECT OF DUTY.

Should a Manager neglect his or her duty, for the term of one year, by failing to attend the regular meeting of the corporation or to serve on the monthly committees at the Mariners' House, without satisfactory excuse, his or her name may be dropped from the roll of the Managers at the next annual meeting.

ARTICLE XIV.

BANK DEPOSITS.

All contributions of money, and all other moneys of the corporation, shall be deposited in the name of the corporation in such bank in Boston as shall be designated by the Managers.

ARTICLE XV.

DONATIONS.

The Managers may adopt from time to time such measures as they deem most judicious to increase the funds of the society. All donations shall be recorded, with the names of the donors, respectively, unless otherwise requested by them, and shall be reported at the annual meeting.

ARTICLE XVI.

FREEDOM FROM SECTARIANISM.

The corporation shall never, either directly or indirectly, in its objects, influence, or tendencies, have in any degree a sectarian character; and it shall be the duty of the officiating minister or ministers, when any person or persons shall profess faith in Christ and make known a desire to be admitted to his church, to introduce such person or persons to such clergymen in the city of Boston or its vicinity, or a clergyman of such denomination, whatever it may be, as may be preferred by the person or persons so desiring admission.

ARTICLE XVII.

APPLICATIONS FOR RELIEF.

Applications for relief shall be submitted to the Managers at each meeting, by members to whom they have been made, in order that, by conferring together, impositions may be prevented and the worthy only sustained by the charity of the corporation.

ARTICLE XVIII.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person may be and continue to be a member of the society by paying the sum of one dollar annually into the treasury. Any person may become a life-member by paying the sum of thirty dollars or more into the treasury.

ARTICLE XIX.

AMENDMENTS.

None of the foregoing articles, or of any amendments or additions thereto, shall be altered, rescinded, added to, or amended, except by a vote of two-thirds of the Managers present at a regular meeting, or at one called for the purpose; and, in either case, the proposed change shall be stated in the call for such meeting.

OFFICERS.

Presidents.

William W. Motley, 1832-(?).
Samuel Cabot, 1836-(?).
Albert Fearing, 1841-75.
Rev. Robert Cassie Waterston, 1876-79.
Rev. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, D.D., 1879-86.
Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., 1886-99.
Rev. George Angier Gordon, D.D., 1900-

Treasurers.

William True, 1832-(?).
Matthews W. Green, 1839-43.
Charles Henry Parker, 1843-1904.
Lewis Raymond Tucker, 1904-

Secretaries.

Thomas Kemper Davis, 1832-39.
Charles Henry Parker, 1839-46.
John Albion Andrew, 1846-67.
William Rogers, 1868-70.
John Tucker Prince, 1870-83.
John Alvin Bennett, 1883-

Corresponding Secretaries.

Thomas Russell, 1868-75.
Horace Parker Chandler, 1875.

Assistant Secretaries.

Miss Margaret Fiske, 1868-74.
Mrs. Tolman Willey, 1874-76.
Miss N. E. Davison, 1876-79.
Mrs. William Augustus Rust, 1879-82.
Mrs. W. C. B. Fifield, 1883-95.
Miss Georgiana Fiske Rhoades, 1895-

Assistant Treasurers.

Miss Harriet Louisa Brown, 1871-96.
Mrs. John Hill Thorndike, 1896-1900.
Mrs. Elizabeth Dana Moody, 1900-

Pastors.

Rev. Edward Thompson Taylor, 1829-68.
Rev. George Summerfield Noyes, 1867-75.
Rev. John Alfred Baynum Wilson, 1875-76.
Rev. Cyrus Lufkin Eastman, 1876-79.
Rev. Elijah Roberts Watson, 1879-81.
Rev. Solomon Edmund Breen, 1881-89.
Rev. George Leonard Small, 1889-

Superintendents.

William Broadhead, 1842-51.
Nathaniel Hamilton, 1851-76.
David Holbrook Baker, 1876-79.
Joseph Perkins Hatch, 1879-

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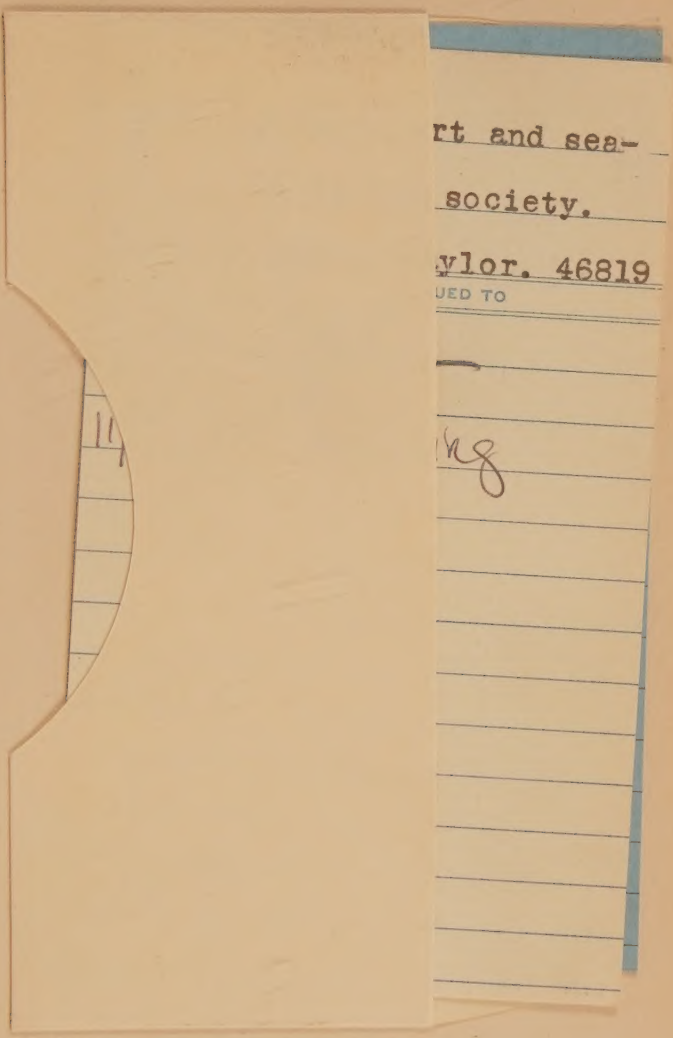
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